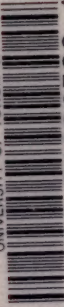


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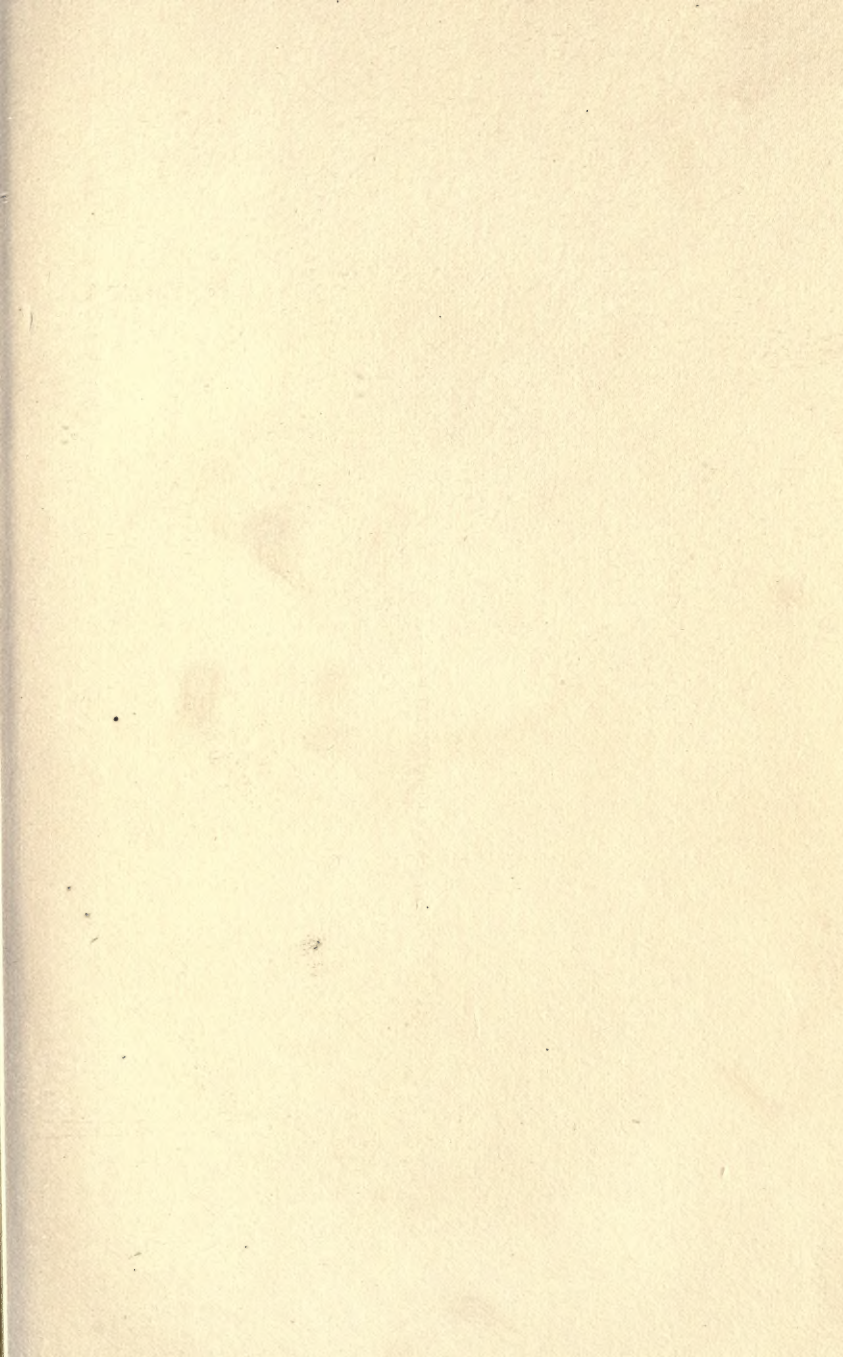
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T H A C K E R A Y
in the UNITED STATES



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PRESS







163
vi

THACKERAY

in the UNITED STATES
1852-3, 1855-6

Including a Record of a Variety of Thackerayana, by JAMES GRANT WILSON
WITH SIX SCORE ILLUSTRATIONS
and A BIBLIOGRAPHY by
FREDERICK S. DICKSON

VOLUME I.

Thackeray found that there were a hundred here for every score in England who knew well the men of whom he spoke [Addison, Fielding, Goldsmith, and others]. He found that the same red blood colors all the lips that speak the language he so nobly praised. He found friends instead of critics. He found those who, loving the author, loved the man more. He found a quiet welcome from those who are waiting to welcome him again and as sincerely.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

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DEDICATED
TO
MAJOR WILLIAM H. LAMBERT
TO WHOSE UNRIVALLED COLLECTION OF THACKERAYANA
THE AUTHOR IS CHIEFLY INDEBTED FOR THE
ILLUSTRATIONS CONTAINED IN
THIS WORK

A highly cultured writer, endowed with all the requisites of his calling, a wit reminiscent of Horace, a philosophy as practical as that of Montaigne, but expressed in language which is as polished and scholarlike in prose as Pope's was in verse, and revealing a knowledge of human nature so wide and comprehensive in its range that it seems unrivalled in the annals of fiction — such was the man who passed away, only too soon, some forty years ago, in the person of William Makepeace Thackeray.

CHARLES L. EASTLAKE.

Its great authors are the glory of a nation. A man in whom true genius is developed and made practical is a mighty power. When such a man consecrates his rare gifts to good and useful ends, when he gives himself to the work of contributing to the elevation, refinement, and happiness of his fellows, and through a course of years reaches them with fresh and stimulating thoughts, making them half forget their cares and sorrows, and moving them to love what is purest, and to aspire to what is highest and most worthy, he deserves to be regarded as a benefactor of the world. His influence reaches far beyond the limits in which it is distinctly recognized: and like fragrant odors that fill all the air, it refreshes thousands and makes their lives richer and better than they could otherwise have been. No people, therefore, are true to themselves who do not reverently cherish and honor the names of those who have entertained and instructed them: who do not sacredly guard their reputations and endeavor to perpetuate their power.

RAY PALMER.

PREFACE

THE appearance in the *Century Magazine* for December, 1901, and January, 1902, of two papers containing accounts of Thackeray's first and second tours in what his friend Carlyle called "the never-resting locomotive country," elicited many expressions of interest from both sides of the sea, the articles having been also included in the *Cornhill Magazine* of London. Since the publication of those papers their author has been so fortunate as to have had placed at his disposal, from various sources, a number of Thackerayan treasures of which he possessed no previous knowledge. All of these are contained in the present volumes, and it is believed that the constantly increasing number of Thackerayan enthusiasts will welcome an additional sheaf of unpublished letters and illustrations from the master's pen and pencil.

For some mysterious reason novelists and poets excite greater general interest, perhaps, than any other class of men. As has been truly said, an authentic anecdote of Shakespeare would far outweigh a score concerning Queen Elizabeth. Several

unfamiliar stories of Thackeray will be found in the pages of this work, also some forgotten ones that will bear repetition.

The true twentieth-century Thackerayan assigns to him the highest rank in the pantheon of English prose; his is, indeed, perfection. His unaffected yet distinguished touch is possessed by no other writer. Thackeray was unquestionably a great author: a generous, tender, and true man. His works have been so often appraised by competent critics that it is unnecessary to take up the topic at this time, except incidentally.

Of Thackeray's two sojourns in the United States it may be asserted, as the poet said of Sheridan in the "Combat," his wit —

"Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade."

Filled with admiration which all feel for his genius, the writer may truly adopt Lord Erskine's words in closing his preface to Mr. Fox's speeches, that he "regards it as one of the happiest circumstances of his life to have had the opportunity of thus publicly expressing veneration for his memory."

For some fourscore unpublished Thackeray letters and drawings, together with anecdotes and incidents relating to this memorable man's visits to our country, so many friends and correspondents have placed me under obligations that I may be pardoned for not attempting to name them all, par-

PREFACE

ix

ticularly as several have expressed a desire that they should not be mentioned, and their wishes must be respected. May I, therefore, be permitted in this manner to thank all Thackerayans who have in any way contributed to the interest and value of these two volumes?

J. G. W.

NEW YORK, September, 1904.



CONTENTS

	Page
FIRST VISIT.— November, 1852—April, 1853 . .	I
SECOND VISIT.— October, 1855—April, 1856 . .	161
LETTERS TO AMERICAN FRIENDS, AND THE VIR- GINIANS	335



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

Thackeray, by Samuel Laurence	<i>Frontispiece</i>
From the Painting in the National Portrait Gallery. Copied from the artist's Crayon Sketch drawn in 1853	
Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh as he appeared at Willis's Rooms, London, in his celebrated character of Mr. Thackeray	5
<i>Facing page</i>	
From a Sketch by John Leech	
Thackeray at a party given by Mr. Russell Sturgis, in London, May 15, 1851	10
A Pen-and-Ink Drawing by Richard Doyle	
In the Days of the Directory	33
An early Thackeray Sketch done in Paris	
Facsimile of Letter written at the Clarendon Hotel, New York, November 20, 1852, by Thackeray, to his friend William C. Macready	40
Chestnut Cottage, Yonkers-on-the-Hudson, the Residence of Frederick S. Cozzens, where Thackeray was a guest	44
From a Photograph	
Bust of Thackeray as a youth in 1822, by J. Devile	58
Portrait of Thackeray in 1836, aged 25, by Frank Stone, A. R. A.	81
Thackeray's Postage Stamp Portraits of Queen Victoria and the Royal Family	117
Thackeray's Home, from 1846 to 1853, at 13 (now 16), Young Street, Kensington. Where "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "Henry Esmond" were written	137
Lucy's Birthday	150
From the collection of Maj. Wm. H. Lambert	

	<i>Facing page</i>
Portrait of Thackeray made in 1848, by Count D'Orsay	154
<i>Of this fine picture Mrs. Ritchie writes in 1902: "Mr. Reginald Smith has presented us, as a Christmas gift, the D'Orsay drawing, nicely framed, to hang upon our walls"</i>	
Facsimile of the last Page of Letter, and Drawing, addressed to William B. Reed, from Neufchâtel, Switzerland, July 21, 1853	163
Thackeray, from a Pencil Drawing by Richard Doyle, in the British Museum	183
Thackeray from a Photograph made in 1856 by Alman of New York	195
The Author when he met Thackeray	196
<i>From a photograph by Brady</i>	
Belgian Soldiers and Others	212
<i>From a Thackeray Sketch-Book</i>	
The Old Story	274
<i>From "Kickleburys on the Rhine," by Thackeray</i>	
Facsimile of an Envelope addressed to "William D. Robinson, Esq."	312
Silver Pitcher presented as a Parting Gift to his Friend, William Duer Robinson, by Thackeray	314
Caricature of Thackeray	322
<i>Drawn by himself, in New York, on an envelope addressed to his daughter in Paris, and obviously the same knight who appears on page 95 of the first edition of "The Rose and the Ring"</i>	
From a Crayon Sketch by Samuel Laurence for his Portrait of Thackeray	326
<i>"A man," said Thackeray, "with greater skill than Laurence in drawing crayon portraits in a couple of hours, I could not name. One of more genius than he possesses in his own line of work 'never made pretty mock of humanity'"</i>	
36, Onslow Square, where Thackeray wrote "The New-comers" and "The Virginians"	360

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

xv

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE TEXT

	<i>Page</i>
Group of Caps : Thackeray's, Mr. Callender's, Mr. Arthur Clough's, Captain Byles's, and Everybody's Cap . . .	12
Drawn by W. M. T. aboard the Steamer <i>Canada</i> , on Mrs. James Russell Lowell's note paper	
Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. playing Cribbage . . .	14
Drawn aboard the <i>Canada</i> on a playing card for Mrs. Lowell, by Thackeray	
General Washington in his favorite Red Waistcoat . . .	16
Drawn during the voyage, for Mrs. Lowell, on the five of hearts, by Thackeray	
Group of Portraits of Mrs. William H. Brookfield and others	22
From a Thackeray Sketch-Book in this country	
Another group of Sketches of Mrs. Brookfield, with other Drawings by Thackeray	25
Facsimile of Programme of Thackeray's Address on Charity and Humour, delivered in Yonkers-on-the-Hudson, November 30, 1852	41
Drawing of King Glumpus, by Thackeray	53
Thackeray Sketch of Lady Popkins	54
Sketch of Lord Lollypop, by Thackeray	55
Thackeray Drawing of "W. M. T." on his travels . . .	61
Facsimile of Note addressed by Thackeray to the Secretary of a Club, with two small Sketches	66
A hitherto unpublished Engraving from a Thackeray Drawing, presented, in 1856, to Judge Daly	68
Harry Foker on horseback	69
From a Pencil Drawing by Thackeray	
Mr. Bendigo and Ben Caunt	71
From a Pencil Drawing by Thackeray	
A Portrait of Arthur Pendennis	73
From a Pencil Drawing by Thackeray	
Warrington and Pendennis	75
From a Pencil Drawing by Thackeray	

	<i>Page</i>
Facsimile of the Poem of "Sorrows of Werther" . . .	76
<i>Copied by Thackeray for John R. Thompson, of Richmond, Va., now in the possession of the Authors Club</i>	
Blanche Amory and Arthur Pendennis	77
<i>From a Pencil Drawing by Thackeray</i>	
Again a Fool!	79
<i>From a Pencil Drawing by Thackeray</i>	
Charlotte cutting Bread and Butter	102
<i>A Thackeray Drawing made for a Boston friend</i>	
Facsimile of undated Thackeray Note and Portrait, ad- dressed to Lady Londonderry	129
Drawing by Thackeray of an American Negro Waiter, for "The Virginians"	136
Who's afraid? or the Oregon Question	138
<i>"Punch" Cartoon suggested by Thackeray and drawn by John Leech</i>	
Young Yankee Noodle teaching Grandmother Britannia to suck Eggs	139
<i>Another Cartoon suggested by Thackeray and drawn by Leech</i>	
Thackeray Sketch for the "Great Hoggarty Diamond" . .	140
<i>The author deemed this his best short story, and John Sterling, Carlyle's friend, asked "What is there better in Fielding or Goldsmith?"</i>	
Caricature Portrait of Thackeray, drawn by himself . . .	147
Bookplate designed by Thackeray for Edward Fitz-Gerald .	157
The Thackeray Arms, from a Drawing by the Author . . .	158
Thackeray Drawing of the Rector and Children who were "Destroying the Foundations of the Church"	167
Drawing of a Lady from Thackeray's Sketch-Book	177
Four small Drawings from the same Sketch-Book	178-9
Count des Dragées and Mlle. de la Bonbonnière vow Eternal Attachment	187
They are married. In a few Years Matrimonial Quarrels occur	188
Madame des Dragées records her Trials and Wrongs in a Book	189

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS xvii

	<i>Page</i>
The Count once more becomes agreeable, but for whom ? for Mlle. de Toffy	190
The Neglected and Unhappy Countess threatens Self- Destruction	191
Domestic Felicity is restored in the Château of the Count and Countess des Dragées	192
Spanish Letter Writer, by W. M. Thackeray	211
Drawn by Thackeray for cover of "Vanity Fair"	217
Mademoiselle Léocadie rapporte le linge du Capitaine	219
Hanging Scene of Highland Bandits	223
Drawn by Thackeray in New York	
A Thackeray Drawing from one of his many Sketch-Books	227
Sketch of a Town Official with a Bell, crying "Take Notice"	230
The Militia, a Thackeray Sketch of Three Soldiers	276
The Harlequins	281
A Drawing by Thackeray	
A Dinner-Table Scene	286
From a Drawing by Thackeray	
Desperate and Deadly Encounter	290
From a Thackeray Drawing	
A Thackeray Drawing of a Duelling Scene	294
The Devil	298
An early Thackeray Drawing	
Portrait of John Braham, the celebrated English Singer	301
Equestrian Caricature Portrait of Thackeray by himself	305
Drawing from a Thackeray Sketch-Book	310
Facsimile of Invitation to Judge Daly to dine with Thackeray, written on Visiting Card	316
A small Thackeray Sketch	317
Facsimile of the Church Porch from "Pendennis"	319
"She comes—she's here—she's past! May Heaven go with her! . . ."	
An American Book-plate, with full-length Figure of Thackeray	321
	a

xviii LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	<i>Page</i>
Portrait of Thackeray smoking in Turkish Dress by Eyre Crowe, A.R.A.	328
Thackeray's Portrait of the Marquis of Steyne which appeared in the First Edition of "Vanity Fair," and was then suppressed	330
Small Outline Drawing by Thackeray of Mrs. Brookfield and Cupid	332
Facsimile of Postscript to a Letter addressed to Frederick S. Cozzens	338
Tennyson and Thackeray Notes in Facsimile, with Bayard Taylor's Initials and Date	340
Full-length Figure of Thackeray	343
Drawn by Frederick Walker	
Thackeray Drawing of Lady Louise on the Balcony, dated October, 1857	345
"Punch" Portraits of Thackeray and Jerrold, being No. 6 of a series of Authors' Miseries	349
Pen-and-Ink Portrait of Thackeray dressing for Dinner, from Letter to Robinson, 1858	356
Facsimile of Note and Drawing addressed to Mrs. Adelaide Sartoris	363
The Celebrated International Battle between Heenan and Sayres, with Thackeray Portrait, by Thomas Landseer	369
The Heenan and Sayres Battle, with Thackeray Portrait, by Charles Keen	371

THE FIRST VISIT

(NOVEMBER, 1852. — APRIL, 1853)



THACKERAY IN THE UNITED STATES

THE FIRST VISIT

(NOVEMBER, 1852.—APRIL, 1853)

We all want to know details regarding the men who have achieved famous feats, whether of war, or wit, or eloquence, or endurance, or knowledge. . . . We want to see this man — Thomas Hood — who has amused and charmed us : who has been our friend, and given us hours of pleasant companionship and kindly thought.

THACKERAY in an American lady's album.

BY the general judgment of the English-speaking world, Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens are deemed the three greatest novelists of the nineteenth century. As he said to Washington Irving, Sir Walter never ceased to regret that circumstances over which he had no control, as he believed, prevented his visiting this country and Canada, where his brother, Major Thomas Scott¹ of the Seventieth Regiment, was for many years stationed, and where the present writer recently stood by his carefully preserved grave in

¹ By many he was believed to be the author of the *Waverley Novels*. He died in Quebec February 4, 1823. "My brother," wrote Sir Walter in 1820 to Lady Louise Stuart, "is a person, as Captain Bobadil says, very near if not altogether as well qualified as myself to entertain the public."

her ancient capital of Quebec. Dickens came to the United States in 1842 chiefly in the hope of bringing about international copyright between this country and Great Britain, in which expectation he was bitterly disappointed. He visited this side of the sea a second time in 1868, for the purpose of giving readings from his own writings in many of our principal cities, achieving highly satisfactory success. Between these visits William Makepeace Thackeray made two voyages to the New World,—in 1852 and in 1855,—his object on both occasions being to deliver courses of lectures on the chief English authors of Queen Anne's reign, and on his second tour four addresses on King Edward's ancestors, the Georges, the previous course on the "English Humourists" consisting of six. Thackeray was cordially welcomed wherever he appeared, and, like Dickens, his success in achieving something substantial for his family surpassed his expectations. As he remarked to Fitz-Greene Halleck, doubtless somewhat extravagantly: "I shall carry back sacks full of shekels for my girls, God bless them!" Thackeray was not so well known and did not enjoy such general popularity in this country half a century ago, as the author of "Pickwick" when he arrived ten years earlier, and when, as "Titmarsh" said: "Everybody who understands English had a corner in his heart for Charles Dickens." Conversing on the subject of the three renowned novelists, the elder Dana re-

marked to me in 1878: "How sad to think what the world lost by the early deaths of these three distinguished writers: Thackeray endured no longer than fifty-two years, Dickens but fifty-eight, and Scott only sixty-one. Their combined ages numbered five less than those of Bryant and myself, and many years may yet be in store for us!"

In the spring of 1852, Thackeray decided to visit the United States with a view to delivering the series of six lectures first given in London and frequently heard in other cities of Great Britain during the previous twelve months. "I must and will go," he wrote to his eldest daughter, "not because I like it, but because it is right I should secure some money against my death for your mother and you two girls. And I think if I have luck, I may secure nearly a third of the sum that I think I ought to leave behind me by a six months' tour in the States."

Among the many Thackerayan manuscripts in the collection of Major William H. Lambert of Philadelphia is the following amusing invitation to attend his first lecture on the "English Humourists" in Willis's Rooms, London, May 22, 1851. It is without date, and unpublished until it appeared in my "Century Magazine" article of December, 1901. The characteristic communication was sent by Thackeray to an artist friend, described in writing to Mrs. Bryan W. Proctor as "my dear old Dicky Doyle," who attended the lecture,

as did a host of the author's admirers, including Carlyle, Charlotte Brontë, Cruikshank, Hallam, Lord Houghton, Kinglake, Lady Holland, Lady Ashburton, Lord Mahon, Landseer, Charles Robert Leslie, Macaulay, Millais, Milman, and the Duchess of Sutherland. It is addressed to "Richard Doyle, Esq., 17 Cambridge Terrace," and may very properly find a place in this volume, for it is obvious that the lecture to which the delightful epistle relates was, with the other five, prepared with a view to being delivered in this country.

MY DEAR D,— I hope you will come to the tight rope exhibition to-morrow, and send you a card. You and your friend will please to sit in distant parts of the room.

When you see me put my hand to my watch-chain, you will say, "God bless my soul, how beautiful!"

When I touch my neck-cloth, clap with all your might.

When I use my pocket-handkerchief, burst into tears.

When I pause say Brav-ah-ah-ah-vo, through the pause.

You had best bring with you a very noisy umbrella: to be used at proper intervals: and if you can't cry at the pathetic parts, please blow your nose very hard.

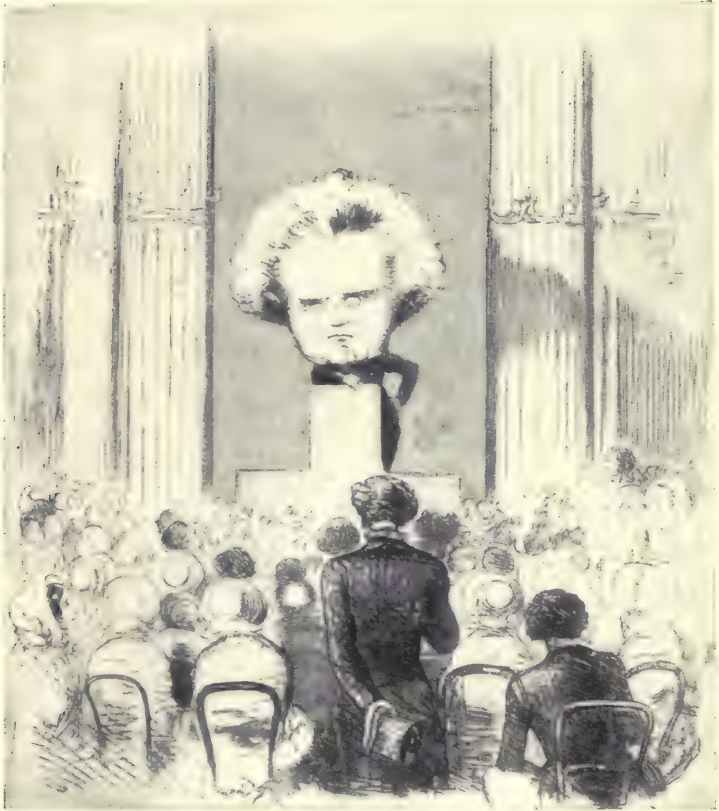
And now, everything having been done to insure success that mortal can do, the issue is left to the immortal Gods.

God save the Queen. No money returned. Babies in arms NOT admitted.

By yours ever,

W. M. T.





“Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh as he appeared at Willis’s Rooms in his celebrated character of Mr. Thackeray,” by John Leech

Apropos of the delivery in London of his first lecture, Mrs. Kemble gives a most amusing description of the event. The gifted lady, who lived for many years in Massachusetts and elsewhere in this country, writes: "I wish to record a slight anecdote of my friend William Thackeray, which illustrates his great kindness and amiability, his *sweetness* of temper and disposition. I met him at Miss Berry's at dinner a few days before he began his course of lectures on the English essayists, and he asked me to come and hear him, and told me he was so nervous about it that he was afraid he should break down. I had an engagement which prevented my hearing his first lecture, but I promised him to go and see him at his room before he began it, to cheer him. He was to lecture at Willis's Rooms, in the same hall where I read, and going thither before the time for his beginning, found him standing like a forlorn disconsolate giant in the middle of the room, gazing about him. 'Oh, Lord,' he exclaimed, as he shook hands with me, 'I'm sick at my stomach with fright.' I spoke some words of encouragement to him, and was going away, but he held my hand like a scared child, crying, 'Oh, don't leave me!' 'But,' said I, 'Thackeray, you must not stand here. Your audience are beginning to come in;' and I drew him from the middle of his chairs and benches, which were beginning to be occupied, into the retiring-room adjoining the lecture-hall, my own readings

having made me perfectly familiar with both. Here he began pacing up and down, literally wringing his hands in nervous distress. 'Now,' said I, 'what shall I do? Shall I stay with you till you begin, or shall I go, and leave you alone to collect yourself?' 'Oh,' he said, 'if I could only get at that confounded thing [his lecture], to have a last look at it!' 'Where is it?' I asked. 'Oh, in the next room on the reading desk.' 'Well,' said I, 'if you don't like to go in and get it, I'll fetch it for you.' And remembering well the position of my reading-table, which had been close to the door of the retiring-room, I darted in, hoping to snatch the manuscript without attracting the attention of the audience with which the hall was nearly full. I had been used to deliver my readings seated at a very low table, but my friend Thackeray gave his lectures standing, and had had a reading-desk placed on the platform, adapted to his own very tall stature, so that when I tried to get his manuscript it was almost above my head. Though rather disconcerted, I was determined not to go back without it, and so made half a jump and a clutch at the book, when every leaf of it (they were not fastened together) came fluttering separately down above me. I hardly knew what I did, but I think I must have gone nearly on all fours, in my agony to gather up the scattered leaves, and retreating with them held them out to poor Thackeray, crying, 'Oh, look, look, what a dreadful thing I have

done!’ ‘My dear soul,’ said he, ‘you could n’t have done better for me. I have just a quarter of an hour to wait here, and it will take me about that to page this again, and it’s the best thing in the world that could have happened.’ With which infinite kindness he comforted me, for I was all but crying at having, as I thought, increased his distress and troubles. So I left him, to give the first of that brilliant course of literary historical essays with which he enchanted and instructed countless audiences in England and America.”¹

The first mention to be met with of Thackeray’s contemplated lecturing tour in the United States occurs in a communication from Thomas Carlyle to Ralph Waldo Emerson, dated Chelsea, August 25, 1851, in which he says: “Item: Thackeray is coming over to lecture to you: A mad world, my masters.” In the same month of the following year, Thackeray writes to his daughters then in France: “As you are to be in Paris, my dearest family, for the fêtes, I send you a word and a good morning, and such a little history of the past week as that time affords. . . . My favour with Mrs. F—— is not yet over; she sent me a tabinet waistcoat of green and gold, such an ugly one! but I shall have it made up and sport it in America, and keep the remainder for pin-cushions.” A month later his friend FitzGerald, writing to

¹ Records of a Later Life, by Frances Anne Kemble. New York, 1882.

Frederick Tennyson, remarks: "Thackeray I saw for ten minutes: he was just in the agony of finishing a novel ["Henry Esmond"] which has arisen out of the reading necessary for his lectures, and relates to those times — of Queen Anne, I mean." A little later our lecturer informs his family that "there is a Boston boat sails on the 30th of October, and that will be the steamer which will carry Titmarsh and his lectures, and then — steward, bring me a basin!" In August, 1852, Edward FitzGerald also writes to a friend: "And dear old Thackeray is really going to America! I must fire him a letter of farewell:" and on October 27, all arrangements having been completed for his voyage to the new world, Thackeray writes to FitzGerald:—

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,— I must n't go away without shaking your hand and saying farewell and God bless you. I should like my daughters to remember you are the best and oldest friend their father ever had and that you would act as such: as my literary executor and so forth. My books would yield a something as copyrights: and should anything occur, I have commissioned friends in good place to get a pension for my poor little wife. Does not this sound gloomily? Well, who knows what fate is in store? And I feel not at all downcast, but very grave and solemn at the brink of a great voyage. . . . The great comfort I have in thinking about my dear old boy is that recollection of our youth when we loved each other, as I do now, when I write farewell.

Among the last notes, perhaps the very last, written by Thackeray on the evening before he sailed on his thirteen days' voyage from Liverpool, was addressed to a college classmate and lifelong friend, Monckton Milnes. He writes:

MY DEAR MILNES, — A word and a God bless you and yours at parting. I was thinking of our acquaintance the other day, and how it has been marked on your part by constant kindnesses, along which I can trace it. Thank you for them and let me shake your hand and say *vale* and *salve*.

Yours,

W. M. THACKERAY.

Give £1 for me to Hood's Tomb, please.

"For John Leech," writes Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, "my father had a sort of elder brother affection, and another of those true links bound him to Richard Doyle." To Thackeray just after his departure on his first voyage to the United States the latter writes:

What strange things you will have seen and heard by the time you read these lines, and how I wish I was with you! The six or more months will pass away in "no time," and you will be home again with an immense stock of new ideas and subjects for conversation and amusement and thought, and I hope a large bag of gold and silver picked up on Tom Tiddler's ground!

When we shook hands at Higgins' door the evening before your departure, I would not tell (leave-taking is so

painful to me) how sincerely I wish you every success and happiness this world can bestow, and what a pleasure it will be to see you home again. I went to the railway before breakfast next morning to say "good-bye" and see you off: the train had just gone. I was glad I was too late, but very sorry not to have seen you again. God bless you, old friend, from

Yours ever,

R. D.

The letter which follows was addressed by Mr. Doyle to his intimate friend, J. C. Bancroft Davis of Washington, D. C., the communication containing a characteristic picture of the large party at the house of Russell Sturgis (the American partner in the firm of Baring Brothers & Co.) to which they were bidden. Thackeray is seen towering a head and shoulders above all the other guests, and in the opinion of Mr. Davis it is the only portrait represented in the drawing.¹

17 CAMBRIDGE TERRACE, HYDE PARK,
Friday, May 16, 1851.

MY DEAR DAVIS,—I am very sorry indeed for the series of mishaps which ended last night in my not having the pleasure of paying my respects to your fair Friend and Countrywoman.

In the first place, by way of explanation, although no hour was mentioned for your "taking me up" my impression was that you said "early" and so I was ready at a

¹ Another portrait of the novelist by Richard Doyle may be seen in the British Museum. It was engraved in London in 1899, and is included in this work.

, as I thought early, for Portland Place. I found it to
be so late that I dared not show my face for the first time
at a house at such an unreasonable hour.

It only remains now for me to ask pardon of Miss Sturgis,
which I shall be most happy to do in person, if you think
she is as forgiving in her nature as pretty in her looks;
and perhaps for this purpose you will let me pay a visit
some after-noon with you; the sooner the better.

If you will appoint the day and the 'hour' I will see
that the 'man' is forthcoming.

Very sincerely yours

Richard Dwyll

P.S. My Father and Mother were all engaged 'as deep'
last evening that none of them were able to accept Mr. Stuy-
vend's invitation. They hope to make her acquaintance on some
future occasion.

I send you special apologies for giving you the trouble
of calling for me. - in vain.



May 15, 1851. A Pen-and-Ink Drawing by Richard Doyle

THE UNITED STATES 11

quarter to ten, waited till half past, and then thinking you were prevented coming I left home.

I told you on Wednesday night that I had no engagement for Thursday. This was a mistake. I was "entered," to use a sporting phrase, for Lord Granville's, and so I went there, intending to go afterwards to Mrs. Sturgis's party.

Time flew in an extraordinary manner, for on leaving, as I thought early, for Portland Place, I found it to be so late that I dared not show my face for the first time at a house at such an unseasonable hour.

It only remains now for me to ask pardon of Mrs. Sturgis, which I shall be most happy to do in person, if you think she is as forgiving in her nature as pretty in her looks; and perhaps for this purpose you will let me pay a visit some afternoon with you; the sooner the better.

If you will appoint the day and the "hour" I will see that the "man" is forthcoming.

Very sincerely yours,

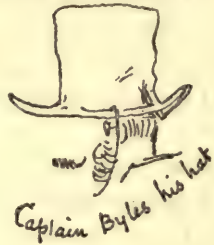
RICHARD DOYLE.

P. S. My Father and brothers were all engaged "so deep" last evening that none of them were able to accept Mrs. Sturgis's kind invitation. They hope to make her acquaintance on some future occasion. I owe you special apologies for giving you the trouble of calling for me — in vain.

Accompanied by his secretary, Eyre Crowe, a young English artist, Thackeray sailed for Boston October 30 in the steamer "Canada." Just as she was casting off her lines, a package was placed aboard

the Cunarder containing letters from his London publishers and the first copies of "Henry Esmond."

Capitals



Captain Byles his hat



Mr. Callender's Cap.



Everybody's cap



Mr. Thackeray's own Cap.



Mr. Aough's elegant cap

Drawn by Thackeray aboard the "Canada" on Mrs. Lowell's note-paper

"His old publishers gave him a silver punch bowl," says his daughter, "and his new publisher (I am

writing of nearly half a century ago) gave him a beautiful dispatch box¹: and this same good friend gave to my sister and to me a noble drawing of our father's head, by Samuel Laurence, to look at while he was away." Among his fellow-passengers were James Russell Lowell, fresh from his first visit to Italy, and Arthur Hugh Clough, who as a youth had spent several years in the United States. The voyage was a rough one, and in one of his letters the Oxford scholar mentions that the great writer was a poor sailor, also that he had been conversing with "Titmarsh" when confined to his berth. The English lecturer enjoyed Lowell's companionship, and the young American admired Thackeray and later entertained him at Elmwood. Four years before they met on the steamer, Lowell had written to a friend: "I wish to say how much I have been pleased with Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair.' He has not Dickens's talents as a caricaturist, but he draws with more truth. Dickens can take a character to pieces and make us laugh immoderately at the comic parts of it—or he takes only the comic part, as boys take the honey-bag of the bee, destroying the whole insect to get at it. But Thackeray can put a character together. He has more constructive power. D. is a satiriser, T. a satirist. I don't think D. ever made anything equal to Becky Sharp. Rawdon Crawley too is admirable." Lowell's occasional references in his

¹ Now included in the collection of Major Lambert.

later letters and critical papers intimate the high regard he entertained for Thackeray's work.

In a letter to his daughter written during the voyage, the seasick author says: "I try to write a little with a pencil, now the troubles of seasickness are over, the appetite come back, and the sky bright

Silhouettes of Marie Antoinette & Louis XVI playing cabbage hastily cut by Madame Campan before the fete! 10 August.



Drawn aboard the "Canada" for Mrs. Lowell

overhead; the sea of a wonderful purple, except in the wake of the ship, where there quivers a long line of emerald; six sea-gulls are following after the ship, six hundred miles, — think of that! Nobody really likes the sea: they go through with it with a brave heart, but the Captain and all like the fireside and home a thousand times better. . . . I find the vessel pitches so I can't write, and my sentences lurch about and grasp hold of anything to support

themselves, so I'll stop. . . . Shall I make a good bit of money in America, and write a book about it? I think not. It seems impudent to write a book, and mere sketches now are somehow below my rank in the world — I mean, a grave old gentleman, father of young ladies, must n't be comic and grinning too much. . . . On Tuesday evening about half past five, the Captain goes on deck from dinner, and sends a sailor aloft to look out. Sailor comes down and says he can see nothing. The minute after Captain sends him up again. Again sailor sees nothing. Captain sends him up a third time. He sees Beaver Island Light: so that we come three thousand miles over the enormous pathless ocean, through storm and darkness, with many a day no sun to make observation by, and the Captain knows within fifteen minutes when we shall see a particular little rock with a light on it. Seven hours afterwards the ship came close up to the quay at Halifax, as if there had been a rope pulling us all the way from Liverpool. And so ends the voyage with a *laus Deo*."

On the occasion of the usual entertainment during the last evening aboard the "Canada," after leaving Halifax, Thackeray's health was proposed, to which he responded in an amusing and appropriate manner: then Lowell's, who concluded by proposing the health of Clough, the English poet. The steamer arrived at her Boston dock at sunset, on Friday, November 12, and an hour later

Thackeray, with Clough and his artist secretary, was enjoying his first American dinner, which included some enormous oysters, at the Tremont House. Among the earliest to welcome him the



Drawn for Mrs. Lowell on the voyage

next morning was William H. Prescott, with whom he dined on the following day — Sunday — and to whom he became much attached. In one of his first letters from Boston Thackeray writes: "Mr. Prescott, the historian, is delightful. . . . It's like the society of a rich cathedral-town in England — grave and decorous, and very pleasant and well read."

A friend met the novelist in Beacon Street with the three volumes of "Henry Esmond" tucked under his arm. "Here is the very best I can do," he said, "and I am carrying it to Prescott as a reward of merit for having given me my first dinner in America. I stand by this book, and am willing to leave it where I go as my card."

Thackeray arrived in New York on the 16th of November, reading on the way from Boston the "Shabby Genteel Story" of a dozen years before, which he purchased on the train from "a rosy-cheeked little peripatetic book merchant," who accosted him with "Thackeray's works!" quite unaware that he was standing before the great author himself. His first visitor at the Clarendon Hotel¹ on the evening of his arrival was George Bancroft, who surprised Thackeray with the statement that in May, 1822, he had carried complimentary messages from Goethe at Weimar to Lord Byron, who was then living in Pisa. As a memorial of the young American student's visit a copy of "Don Juan," which he received from its author at that time, may be seen in one of the show-cases of the Lenox Library with the inscription, "Mr. George Bancroft, from Noel Byron." Two subsequent evenings were spent by Thackeray in witnessing Home's spirit-rapping manifestations at Bancroft's house,

¹ This hotel, on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Eighteenth Street, then one of the most fashionable in New York, is still standing, but sadly changed both in itself and its pleasant surroundings, since the distant Thackeray days.

and in listening to an address delivered by the historian before the New York Historical Society.

Among the eager audience of about twelve hundred that filled every seat in Dr. Bellows' Unitarian church on the east side of Broadway, a little below Prince Street, on Friday evening, November 19, 1852, were an unusual number of artistic, literary, and professional celebrities. Besides an imposing array of society leaders, the writer recalls Bancroft and Bryant, Halleck and Irving, Verplanck and Willis; President King and Professor Morse; Durand, Hicks, and Kensett; Cutting, Daniel Lord, and O'Connor, with the editors Bennett, Greeley, Morris, and Webb. Thackeray appeared in the pulpit promptly at eight o'clock, and was cordially welcomed by the sympathetic audience. He seemed "a very castle of a man," as Irving said of Fenimore Cooper. His breadth of shoulders was quite in keeping with his six feet three inches. He was in his forty-second year, but his silvered hair and gold spectacles combined to give him the appearance of a person approaching sixty. His subject was Swift, and the speaker was doubtless thinking of his own Indian birth when he said of the Dean, "It seems to me that he is no more an Irishman than a man of English parents born at Calcutta is a Hindoo." Thackeray's exceedingly fine presence, combined with his charm of manner and the melody of his rich tenor voice, created a most favourable impression. Never rising into the declamatory, the

lecturer read with a quiet, graceful ease and but a few notes above the conversational level. He occupied precisely an hour, but there was no sense of the lapse of time with at least one youthful listener. It was "a happy hour too swiftly sped." Of the many delightful passages of that evening's address on Dean Swift, his charming apostrophe to poor Stella still lingers in my memory after an interval of half a century. Our language contains few more exquisite and tender tributes to the memory of a woman:—

"Who has not in his mind an image of Stella? Who does not love her? Fair and tender creature; pure and affectionate heart! Boots it to you now that you have been at rest for a hundred and twenty years, not divided in death from the cold heart which caused yours, whilst it beat, such faithful pangs of love and grief—boots it to you now that the whole world loves you and deploras you? Scarce any man ever thought of that grave, that did not cast a flower of pity on it, and write over it a sweet epitaph. Gentle lady!—so lovely, so loving, so unhappy. You have had countless champions, millions of manly hearts mourning for you. From generation to generation we take up the fond tradition of your beauty, we watch and follow your story, your bright morning love and purity, your constancy, your grief, your sweet martyrdom. We knew your legend by heart. You are one of the saints of English story."

Many years later, in comparing the readings of Dickens and Thackeray, George William Curtis remarked: "The style of 'Boz' was that of the perfectly trained actor: of 'Titmarsh' that of the accomplished gentleman amateur."

"Thackeray looked," says Mr. T. C. Evans, "like a gentleman laid out by Nature on broad and generous lines: his head large, and thrown slightly backward from his broad, erect shoulders: he had a fresh, clean-shaven look,¹ his face rather pale, but with a trace of colour. His hair was a trifle greyish; a British whisker, also greyish, ran down in front of each ear to his collar; his spectacles were large and insistent, and his nose more depressed than that of Michael Angelo after the mallet blow of Torrigiano. His gait and movement were free and swinging, his dress was of notable neatness and gentility, and his glance seemed to annex and appropriate everything it fell on."¹

At the conclusion of his sixth lecture on Goldsmith and Sterne, Monday evening, December 6, Thackeray said, "In England it was my custom, after the delivery of these lectures, to point such a moral as seemed to befit the country I lived in, and to protest against an outcry, which some brother authors of mine most imprudently and unjustly raise, when they say that our profession is neglected and its professors held in light esteem. Speaking in this country, I would say that such a complaint

¹ The New York "Saturday Review," August, 1901.

could not only not be advanced, but could not be even understood here, where your men of letters take their manly share in public life; whence Mr. Everett goes as Minister to Washington, and Bancroft and Irving to represent the republic in the old country. And if to English authors the English public is, as I believe, kind and just in the main, can any of us say, will any who visit your country not proudly and gratefully own, with what a cordial and generous greeting you receive us? I look round on this great company. I think of my gallant young patrons of the Mercantile Library Association as whose servant I appear before you, and of the kind hands stretched out to welcome me by men famous in letters and honoured in our country as in their own, and I thank you and them for a most kindly greeting and a most generous hospitality. At home, and amongst his own people, it scarce becomes an English writer to speak of himself; his public estimation must depend upon his works; his private esteem on his character and his life. But here among friends newly found, I ask leave to say that I am thankful; and I think with a grateful heart of those I leave behind me at home, who will be proud of the welcome you hold out to me, and will benefit, please God, when my days of work are over, by the kindness which you show to their father." Following this special address, which was received with great applause, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood, who presided, said, "It is not usually deemed

proper to tell tales out of school, but a friend of mine informed me this morning that Mr. Thackeray said he only found Englishmen here; he



Mrs. Brookfield and others from Thackeray's sketch book

begged leave to say that in Mr. Thackeray they discovered a genuine Yankee!" The course was repeated during December, as the Church of the Messiah was not sufficiently large to contain much

more than half of the persons who desired to subscribe for the six lectures. He also lectured in Brooklyn, and before his departure for Boston, as the fruit of the "English Humourists," Thackeray deposited five thousand dollars with his New York bankers.

The leading journals, almost without exception, united in commending, in highly complimentary terms, Mr. Thackeray's first lecture in the United States. The accompanying notice, written by William Cullen Bryant, appeared in the "Evening Post," and is included in this chapter chiefly for the reason that it was selected from a sheaf of favourable criticisms to send to his friend and correspondent, Mrs. William H. Brookfield, a beautiful woman, believed to have been Thackeray's model for Lady Castlewood in "Henry Esmond." His letters to her form one of the best collections in epistolary literature published during the past century. In them he is believed to have revealed himself more than in any of his other writings.

"The building," says Mr. Bryant, "was crowded to its utmost capacity with the celebrities of literature and fashion in this metropolis, all of whom, we believe, left, perfectly united in the opinion that they never remembered to have spent an hour more delightfully in their lives, and that the room in which they had been receiving so much enjoyment was very badly lighted. We fear also that it was the impression of the many who were disappointed in

obtaining tickets that the room was not spacious enough for the purpose in which it has been appropriated.

“Every one who saw Mr. Thackeray last evening for the first time seemed to have their impressions of his appearance and manner of speech corrected. Few expected to see so large a man: he is gigantic, six feet four at least; few expected to see so old a person; his hair appears to have kept silvery record over fifty years; and then there was a notion in the minds of many that there must be something dashing and ‘fast’ in his appearance, whereas his costume was perfectly plain, the expressions of his face grave and earnest, his address perfectly unaffected and such as we might expect to meet with in a well-bred man somewhat advanced in years. His elocution also surprised those who had derived their impressions from the English journals. His voice is a superb tenor, and possesses that pathetic tremble which is so effective in what is called emotive eloquence, while his delivery was as well suited to the communication he had to make as could well have been imagined.

“His enunciation is perfect. Every word he uttered might have been heard in the remotest quarters of the room, yet he scarcely lifted his voice above a colloquial tone. The most striking feature in his whole manner was the utter absence of affectation of any kind. He did not permit himself to appear conscious that he was an object of peculiar

interest in the audience, neither was he guilty of the greater error of not appearing to care whether they were interested in him or not. In other words, he inspired his audience with a respect for him, as a man proportioned to the admiration which his books have inspired for him as an author.



Thackeray's drawings of Mrs. Brookfield and others

“Of the lecture itself, as a work of art, it would be difficult to speak too strongly. Though written with the utmost simplicity and apparent inattention to effects, it overflowed with every characteristic of the author’s happiest vein. There has been nothing written about Swift so clever, and if we except Lord Orrery’s silly letters, we suspect we might add nothing so unjust. Though suitable

credit was given to Swift's talents, all of which was admirably characterised, yet when he came to speak of the moral side of the Dean's nature, Thackeray saw nothing but darkness."¹

"In welcoming Mr. Thackeray to New York," wrote William Young, "we shall not imitate those of our contemporaries who have taken the opportunity to sketch him or to eulogise his works. The latter are too widely different and too highly esteemed to require any special allusion at this moment. But since it is rather the mode just now to institute comparison or to draw a contrast between himself and Mr. Dickens, we may be permitted to express our satisfaction that the literary lion of to-day is received amongst those whom he visits with more dignity and self-respect than awaited that other celebrity a dozen years ago. There is no need to inquire into reasons why this is so: but the difference in the manner of their reception strikes us as being not dissimilar to the difference existing between them as authors. Dickens — with his comic and pathetic powers, both infinite — reminds us of being created for stage effect. We give ourselves up to the illusion so long as the melodrama lasts, but look not to meet in real life his grotesque and exaggerated character. In Thackeray's books, on the contrary, one seems to meet the men and women of real life, although it naturally follows,

¹ A copy of this cutting from the New York "Evening Post" was enclosed in Thackeray's letter written to Mrs. Brookfield in the Clarendon Hotel, December 23, 1852.

from his vein being almost exclusively satirical, that in real life one would decline the honour of their personal acquaintance. — So in a measure it is with the greeting respectively awarded. Some of us remember with what a theatrical flourish Charles Dickens was received in this country. Mr. Thackeray is met with the attention due him as a public man of letters, and with the friendly courtesies due to him as a private gentleman.”¹

In November, 1852, the Harpers issued “Henry Esmond,” so that between his personal presence, his lectures, the appearance of his new novel, and the publication of the Appletons’ edition of his miscellaneous works in a dozen duodecimo volumes edited by Evert A. Duyckinck, together with the many poems appearing in the papers, Thackeray certainly shared with Madame Sontag the admiring attention of the town.

Under the title of “Mr. Thackeray in the United States,” he contributed a characteristic paper signed, “John Small,” to “Fraser’s Magazine.” It was written at the Clarendon Hotel, and contains amusing comments upon himself, which he pretended to find in an imaginary publication entitled the “Sachem and Broadway Delineator.” This most entertaining article, which appeared in January, 1853, was immediately recognised as the product of Thackeray’s “faithful old Gold Pen.” It was a successful imitation of the style of many of the

¹ The New York “Albion,” Saturday, November 20, 1852.

newspapers, and caused some squirming and resentment on the part of those so happily parodied.

“To the Editor of ‘Fraser’s Magazine’: You may remember, my dear Sir, how I prognosticated a warm reception for your Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh in New York — how I advised that he should come by a Collins rather than a Cunard liner — how he must land at New York rather than at Boston — or, at any rate, that he must n’t dare to begin lecturing at the latter city, and bring ‘cold joints’ to the former one. In the last particular he has happily followed my suggestion, and has opened with a warm success in the chief city. The journals have been full of him. On the 19th of November he commenced his lectures before the Mercantile Library Association (young ardent commercialists), in the spacious New York Church belonging to the flock presided over by the Reverend Mr. Bellows, a strong row of ladies — the cream of the capital — and an unusual number of the distinguished literary and professional celebrities. The critic of the ‘New York Tribune’ is forward to commend his style of delivery as ‘that of a well-bred gentleman, reading with marked force and propriety to a large circle in the drawing-room.’ So far excellent. This witness is a *gentleman* of the press, and is a credit to his order. But there are some others who have whetted the ordinary American appetite of inquisitiveness with astonishing intelligence. Sydney Smith excused the national curiosity as not only venial, but laud-

able. In 1824, he wrote: 'Where men live in the woods, and forests, as is the case, of course, in remote American settlements, it is the duty of every man to gratify the inhabitants by telling them his name, place, age, office, virtues, crimes, children, fortune, and remarks.' It is not a matter of surprise, therefore, that this precinctatorial foible has grown with the national growth.

"You cannot help perceiving that the lion in America is public property and confiscate to the public weal. They trim the creature's nails, they cut the hair off his mane and tail (which is distributed or sold to his admirers), and they draw his teeth, which are frequently preserved with much the same care as you keep any memorable grinder whose presence has been agony and departure delight. Bear-leading is not so much in vogue across the Atlantic as at your home in England: but the lion-leading is infinitely more in fashion.

"Some learned man is appointed Androcles to the new arrival. One of the familiars of the press is dispatched to attend the latest attraction, and by this reflecting medium the lion is perpetually presented to the popular gaze. The guest's most secret self is exposed by his host. Every action—every word—every gesture is preserved and proclaimed—a sigh—a nod—a groan—a sneeze—a cough—or a wink—is each written down by this recording minister, who blots out nothing. No *tabula rasa* with him. The portrait is limned with the fidelity

of Parrhasius, and filled up with the minuteness of the Daguerre process itself. No bloodhound or Bow Street officer can be keener or more exact on the trail than this irresistible and unavoidable spy. 'Tis in Austria they calotype criminals: in the far West the public press prints the identity of each notorious visitor to its shores.

"In turn, Mr. Dickens, Lord Carlisle, Jenny Lind, and now Mr. Thackeray have been lionised in America. 'They go to see, themselves a greater sight than all.'

"In providing for a gaping audience, narrators are disposed rather to go beyond reality. Your famous Oriental lecturer at the British and Foreign Institute had a wallet of personal experience, from which Lemuel Gulliver might have helped himself. With such hyperbole one or two of 'our own correspondents' of American journals tell Mr. Thackeray more about his habits than he himself was cognisant of. Specially I have selected from the 'Sachem and Broadway Delineator' (the latter-named newspaper has quite a fabulous circulation) a pleasant history of certain of the peculiarities of your great humourist at which I believe he himself must smile. Mr. Thackeray's person, height, breadth, hair, complexion, voice, gesticulation, and manner are, with a fair enough accuracy, described.

"Anon, these recorders, upon which we play, softly whisper —

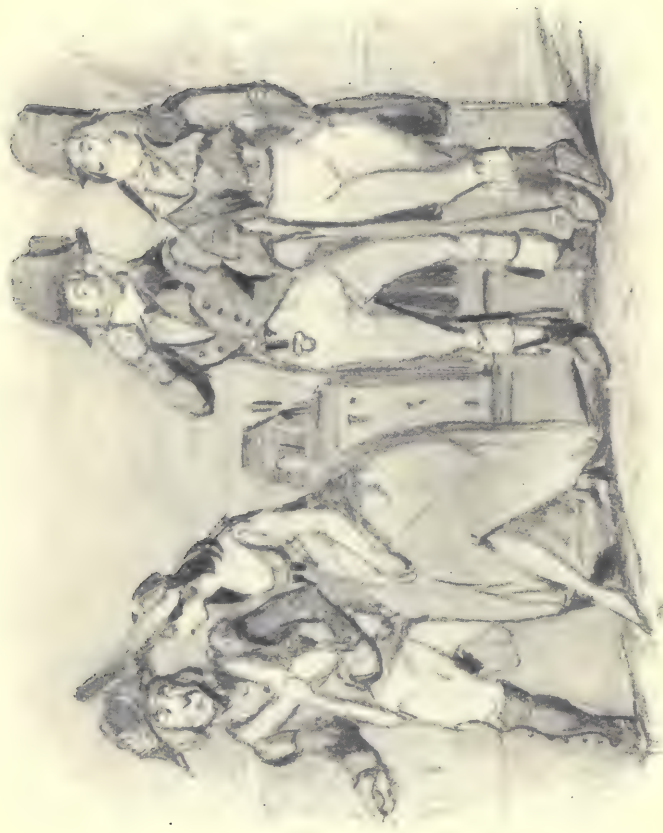
"One of his most singular habits is that of mak-

ing rough sketches for caricatures on his finger-nails. The phosphoretic ink he originally used has destroyed the entire nails, so his fingers are now tipped with horn, on which he draws his portraits. The Duke of Marlboro' (under Queen Anne), Gen. O'Gahagan (under Lord Lake), together with Ibrahim Pasha (at the Turkish Ambassador's), were thus taken. The celebrated engravings in the 'Paris Sketch Book,' 'Esmond,' etc., were made from these sketches. He has an insatiable passion for snuff, which he carries loose in his pockets. At a ball at the Duke of Northumberland's, he set a whole party sneezing, in a polka, in so convulsive a manner that they were obliged to break up in confusion. His pockets are all lined with tea-lead, after a fashion introduced by the late Lord Dartmouth.

"Mr. T. has a passion for daguerreotypes, of which he has a collection of many thousands. Most of these he took unobserved from the outer gallery of Saint Paul's. He generally carries his apparatus in one of Sangster's alpaca umbrellas, surmounted with a head of Dr. Syntax. He has been known to collar a beggar boy in the streets, drag him off to the nearest pastry-cook's, and exercise his photographic art without ceremony. In London he had a tame laughing hyena presented to him, on the breaking up of the Tower menagerie, which followed him like a dog, and was much attached to his master, though totally blind from confinement, deaf, and going on three legs

and a wooden one. He was always surrounded by pets and domestic animals in his house; two owls live in the ivy-tod of the summer-house in the garden. His back sitting-room has an aviary. Monkeys, dogs, parrots, cats, and guinea-pigs swarm in the chambers. The correspondent of the Buffalo 'Revolver,' who stayed three weeks with Mr. Thackeray during the Great Exhibition, gave us these particulars.

"His papers on the 'Greater Petty Chaps' or 'Garden Warbler' (*Sylvia hortensis*) 'the Fauvette,' created an immense sensation when Madame Otto Goldschmidt was last in London. The study is at the end of the garden. The outside is richly covered with honeysuckle, jasmine, and Virginia creepers. Here Mr. T. sits in perfect solitude, 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.' Being an early riser he is generally to be found there early in the morning, whence he can watch the birds. His daily costume is a hanging chlamys, or frock-coat, which he closely buttons, to avoid the incumbrance of a waistcoat. Hence the multiplicity of his coat pockets, whose extreme utility to him during his lecture has been remarked elsewhere. He wears no braces, but his nether garments are sustained by a suspensory belt or bandage of hemp round his loins. Socks or stockings he despises as effeminate, and has been heard to sigh for the days of the *Solea* or *σανδάλιον*. A hair-shirt close to the skin as Dejanira's robe, with a changeable linen front of



In the Days of the Directory. An early Thackeray Sketch

the finest texture; a mortification, or penance, according to his cynical contempt and yet respect for human vanity, is a part of his ordinary apparel. A gibus hat and a pair of bluchers complete his attire. By a contrivance borrowed from the disguises of pantomimists, he undresses himself in the twinkling of a bedpost and can slip into bed while an ordinary man is pulling off his coat. He is awaked from his sleep (lying always on his back in a sort of mesmeric trance) by a black servant (Joe's domestic in 'Vanity Fair'), who enters the bedroom at four o'clock precisely every morning, winter or summer, tears down the bed-clothes, and literally saturates his master with a can of cold water drawn from the nearest spring. As he has no whiskers, he never needs to shave, and he is used to clean his teeth with the feather end of the quill with which he writes in bed. (In this free and enlightened country he will find that he need not waste his time in cleaning his teeth at all.) With all his excessive simplicity, he is as elaborate in the arrangement of his dress as Count D'Orsay or Mr. Brummell. His toilet occupies him after matin studies until midday. He then sits down to a substantial 'bever' or luncheon of 'tea, coffee, bread, butter, salmon-shad, liver, black puddings and sausages.' At the top of this he deposits two glasses of ratafia and three-fourths of a glass of rum-shrub. Immediately after the meal his horses are brought to the door; he starts at once in a mad gallop, or coolly commences a

gentle amble, according to the character of the work, fast or slow, that he is engaged upon.

“He pays no visits, and being a solitudinarian, frequents not even a single club in London. He dresses punctiliously for dinner every day. He is but a sorry eater, and avoids all vegetable diet, as he thinks it dims the animal spirits. Only when engaged in pathetic subjects, does he make a hearty meal; for the body macerated by long fasting, he says, cannot unaided contribute the tears he would shed over what he writes. Wine he abhors, as a true mussulman. Mr. T.’s favourite drink is gin and toast and water, or cider and bitters, cream and cayenne.

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“In religion a Parsee (he was born in Calcutta), in morals a Stagyrte, in philosophy an Epicurean; though nothing in his conversation or manners would lead one to surmise that he belonged to either or any of these sects. In politics an unflinching Tory; fond of the throne, admiring the court, attached to the peerage, proud of the army and navy; a thick-and-thin-upholder of church and state, he is for tithes and taxes as in Pitt’s time. He wears hair powdered to this day, from his entire reliance on the wisdom of his forefathers. Besides his novels, he is the author of the ‘Vestiges of Creation,’ the ‘Errors of Numismatics,’ ‘Junius’s Letters,’ and ‘Ivanhoe.’ The sequel to this last he published three or four years ago. He wrote all

Louis Napoleon's works, and Madame H.'s exquisite love letters; and while secretary to that prince in confinement at Ham, assisted him in his escape, by knocking down the sentry with a ruler with which he had been ruling accounts. Mr. T. is very fond of boxing, and used to have an occasional set-to with Ben Caunt, the Tipton Slasher, and young Sambo. He fences admirably, and ran the celebrated Bertrand through the lungs twice at an *assaut d'armes* in Paris. He is an exquisite dancer, he founded Laurent's Casino (was a pupil of old Grimaldi, surnamed Iron Legs), and played Harlequin in 'Mother Goose' pantomime once when Ella, the regular performer, was taken ill and unable to appear. He has no voice, ear, or fancy even, for music, and the only instruments he cares to listen to are the Jew's-harp, the bagpipes, and the 'Indian drum.'

"He is disputatious and loquacious to a degree in company; and at a dinner at the Bishop of Oxford's the discussion with Mr. Macaulay respecting the death of Mausolus, the husband of Zenobia, occupied the disputants for thirteen hours ere either rose to retire. Mr. Macaulay was found exhausted under the table. He has no acquaintance with modern languages, and his French, which he freely uses throughout his writing, is furnished by the Parisian governess in the Baron de B.'s establishment. In the classics he is superior to either Prof. Sedgwick or Blackie (*vide* his 'Colloquies on Strabo')

and the 'Curtain Earthquake'). He was twice senior opt. at Magdalen College, and three times running carried off Barnes's prize for Greek Theses and Cantate, κ.τ.λ.

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"Happily these delicate attentions have not ruffled Mr. Thackeray's good temper and genial appreciation of the high position occupied by literary men in the United States. Let me avow that this position not only reflects credit on the country which awards it, but helps to shed its lustre on the men of letters who become the guests of its hospitality. [Here follows the graceful tribute with which Thackeray concluded his sixth lecture. *Vide* preceding page 20.]"

To his family Thackeray writes: "Now that I am comfortably settled [in New York] with a hundred kind people to make your papa welcome and two thousand every night to come and hear his lectures, does n't it seem absurd that we should all have been so gloomy, and foreboding so many evils at my going away? . . . We are up three pairs of stairs, in very snug rooms, at a very good hotel. The people have not turned out with flags and drums to receive me like Dickens, but the welcome is a most pleasant one. There is no speechifying or ceremony in it—everybody has read Somebody's book." Mrs. Ritchie remarks: "Once the letters began to arrive from America we were all much happier, for we seemed to be in touch with him once more. He

was fairly well and in good spirits, and making friends and making money.”

TO WILLIAM C. MACREADY.

CLARENDON HOTEL, New York, Nov. 20 [1852].

MY DEAR MACREADY, — I have been wanting to write you a line ever since I have been here, and waiting for a day's quiet when I could have leisure to send a letter big enough to travel 3000 miles — but there never *is* a day's quiet here. It is day after day skurry and turmoil, friends calling, strangers calling, newspaper articles bawling out abuse or telling absurd personalities — you know the life well enough, and have undergone the persecution in your time. The dollars hardly compensate for it: nor the kindness of the real friends on whom one lights. Several of yours are here and in Boston I know I shall meet many more. Did Foster tell you I had met Hall and C. King and good old Dr. Francis who all asked with such sincere regard after you and seemed so happy to hear you looked well? I told them I had seen you the last day I was in London and how very kind it was of you to come all the way from Sherborne to give me a parting shake of the hand. My dear fellow, it is about that horrible nightmare of a dinner I want to speak to you. You must know I intended to say something funny about Macbeth and Banquo: and then to finish off with the prettiest compliment and give some notion of the kindness I was feeling. I blundered in the joke, left out the kindness and compliment — made an awful fiasco. If I lose my head when I try speech-making, all is up with me, I say what I don't mean, what I don't know afterwards the Lord forgive me — and you must if I said aught (I don't know for certain that I did or did n't) which was displeasing. I am savage

Clarendon Hotel, New York.

Nov. 20.

My dear Macready,

I have been wanting to write you a line ever since I have been here, and waiting for a day's quiet when I could have leisure to send a letter by enough to travel 3000 miles - but there never is a day's quiet here - it is day after day skerry & turmoil friends calling strangers, calling newspaper articles howling out abuse or telling absurd personalities - you know the life well enough, and have undergone the persecution in your time. The dollars hardly compensate for it; nor the extraordinary kindness and friendliness of the real friends on whom one lights. Several of yours are here and in Boston I know I shall meet many more. bid Forts, &c.

Facsimile of Letter written at the Clarendon Hotel, New York,

November 20, 1852, by Thackeray, to his friend

William C. Macready

an image taken from the death scene of an old king whom
you have heard of - depicted w

- Here at the w^c came in a visitor; then another visitor; then
good old Dr. Francis who came to doctor me; and now to the
post hour has come and I can't finish that interesting story
about George III, & the old king you used to know in times
when you wore crowns, & of whose being dead it was said
Yes not his ghost o let him pass he hates him who would upon
the rack of this tough world stretch him out longer. What
a nice kind little bit this is of the old man, let he write you!

Good bye my dear Maerady and believe me sincerely
Yours always

W. W. Thackeray.

Dear Mr. Maerady. - I am permitted
by Mr. Thackeray to add a line. I tender
to you my sincerest regards and thoughts
of you often indeed. I shall shortly
address you at some length. I am
still in great affliction. Ever truly
John W. Francis

sometimes when my heart is at its tenderest, and I want to tell you now — and no other words are authentic and if I said 'em I deny 'em — that I felt pleased and touched by your kindness and apologise hereby for my own blunder and cordially shake you by the hand.

As far as the money goes I am doing great things here and the dollars are rolling in. I shall make all but £1000 in five weeks — though not of course to continue at this rate. At first the papers did n't like the lectures: but they are better pleased with the second reading and the public likewise who begin to find that what seems very easy is not done in a hurry. What the people like is sentiment, and I could not give them any of this article except about old George III. whom they received very tenderly. I polished him off with an image taken from the death scene of an old king whom you have heard of — depicted W.

— Here at the "W" came in a visitor: then another visitor: then good old Dr. Francis who came to doctor me: and now lo the post-hour has come and I can't finish that interesting story about George III. and the old king you used to know in times when you wore crowns and of whom, being dead, it was said, Vex not his ghost O let him pass, he hates him who would upon the rack of this rough world stretch him out longer. What a nice kind little bit this is of the old man which he writes you! Good bye my dear Macready and believe me sincerely yours
 always
 W. M. THACKERAY.

DEAR MR. MACREADY, — I am permitted by Mr. Thackeray to add a line. I tender to you my sincerest regards and think of you often indeed. I shall shortly address you at some length. I am still in great affliction.

Ever yours,

JOHN W. FRANCIS.

Frederick S. Cozzens, a popular writer of that period, and an enthusiastic admirer of Thackeray, made his acquaintance soon after his arrival in New

Yonkers Library Association.

EXTRA LECTURE.

The Managers have the pleasure to announce that

W. M. THACKERAY, ESQ.

The celebrated author of "VANITY FAIR," "PENNENNIS," "THE NEWCOMES" &c.

WILL DELIVER A LECTURE AT THE
LYCEUM, GETTY HOUSE,
ON
FRIDAY EVE'NG, NOVEMBER 30,
AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Subject-"CHARITY AND HUMOR."

Tickets, Fifty Cents each,

Can be had in Yonkers, at the

*Getty House, At Mr. Rockwell's,
At the Post Office, and at Mr. Post's, under the Library.*

Also of either Member of the Committee, or of

Mr. C. C. Merchant, Treasurer, 287 Broadway.

Mr. F. S. Cozzens, Warren Street, opposite Rail Road Depot.

SEASON TICKETS ARE SUSPENDED ON THIS OCCASION.

Signed,

R. P. GETTY,
G. F. PUTNAM,
GEO. MAC ADAM,
JOSIAH RICH.

LECTURE
COMMITTEE.

York, being introduced to him at the Century Club. They immediately became friends, and an arrangement was made for Thackeray to deliver a lecture at Yonkers and to be the guest of Mr. Cozzens

at "Chestnut Cottage." It was the afternoon before the lecture that the two gentlemen drove up to "Sunnyside," to spend a few hours with Washington Irving, an account of which appears in a journal kept by Cozzens, as follows:—

"In November, 1852, visited Sunnyside with Thackeray. The day inexpressibly balmy and beautiful. As we rode by the Hudson, Thackeray kept exclaiming, 'This is very jolly!' 'How jolly!' as view after view appeared. Irving was in fine spirits. Thackeray said, looking around the room, 'I must take an inventory or note of the furniture, etc., so that when I write my book on America I shall be able to put all this in.' 'Oh,' said Irving, catching at the joke, 'you must not forget my nieces,'—introducing them again, with mock courtesy. 'This is the one that writes for me: all my stories are from her pen. This young lady is the poet of the family. She has a collection of sonnets that will astonish the world by and by. Another niece of mine is up-stairs. She is the musician and painter,—a great genius, only she has never come out. I suppose I must show you my curiosities. These Moorish coins? I was riding through a field in Granada when they were ploughed up. Gave a trifle for them. The poor fellow that found them preferred current money. This fringe is from the sword-hilt of poor Boabdil. Here is a pair of spectacles that belonged to General Washington, and here is another pair that belonged

to John Jacob Astor. I thought with Washington's and Astor's spectacles I might be able to see my way pretty clearly through the world.'

"In the conversation Thackeray said, 'Willis asked me why I did not take notes of my visit. I was about to answer what I thought of such a liberty, when I remembered that he had done such things himself, and was silent.' . . . 'This little anchor was presented to me by some officer of the navy. It was made of the staple in the wall to which Columbus was chained.'

"When we rode down to Yonkers, Irving was to drive with us. He asked me to go home by the saw-mill river road. We did so. He was delighted to see this old familiar ground,—had not seen it for many years. Pointed out places of interest. 'Some day,' said he, 'the trains will run screaming through this valley, but those old rocks will remain; improvement cannot remove them; they will be the same hundreds of years hence.' At dinner we had for game bear's meat. 'I will take some,' said Irving. 'I had no idea that bear had such a flavour of wine sauce' (cooked in a chafing-dish *à la venison*)."¹

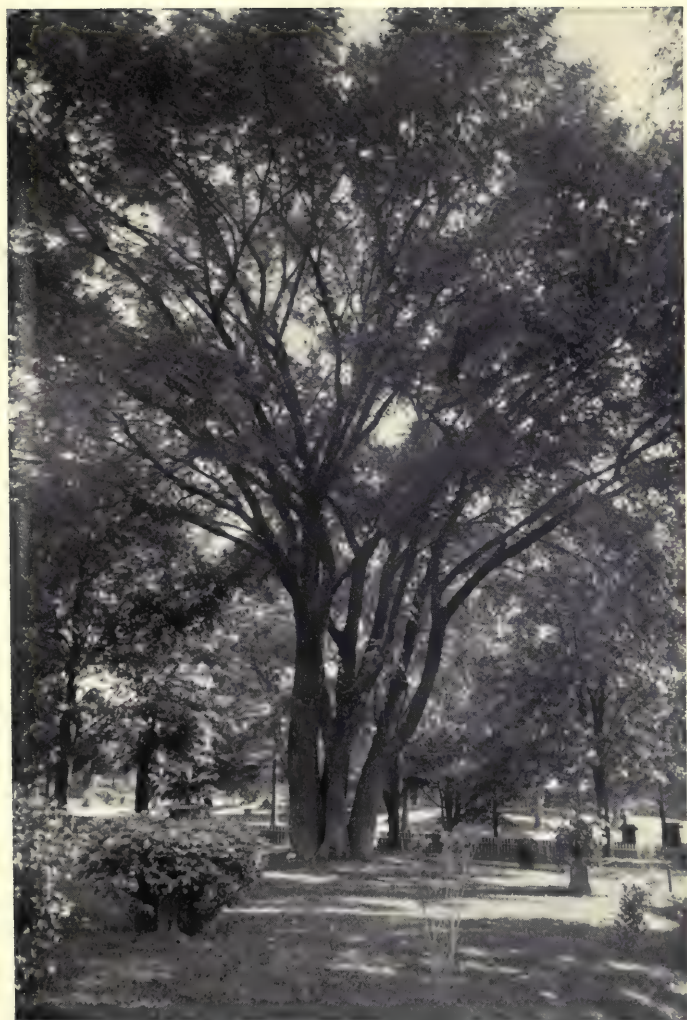
The only survivor of that delightful dinner-party, who was taken in by Thackeray, remembers after half a century, that her young daughter, later the wife of a distinguished lawyer of New York, was

¹ "Leaves from the Journal of Frederick S. Cozzens," by Arthur D. F. Randolph. "Lippincott's Magazine," May, 1890.

escorted to the table by Irving, and that the artist John F. Kensett, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Putnam, and Judge Daly were also present. From "Chestnut Cottage," after their early dinner, they drove together in three carriages to Thackeray's lecture.

In reply to a visitor who was so rude as to remark: "Mr. Thackeray, you will excuse me, but I cannot get over your broken nose," he answered good-naturedly, "No wonder, madam, for there is no bridge to it." When the company invited to meet Thackeray after the address on "Charity and Humour" had dispersed, he said before retiring at a late hour, "Cozzens, can you give me something to read myself asleep?" Lewis Gaylord Clark's "Knick Knacks," which had just been published, was handed to the novelist, and he disappeared for the night. When they met in the morning Thackeray was in fine spirits, and said, "Cozzens, you could not have made a happier choice. The book was just what I wanted, for before I finished the first page, I was so overcome with sleep that I was compelled to put out the light."

It was at the breakfast-table the next morning that a little incident occurred which will at once show the fund of humour Thackeray always had at his command. Mr. Cozzens's youngest child, not more than three years of age, espied the grapes on the table, and, turning to her mother, said, "Please, ma, may I have some gapes?" whereupon Thackeray turned to her, and, patting her



Chestnut Cottage, Yonkers-on-the-Hudson



head, said, "Ah, my little girl, you should have been at the lecture last night, and you would have had plenty of 'gapes.'" "

In a letter addressed to his daughter from New York, dated December 3, Thackeray writes: "One day I went out to Yonkers fifteen miles from here, on the Hudson River, and spent the pleasantest day I have had in the States: drove from the pretty village, a busy bustling new place lying on the river banks, thrice as broad as the Rhine, and as picturesque, to Irvington, nine miles, where good old Washington Irving lives with two nieces, who tend him most affectionately, in a funny little in-and-out cottage surrounded by a little domain of lawns not so smooth as ours, and woods rather small and scrubby:—in little bits of small parlours, where we were served with cakes and wine,—with a little study not much bigger than my back room, with old dogs trotting about the premises, with flocks of ducks sailing on the ponds,—a very pleasant, patriarchal life. He is finishing the second volume of a *Life of Washington*: he has only two to write; it's a bold undertaking for a man of seventy-four. I don't know whether the book is good or not; the man is, and one of the pleasantest things I have noted in American manners is the general respect and affection in which the good old man is held."

In a note dated Clarendon Hotel, December 3, Thackeray writes as follows:—

Thank you, my dear Cozzens, for the cheque for one hundred dollars (presumably for the lecture), and Mr. Mac Adam for his kindness in speaking about me — and Mrs. Cozzens for her hospitality — and those dear little children for wanting to trot up and see the Gentleman take the Quinine — and this is brought by my messenger, who is ordered not to quit your premises until he pays for a box of capital little cigars — for which unless the account be produced instantly, I vow I will never smoke any more tobacco of the Sparrowgrass brand. And when you go back to kind jolly little Yonkers, will you — will you (here my feelings overpower me) see if I did n't leave a razor-strop there? I fancy I can't sharpen my razors on any other; and my man will call to-morrow morning in hopes of being put in possession of this treasure. It was the jolliest day I have had for a long, long time — may many more be in store for you, and yours always,

W. M. THACKERAY.

Soon after Thackeray's arrival in New York about twoscore friends and admirers among the leading literary and social celebrities of the city gave him a delightful dinner at Delmonico's. Washington Irving was invited to preside, but remembering his unfortunate fiasco at the Dickens's entertainment when, as chairman, he began well enough in welcoming the distinguished guest of the evening, uttered a few sentences, and then broke down completely, dropping back in his chair after announcing the toast, — declined the invitation of the committee, consisting of Bryant, Davis, Halleck, Jay, King, and Verplanck, unless speeches and reporters were

absolutely forbidden. According to the recollection of George William Curtis, the last survivor of the dinner-party, "the conditions were faithfully observed, but it was the most extraordinary instance of American self-command on record. Irving's cheery anecdote and gaiety, the songs and banter of the company, the happy chat and sparkling wit, took the place of eloquence, and I recall no dinner more delightful."

Thomas Hicks, the artist, remembered one evening at his studio when Thackeray read to a small circle including Kensett, Curtis, and Daly, Hood's familiar lines, "One more Unfortunate," pronouncing the poem "the finest lyric in the language,"¹ and on the same occasion, after speaking of Fielding, repeated Gibbon's grand panegyric on the author of "Tom Jones":—"Our immortal Fielding was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the courts of Hapsburg. The successors of Charles the Fifth may disdain their brethren of England, but the romance of 'Tom Jones,' that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the Palace of the Escorial, and the

¹ It is rather a suggestive fact that the original manuscript of Hood's "Song of the Shirt," which was lately sold in Boston for \$200, was written on a sheet of ordinary commercial foolscap headed "Dr." and "Cr." Many a poet has had to wrestle with debit accounts while composing his inspiring verses. Out of poverty have been born some of the noblest compositions that now enrich American literature, even if all of them have not actually been written, like Hood's pathetic song, on commercial stationery.

Imperial Eagle of Austria." Before the company dispersed at a late hour, Thackeray sang several songs, and Curtis followed with the "Erl King," "Kathleen Mavourneen," and "Good-Night to Julia." A little incident of his Southern tour as told that evening by Thackeray still lives in the memory of one who was present. He said: "I was introduced to a tall Kentuckian who, after a short conversation, remarked, 'I've been in your country, Mr. Thackeray. It was very well in the day time, but I never went out at night.' 'And pray why not?' I inquired. 'Well, it was so small, I was afraid I would fall off!'" Two others remembered trifling incidents of that evening as told by Thackeray which may be worth mentioning. At his first American breakfast in Boston, he ordered boiled eggs. Among the array of things placed before him, he saw a goblet filled with something that he failed to recognise, and also missed the eggs. In answer to his inquiry for them, the servant said, "That's them in the glass." "Well, but where are the shells?" asked Thackeray. Promptly came the reply from Pat, "You did n't ask for shells, Sir." Thackeray's other short story was, that wishing to see a specimen of the red-shirted Bowery boy and volunteer fireman of that period, of whom he had heard much, both before and after his arrival in this country, he wended his way to that thoroughfare, and soon saw one of the species seated on a hydrant. Approaching him, he

politely said, "Please sir, I want to go to Brooklyn." "Well," answered the Bowery boy, "why the h—— don't you go?" These anecdotes, and others that appear in these pages, may possibly in a measure have lost their Thackerayan flavour, having been jotted down from memory after more than four decades.

Charles Augustus Davis, an accomplished New York merchant, was among Thackeray's intimate friends. In a note now before the writer addressed to Fitz-Greene Halleck, Mr. Davis in inviting the poet to dinner says, "Thackeray had an engagement for Monday, but cancelled it for the pleasure of meeting you, and requested that he might have a seat next to you, or directly opposite."¹ President Felton of Harvard, who met the English author on that evening, said of the brilliant literary society which then made New York so attractive a city: "Halleck, Bryant, Washington Irving, Charles A. Davis, and others scarce less attractive by their genius, wit, and social graces, constituted a circle not to be surpassed anywhere in the world." Alfred

¹ Charles Dickens was also an admirer of Halleck. To the author of these volumes he wrote in January, 1868: "I thank you cordially for your considerate kindness in sending me the enclosed note [From Halleck to Mrs. Rush of Philadelphia, describing the Dickens dinner at the City Hotel, New York, in 1842]. I have read it with the greatest interest, and have always retained a delightful recollection of its amiable and accomplished writer. I too had hoped to see *him!* My dear Irving being dead, there was scarcely any one in America whom I so looked forward to seeing again as our dear old friend often thought of."

Pell was another of Thackeray's New York friends who frequently entertained him on his two visits. At one of Pell's delightful dinners he heard Whipple's story of Emerson and the New Englanders, with which Thackeray was so much amused that he repeated it in London to Carlyle. "The train, as usual," says Whipple, "stopped at Concord. Then one of the two silent Yankees in the seat ahead turned to the other and lazily remarked, 'Mr. Emerson, I hear, lives in this town.' 'Ye-as,' was the drawling rejoinder, 'and I understood that, in spite of his odd notions he is a man of con-sid-er-able propity.'"

Among the many entertainments in honour of Thackeray was a dinner given by Charles M. Leupp, an opulent merchant, and a liberal patron of American art. In the course of the evening the chief guest quoted the witty paradox, "That an Englishman is never happy except when he is miserable: a Scotchman never at home except when abroad, and an Irishman never at peace except when at war." Fitz-Greene Halleck followed with a story of an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotchman, looking through a confectioner's window at a beautiful girl, serving in the shop. "Oh," exclaims Patrick, "do let us be after spending a half crown with the dear craytur that we may look at her more convaniently, and have a bit of a chat with her." "You extravagant dog," said John, "I'm sure half the money will do as well. But let us go in by all

means: she's a charming girl." "Ah! wait a wee," interposed the canny Scot, "dinna ye ken it'll serve oor purpose equally well just to ask the bonnie lassie to gie us twa saxpences for a shilling and to tell us where's Mr. Thompson's hoose, and sic like? We're no hungry an' may as well save the siller." The anecdote was told to illustrate the difference between the populace of the three kingdoms with respect to temperament. "The Irish," said the poet, "are ardent and impetuous: the Scotch are cool and cautious, while the English are perhaps a fair average between the two." Verplanck then told a story of two friends who made an experiment in London by speaking to every labourer they met between St. Giles and Holborn Hill, until they had found one belonging to each of the three nationalities, and to each, but separately, they put the question, "What would you take to stand on the top of the monument all night long with only your shirt on?" The Englishman in a straightforward manner replied, "Five pounds": the Scot cautiously said, "What'll ye gie?" and the Irishman laughingly exclaimed, "*Sure I'd be after taking a bad cowl.*" Said Verplanck, "An Englishman thinks and speaks: a Scotchman thinks twice before he speaks, and an Irishman often speaks before he thinks, or as some writer has remarked, 'A Scotchman thinks with his head, an Irishman with his heart.'" Another guest, possibly Bryant, added, "When George the Fourth went to Ireland one of

the 'pisintry,' delighted with his affability to the crowd on landing, said to the toll-keeper as the king passed through, 'Och, now! and his Majesty, God bless him, never does.' 'We lets 'em go free,' was the answer. 'Then there's the dirty money for ye,' says Pat. 'It shall never be said that the King came here, and found nobody to pay the turnpike for him!'" Thomas Moore on his visit to Abbotsford told this story to Sir Walter, when they were comparing notes as to the two royal visits to Ireland and Scotland. "Now, Mr. Moore," remarked Scott, "there you have the advantage of us: there was no lack of enthusiasm here: the Scotch folk would have done anything in the world for the King but—pay the turnpike!" Thackeray terminated the topic with a droll incident of a drunken Scotchman who, meeting an acquaintance on the street, stared at him in a stupid manner when the latter said, "What d'ye want?" to which the lover of Glenlivet blithely made answer: "I want naething! I'm as fu's I can haud."

Writing to Mrs. Bryan W. Procter, in December, Thackeray says ". . . A word I know will please you to tell you how happy I am, what a many, many friends I have found (I have found Beatrix Esmond and lost my heart to her, and what a fortunate venture this is likely to prove to me. Last night was the first lecture here [Boston]—twelve hundred people, I should think—and I left behind me near a thousand pounds

at New York which Baring's house will invest for me, so that my girls will be very considerably the better for their journey. . . . It would have been worth while even for my books to come out here; the publishers are liberal enough, and will be still more so with any future thing I may do. As for writing any thing about this country, about Goshen, about Canada flowing with milk and honey, about the friends I have found here, and who are helping me to procure independence for my children, if I cut jokes about them, may I choke on the instant. If I can say anything to show that my name is really Makepeace and to increase the source of love between the two countries then please God I will."



KING GLUMPUS.

To Mrs. Brookfield he writes a day later: "Broadway is miles upon miles long, a rush of life such as I have never seen: not so full as the Strand, but so rapid. . . . The rush and restlessness pleases me, and I like for a little, the dash of the stream."

To oblige "the good Baxters" and other New York friends, he delivered in the Church of the Messiah on Broadway, for the benefit of a

Ladies' Society for the Employment of the Poor, a delightful afternoon discourse on Charity and Humour, by which Thackeray added above a thousand dollars to the Society exchequer. The address was subsequently repeated in London on



LADY POPKINS

behalf of the families of Angus B. Reach and Douglas Jerrold. For the latter fund it was delivered on July 22, 1857, the day after the declaration of the result in the Oxford Election when Thackeray was a candidate for Parliament, and was defeated by Mr. Cardwell. The

"Times" in its report of the Address says: "The opening words of the discourse,

uttered with a comic solemnity of which Mr. Thackeray alone is capable, ran thus: 'walking yesterday in the High Street of a certain ancient city.' So began the lecturer, and was interrupted by a storm of laughter that deferred for some moments the completion of the sentence." This New York charity address dictated in the Clarendon Hotel in a single day was in a measure a supplement to the English Humourists, for he compared the eighteenth-century literature with the writings of his contemporaries, availing himself of the opportunity to bestow the following generous words of

praise on Charles Dickens: "Was there ever a better charity sermon preached in the world than Dickens's 'Christmas Carol'? . . . As for this man's love of children, that amiable organ at the back of his honest head must be perfectly monstrous. All children ought to love him. I know two that do and read his books ten times for once they read the dismal preachments of their father. One of these candid critics at ten years of age said, 'I like Mr. Dickens's books much better than yours, papa,' and frequently expressed her desire that the latter author should write a book like one of Mr. Dickens's. Who can? Every man must say his own thoughts in his own voice, in his own way, lucky is he who has such a charming gift of nature as this which brings all the children in the world trooping to him, and being fond of him. . . . I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times, I delight and wonder at his genius. I recognise in it — I speak with awe and reverence — a commission from that Divine Beneficence whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast



LORD LOLLYPOP

of love and kindness which this gentle, and generous, and charitable soul has contributed to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share, and say a Benediction for the meal."

During his month's sojourn in New York, Thackeray made a morning call on the Harpers, where he met the ex-mayor, senior member of the great publishing house. In response to his inquiry as to the most popular author in this country, the visitor was astonished to hear from Mr. Harper, that the now forgotten G. P. R. James of "two horsemen" fame, who produced a couple of novels per annum, was at the head of the list. During their hour's interview, a bright-eyed little girl, entering the counting-room in Cliff Street, was introduced as his daughter by the veteran publisher. Thackeray smilingly shook hands with her, saying, "So this is a pirate's daughter, is it?" an appellation which much amused the fun-loving ex-mayor's keen sense of humour. The English author also renewed his pleasant acquaintance with William H. Appleton. They had spent many happy hours together as young men in Paris in the thirties, when the latter was making his first visit as a publisher to the French capital, and the former was following a Trilbyesque artistic career in the gay city. They often dined together at Terré's in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, where the course included a bowl of Bouillabaisse, celebrated by Thackeray in his beautiful ballad:—

“ Ah me ! how quick the days are flitting !
 I mind me of a time that 's gone,
 When here I 'd sit, as now I am sitting
 In this same place — but not alone.
 A fair young form was nestled near me,
 A dear, dear face looked proudly up,
 And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me
 — There 's no one now to share my cup.

•
 “ I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
 Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes :
 Fill up the lonely glass and drain it
 In memory of dear old times.
 Welcome the wine whate'er the seal is ;
 And sit you down and say your grace
 With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
 — Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse ! ”

Thackeray and Miss Shawe were married in August, 1836, at the British Embassy, Paris, by Bishop Luscombe, and occupied apartments in the Rue Neuve St. Augustin. Eyre Crowe writes: “ Still vivid is the impression of the charming grace and modesty of the hostess, who was lithe in figure, with hair of the tinge Titian was so fond of depicting, bordering on redness. This pleasant time of newly married folks which is so touchingly hinted at with delicate hand in the ‘ Bouillabaisse ’ ballad, has not been chronicled in the short lives of the author hitherto published. The day's work done, they would stroll off by the arched entrance, and through that lively thronged Passage Choiseul,

at the far end of which they would emerge on the street of the Little Fields. At No. 16 was the now immortalised restaurateur. I find in the old Paris guidebook of that date: 'Terre Jeune Restaurateur: house noted for Spanish dishes, and for good wines, and more especially for the Marseilles dish "Bouillabaisse."' Those curious as to its exact ingredients will find them enumerated in Larousse's Dictionary, — some of them so scarce as to require a journey to Marseilles itself."

As Mr. Appleton remembered Thackeray in Paris he was slight in figure; fifteen years later, when they met again in New York, the author had become stout, apparently weighing not less than two hundred pounds, the publisher said to me. The young artist and publisher also visited together the home in the Rue du 29 Juillet, of Eyre Evans Crowe, father of Joseph and Eyre Crowe mentioned in this volume. At Mr. Crowe's, Thomas Moore and Thackeray were frequent guests. At the time of his visit in 1852, the Appletons were issuing the skilfully edited series of popular reprints of Thackeray's writings, and for these twelve red-covered half-dollar volumes he wrote at their request an admirable Preface, which appeared signed, and with the date "New York, December, 1852," in "Mr. Brown's Letters to a Young Man about Town: with the Proser and other Papers," published early in the



Thackeray in 1822, by J. Devile

following year.¹ The original eleven sheets of this characteristic composition in the author's dainty manuscript may be seen in the Lenox Library.

“On coming to this country I found that the projectors of this series of little books had preceded my arrival by publishing a number of early works, which have appeared under various pseudonyms during the last fifteen years. I was not the master to choose what stories of mine should appear or not: these miscellanies were all advertised, or in course of publication; nor have I the good fortune to be able to draw a pen, or alter the blunder of author or printer, except in the case of the accompanying volumes, which contain contributions to ‘Punch,’ whence I have been enabled to make something like a selection in the ‘Letters of Mr. Brown,’ and the succeeding short essays and descriptive pieces, something graver and less burlesque was attempted than in other pieces which I here publish. My friend the ‘Fat Contributor’ accompanied Mr. Titmarsh in his ‘Journey from Cornhill to Cairo.’ The Prize novels contain imitations, not malicious I hope, nor unamusing, of the writings of some contemporaries who still live and flourish in the novelist's calling. I myself had scarcely entered on it when these burlesque tales were begun, and stopped further parody from a sense that this merry

¹ Of this series of well-printed small duodecimo volumes, now quite out of print, the New York publishers sold eighty-three thousand, seven hundred and fifty copies.

task of making fun of the novelists should be left to younger hands than my own: and in a little book published some four years since, in England, by my friends Messrs. Hannay and Shirley Brooks, I saw a caricature of myself and writings to the full as ludicrous and faithful as the Prize novels of Mr. Punch. Nor was there, had I desired it, any possibility of preventing the reappearance of these performances. Other publishers besides the Messrs. Appleton were ready to bring my hidden works to the light. Very many of the works printed, I have not seen since their appearance twelve years ago, and it was with no small feelings of curiosity (remembering under what sad circumstances the tale had been left unfinished) that I bought the incomplete 'Shabby Genteel Story,' in a railway car, on my first journey from Boston hither, from a rosy-cheeked little peripatetic book merchant, who called out 'Thackeray's works:—' in such a kind, gay voice, as gave me a feeling of friendship and welcome.

"Here is an opportunity of being either satiric, or sentimental. The careless papers, written at an early period, and never seen since the printing boy carried them away, are brought back and laid at the father's door, and he cannot, if he would, forget or disown his own children.

"Why were some of the little brats brought out of their obscurity? I own to a feeling of anything but pleasure in reviewing some of these misshapen,

juvenile creatures which the publisher has disinterred and resuscitated. There are two performances especially (among the critical and biographical works of the erudite Mr. Yellowplush) which I am very sorry to see reproduced, and I ask pardon of the author of the 'Caxtons' for a lampoon, which I know he has himself forgiven, and which I wish I could recall.

"I had never seen that eminent writer but once in public when this satire was penned, and wonder at the recklessness of the young man who could fancy such personality was harmless jocularly, and never calculate that it might give pain. The best experiences of my life have been gained since that time of youth and gaiety and careless laughter. I allude to them, perhaps, because I would not have any kind and friendly American reader judge of me by these wild performances of early years. Such a retrospect as the sight of these old acquaintances perforce occasioned, cannot, if it would be gay. The old scenes return, the remembrance of the by-gone time, the chamber in which the stories were written: the faces that shone round the table. Some biographers in this country have been pleased to depict that homely apartment after a very



"W. M. T. on his Travels"

From a drawing by Thackeray

strange and romantic fashion : and an author in the direst struggles of poverty waited upon by a family domestic in 'all the splendour of his menial decorations,' has been circumstantially described to the reader's amusement as well as the writer's own. I may be permitted to assure the former that the splendour and the want were alike fanciful : and that the meals were not only sufficient, but honestly paid for.

“That extreme liberality with which American publishers have printed the works of English authors, has had, at least, this beneficial result for us, that our names and writings are known by multitudes using our common mother tongue, who never had heard of us or our books but for the speculators who have sent them all over this continent.

“It is, of course, not unnatural for the English writer to hope, that some day he may share a portion of the profits which his works bring at present to the persons who vend them in this country : and I am bound gratefully to say myself, that since my arrival here I have met with several publishing houses who are willing to acknowledge our little claim to participate in the advantages arising out of our books : and the present writer having long since ascertained that a portion of a loaf is more satisfactory than no bread at all, gratefully accepts and acknowledges several slices which the book purveyors in this city have proffered to him of their free will.

“ If we are not paid in full and in specie as yet, English writers surely ought to be thankful for the very great kindness and friendliness with which the American public receives them : and if we hope some day that measures may pass here to legalise our right to profit a little by the commodities which we invent and in which we deal, I for one can cheerfully say, that the good will towards us from publishers and public is undoubted, and wait for still better times with perfect confidence and humour.

“ If I have to complain of any special hardship, it is, not that our favourite works are reproduced, and our children introduced to the American public : children, whom we have educated with care, and in whom we take a little paternal pride : but that ancient magazines are ransacked, and shabby old articles dragged out, which we had gladly left in the wardrobes where they have lain hidden many years. There is no control, however, over a man’s thoughts — once uttered and printed, back they may come upon us any sudden day ; and in this collection, which Messrs. Appleton are publishing, I find two or three such early productions of my own that I gladly would take back, but they have long since gone out of the paternal guardianship.

“ If not printed in this series, they would have appeared from other presses, having not the slightest need of the author’s own imprimatur : and I cannot sufficiently condole with a literary gentleman of the city, who (in his voyages of professional

adventure) came upon an early performance of mine which shall be nameless, carried the news of the discovery to a publisher of books, and had actually done me the favour to sell my book to that liberal man, when, behold, Messrs. Appleton announced the book in the press, and my confrère had to refund the money which had been paid him. And if he is a little chagrined at finding other intrepid voyagers beforehand with him in taking possession of my island, and the American flag already floating there, he will understand the feelings of the harmless but kindly treated aboriginal native, who makes every sign of peace, who smokes the pipe of submission, and meekly acquiesces in his own annexation.

“It is said that those only who win should laugh: I think, in this case, my readers will not grudge the losing side its share of harmless good-humour: if I have contributed to theirs, or provided them with means of amusement, I am glad to think my books have found favour with the American public, as I am proud to own the great and cordial welcome with which they have received me.”¹

¹ In Appleton's reprint of the prize novelists the burlesque on Fenimore Cooper was omitted by the editor of the series. It is the “Stars and Stripes,” and concludes: “Three days afterward, as the gallant frigate ‘Repudiator’ was sailing out of Brest harbour, the gigantic form of an Indian might be seen standing on the binnacle in conversation with Commodore Bowie, the commander of the ship. It was Tatu, the chief of the Nose-Sings.” A little incident illustrating Thackeray's candour and truthfulness is related by John Holling-

Thackeray's "light in hand manner," as the historian Motley remarked, "suits well the delicate hovering rather than superficial style of his composition." The great author himself made mirth of his lectures by describing "Mr. Thackeray as having recited with unusual pathos the poem of 'How doth the little busy bee' to a large and enthusiastic audience; and his vivid yet delicate description of the author of 'Robinson Crusoe' in the pillory drew tears from every eye." Writing of Thackeray, Curtis said: "The first course upon the Humourists was the most popular. Indeed, they were to many hearers an introduction to the Time and men of whom he spoke. . . . Who that heard is likely to forget them? His huge figure filled the pulpit, and the desk was raised so that he could easily read his manuscript. He stood erect and perfectly still: his hands thrust into his trousers' pockets, or the thumbs and forefingers into the waistcoat pockets, and in that deep, melodious and flexible voice he read his essays. No purely literary lectures were ever half so interesting. As he moved on, his felicitous skill flashed out the living form of each man he described like a torch upon a statue. Probably most of those

shed, who, in 1862, was walking through the London International Exhibition with the novelist when they met Benjamin Disraeli. "They saw each other," says Hollingshed, "but showed no signs of recognition. 'He has never spoken to me,' said Thackeray, 'voluntarily, since I wrote the short parody of "Coningsby" ("Codlingsby") in "Punch."'"

who heard him will always owe their impression of Fielding, Goldsmith, Addison, Swift, Pope, Congreve and Dick Steele to Thackeray's lectures."

*Mr. Thackeray regrets that
a previous engagement will prevent
him from having the pleasure of
dining with the Dinary Club on
Thursday next. In making this
announcement Mr. Thackeray will
feel much obliged if the Secretary will*



Facsimile of Note addressed by Thackeray to the Secretary of a Club, with two small Sketches

Perhaps there was no place in New York so popular with Thackeray as the Century Club, in

Clinton Place, which he called the best club in the world. He was first taken there by his friend and publisher for whom he prepared the above preface. There he sat with an admiring circle including Curtis and Cozzens and Daly, and smoked and sipped and sang his "Little Billee" and "Larry O'Toole" or "Dr. Luther," or listened to a sentimental song from Curtis, or a lively Irish air from Judge Daly. The artist Cranch also contributed charming songs; and "Tom" Hicks convulsed Thackeray with his droll imitations of Webster's oratory. He would draw forth a huge red bandanna handkerchief, and unfolding it with Dutch deliberation, would, after many nose-pullings and trumpet blasts, proceed with his ponderous sentences. Dr. Kane, the Arctic hero, told the fresh story of his wanderings; and as Curtis charmingly relates, "We listened like boys to 'Sinbad the Sailor,' until rising from the table, and straightening his huge figure, Thackeray towered over the neat, small person of Kane, and said to the host who provided the feast, 'Do you think the doctor would permit me to kneel down and lick his boots?'" Companions, friends of those days and nights at the Century, gone now to join those of the Mermaid, can we ever recall that burly figure, that ringing voice, that wit and wisdom, without remembering the terrible picture of him sitting years before in the cabin of the steamer crossing from Ireland, and through the long nights in which the ship strug-

gled with the storm, holding his little child in his arms, while his wife, suddenly smitten with brain-fever, lay beside him. She never recovered from that illness, although she lived for many years. He



Unpublished engraving from a Thackeray drawing

lost his wife that night. But it seems to me that the spirit of the little child passed into his heart: for he was always, like his Colonel Newcome, noble and simple and childlike.”

Describing the Century Club of New York as it was almost half a century ago at the time of Thack-

eray's two visits, George William Curtis wrote: "After some time the club moved into Clinton Place and to a more spacious and agreeable house. It was like a well-ordered home below; and upstairs there were the familiar oil cloth, and small tables. Here Greenough¹ came with his wonderful



*Harry Foker on Horseback*²

talk; and here how many who are living, still sent the night flying on winged words! The Nestor of Centurians,³ who revives for younger members the traditions of a London age, and of a love and knowl-

¹ Richard S. Greenough, the sculptor.

² The above pencil drawing, by Thackeray, and the five succeeding ones were discovered, more than half a century after they were made, in the second volume of the author's copy of "Pendennis." The first is drawn at the end of chapter one, the second at chapter seven, the third at chapter eleven, the fourth at chapter twenty-three, the fifth at chapter twenty-five, and the sixth and last at chapter twenty-six, all being drawn on the blank spaces at the close of the various chapters.

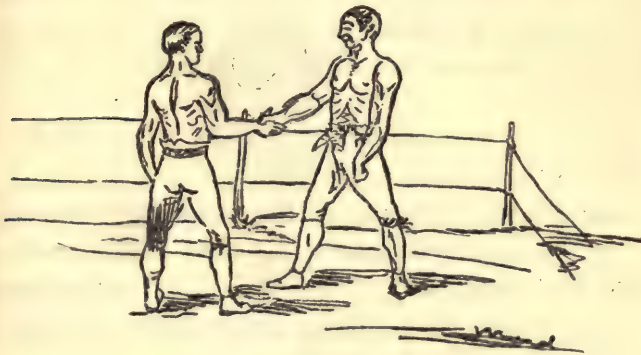
³ Gulian C. Verplanck.

edge of the theatre and actors such as Charles Lamb had, here told his impressions of modern players, ranging from Mrs. Piozzi's Conway and Edmund Kean, down to Rachel and Edwin Booth. Here too the other men whose names are public, sat round and smoked, and sipped, and listened with sparkling eyes and jovial lips. This was Thackeray's pet room on Saturday nights: and here, too, were the most memorable dinners, as when Kane returned from his last expedition and he and Thackeray met for the first time. The doctor had seen one of his sailors in the long Arctic night when he was frozen under a Greenland glacier, intently reading, and curious to know what book held him so fast, came to him and found that it was 'Pendennis.' The story interested Thackeray, and the huge Briton and slight heroic American met with the utmost cordiality and sympathy. Kane told his wonderful adventures, and they all sat and listened. It was like dining with Marco Polo. The tale was marvellous; but the Centurians believed it. And when minds were blue with polar ice and all thoughts were frosted, they dissolved to tears in the warm mist of pathos that softens thy manly voice, exiled of Erin!¹ It was as if one heard the bells that you heard in your heart, as you sang Father Prout's words. Then followed Thackeray in his 'Three Sailors of Bristol City,' or his petted Doctor Luther which he poured out in a great volume of voice like old and oily wine. Thackeray makes his

¹ Paul Duggan, an Irish painter and professor of drawing.

‘Philip’ sing it now: for in ‘Philip’ as in his ‘Pendennis,’ and ‘Clive Newcome,’ Thackeray lives his youth over again.”

Charles P. Daly, who sat longer on the New York bench than any other jurist of his generation, was among Thackeray’s intimate American friends, and with Mr. Appleton, among the last. They both



Mr. Bendigo and Ben Caunt

died during 1899. The Judge had a sweet low tenor voice and sang Irish melodies in a manner that greatly pleased Thackeray when they frequently met on convivial occasions at the Century Club, and elsewhere. The novelist was much amused with two Daly incidents, and repeated them at a London dinner on at least one occasion, as the writer learned from a person who was present. A couple of Irishmen were waiting for the opening of the Court of Common Pleas, of which Daly later became Chief Justice. On the occasion in question the Judge was

not punctual, as not infrequently happened, when at length one of the men exclaimed, "Och, sure, there comes his Honour at last! Be jabbers, Judge De-lay, yer rightly named!" The other incident occurred in London when the Judge was first there in 1851. He was so fortunate as to be presented to the great Duke of Wellington, who said, "You are too young to have reached a high place on the bench."

"I owe my position," replied Daly, "to one of those accidents of fortune to which your Grace owes so little."

"I recall my criticism," said the "Iron Duke" grimly. "You are doubtless where you belong."

An original drawing, an unpublished engraving, a fine photograph taken in New York, and a droll little note, with two drawings, all reproduced in these pages, were among Judge Daly's treasured memorials of Thackeray.

Thackeray related a good story to Daly, Curtis, and other Centurians, at one of their Saturday night gatherings at the club, then in Clinton Place. It was of his friend Warren, author of the popular "Ten Thousand a Year,"¹ who was always named in "Punch" "Our Sam," and Arthur Roebuck, who became one of the leading orators of the British Parliament. As young lawyers they were frequently pitted against each other in a Debating Society of

¹ The original manuscript, almost without a blot or alteration, of this famous story, is in the possession of the author's son, the Rev. Dr. Walpole Warren of St. James Church, New York.

which they were members. The latter in a speech indignantly denied that he was a "Party man," as had been charged by the other side, repudiating the statement with scorn. Warren rose and with deep



A Portrait of Arthur Pendennis

voice and great earnestness said: "Mr. Chairman, what my learned friend has said reminds me painfully of the words of Cicero, 'That he who belongs to no party is presumably too vile for any.'" As they left the meeting an hour later, the two men, as is the custom of their profession, walked out together in apparent harmony, Roebuck complimenting his adversary upon having made a successful hit, adding,

“I am fairly up in Cicero: but I have no idea where I can find the passage you quoted.” “Neither have I,” said Warren. “Good-night.”

During the same evening Thackeray surprised the Centurians by saying that he did not admire Sydney Smith, although in conversation he occasionally quoted some of the witty canon's curious comments on men, and remarked, “Ah, Sydney! he was a poor creature, a very poor creature.” The second Duke of Wellington shared in this Thackerayan view. Writing in June, 1884, he remarks: “I was acquainted with Sydney Smith, and wish, like yourself, that my acquaintance had been confined to sitting in his chair at his son-in-law's dinner table, for I honour cleverness particularly when it is light hearted and blithesome, but I disliked Sydney Smith: for he was noisy, tyrannical and vulgar. Unfortunately, he had a very loud voice, which he made louder if anybody attempted to amuse the company but himself. You must not suppose, my dear General, that I had any pretensions of the kind in his presence. I was but a young and silent spectator. Thackeray I also knew and admired, as an author and a man. Except Sir Walter Scott's, no novels delighted me more than his.”

Among the many literary treasures of Richard Henry Stoddard's library is a manuscript copy of the “Sorrrows of Werther,” written for John R. Thompson, then editor of the “Southern Literary Messenger,” when Thackeray made his first visit to

Richmond almost half a century ago. It is framed with an engraving of Laurence's fine portrait of the novelist, which Mrs. Ritchie calls "a noble drawing of our father's head, by Samuel Laurence, to look at while he was away," in the United States



Warrington and Pendennis

in 1852-53.¹ Dr. "Rab" Brown, a most competent critic, expressed to the writer the opinion that Laurence's later picture of 1864, in which he is represented reading, with his book held very near his face, is the best of all the numerous portraits of Thackeray. The original is in the National Gallery,

¹ When Charlotte Brontë first saw this portrait of Thackeray she stood before it some time in silence, and then her first words were: "And there came up a lion out of Judah."

Sorrow of Werther.

Werther had a love for Charlotte,
 Such as words could never tell,
 Would you know how first he met her?
 She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
 And a moral man was Werther,
 And for all the wealth of ladies
 Would do nothing that might hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
 And his passion boiled & bubbled;
 Till he blew his silly brains out,
 And no more was by them troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
 Borne before her on a shutter;
 Like a well conducted person
 Went on cutting bread & butter.

Wm Thackeray

London. When the popular painter came to this country, he brought with him a letter of introduction from Thackeray to John Jay, and before his return to England, Laurence successfully delin-



Blanche Amory and Arthur Pendennis

eated Washington Irving and many other prominent Americans. Another interesting autograph of the author of "A Novel Without a Hero," was the following tribute to the Pater Patriæ written in the album of a lady of South Carolina: "Washington was the very noblest, purest, bravest, best of God's men," a quotation from Thackeray's letter to the

London "Times," or at least, words used in that communication.

Thackeray dined with Commodore Stevens, founder of the Union Club and chief owner of the celebrated "America," which during the previous year had won the "Queen's Cup," or, more properly, the "America's Cup," as it became the property of her five owners, after winning the trophy in the regatta of the English Royal Yacht squadron in August, 1851. The great author went on the following day with George L. Schuyler to visit the shipyard of George Steers, the designer and builder of the successful yacht, and after their departure, the famous constructor, observing the great respect paid to the English visitor by his companion, asked, "Who the h — is Thackeray?" Mr. Schuyler, who died in 1891, was the last survivor of the gentlemen who took the famous yacht to foreign waters, and was fond of relating the incident, which interested the novelist, of Her Majesty appearing on the deck of the "Victoria and Albert" when it was announced that the leader of the race was in sight, and saying to the captain, "Which of our yachts is that?" To which he replied, "Madam, that is the 'America.'" "Which is second?" "Your Majesty, there is no second," answered the English captain.

A few days later, Thackeray dined with the St. George's Society. The British vice-consul, formerly stationed at Charleston, S. C., was an old London

acquaintance, and calling at the Clarendon to see the novelist, chanced to observe some notes written in the novelist's minute hand lying on his table. Discovering that they related to the dinner at which Thackeray was to respond to the toast of "Our



Guests," and being a practical joker, he hastily made a copy of them and disappeared before the author and owner of the notes returned. That evening, as the incident was recently related to the writer by a common friend, Thackeray was astounded to hear the Consul, who preceded in the speech-making, make many of his best points. When he arose, the novelist announced that as he had just heard most of his carefully prepared speech

delivered by Her Majesty's vice-consul of New York, he would necessarily be compelled to strike out something new with which to entertain the assembled company of his countrymen, and this he did most successfully. The amusing incident is related in part to show that the familiar American jest of stealing a friend's address is an ancient joke, at least half a century old!

To Halleck, at one of their many meetings in New York, Thackeray expressed admiration for the writings of Fenimore Cooper, and a wish that he might have had an opportunity of meeting him in England. [Cooper died in 1851.] Some of my readers may remember that in Thackeray's Pleasant Roundabout Paper entitled "On a Peal of Bells,"¹ after praising a number of Sir Walter's immortal characters, he thus writes of several of Cooper's creations: "Much as I like those unassuming, manly, unpretending gentlemen, I have to own that I think the heroes of another writer, viz., LEATHER-STOCKING, UNCAS, HARDHEART, TOM COFFIN, are quite the equals of Scott's men: perhaps Leather-Stocking is better than any in 'Scott's lot.' *La Longue Carabine* is one of the great prize-men of fiction. He ranks with your Uncle Toby, Sir Roger de Coverley, Falstaff, — heroic figures all, —

¹ For this, and others of his inimitable "Roundabout Papers," Thackeray was paid by the "Cornhill Magazine" at the rate of about sixty-three dollars per printed page, probably the highest price ever received by an author at that time for short articles.



Thackeray in 1836, aged 25, by Frank Stone, A.R.A.

American or British, and the artist has deserved well of his country who devised them."

"Thackeray was invited," writes Richard Henry Stoddard, "on one occasion to a dinner at the house of a prominent Centurian,¹ who was soon to rank among 'Members Deceased.' Fitz-Greene Halleck was present, and Hackett the comedian, and '*Sparrow-grass*' Cozzens, and half a dozen other good fellows of that ilk. The host was aware of Thackeray's curiosity in regard to our oysters, (which does not appear to have been allayed by his Boston experience)² and he procured from the immortal Dolan of Fulton Market some of the largest and fattest ones that he could obtain. A

¹ A member of the New York Century Club, called by Thackeray "the best club in the world."

² At his first American dinner, some unusually large oysters were placed before Thackeray. Fields, who relates the incident, apologised for the *smallness* of the Falstaffian bivalves, promising that better ones should appear the next time. I noticed that he gazed at them anxiously with fork upraised: then he whispered to me, with a look of anguish, "How shall I do it?" I described to him the simple process by which the freeborn citizens of America were accustomed to accomplish such a task. He seemed satisfied that such a thing was feasible, selected the smallest one in the half dozen (rejecting a large one, "because," he said, "it resembled the High Priest's servant's ear that Peter cut off") and then bowed his head as if he were saying grace. All eyes were upon him to watch the effect of a new sensation in the person of a great British Author. Opening his mouth wide, he struggled for a moment, and then all was over. I shall never forget the comic look of despair he cast upon the other five over-occupied shells. I broke the perfect stillness by asking him how he felt. "Profoundly grateful," he gasped, "and as if I had swallowed a small baby."

plate of them was of course placed before the guest of the evening. 'Thackeray, what do you think of our oysters?' asked Cozzens. Thackeray did not reply. 'Press that question,' said Halleck to his next man, who repeated it in the words of Cozzens. He smiled, and placing his spectacles on his nose, looked down upon his plate. 'Why, they are perfect beasts of oysters!' They were eaten nevertheless. This anecdote is trivial, no doubt; but it is not more trivial than some of the apocryphal anecdotes of Shakspeare which are handed down to us, and which we are fain to believe, because we think they are characteristic of that myriad-minded man."

The following letter was addressed to Edward Livingston Welles, a Brooklyn boy, who wrote to Thackeray requesting his autograph:—

N. YORK. Sunday Dec^r 19 [1852].

MY DEAR SIR, — I have very great pleasure in sending you my signature; and am never more grateful than when I hear honest boys like my books. I remember the time when I was a boy very well; and, now that I have children of my own, love young people all the better: and hope some day that I shall be able to speak to them more directly than hitherto I have done. But by that time you will be a man, and I hope will prosper.

As I got into the railroad car to come hither from Boston there came up a boy with a basket of books to sell, and he offered me one and called out my own name: and I bought the book, pleased by his kind face and friendly voice which seemed as it were to welcome me & my own children to

THE UNITED STATES 83

this country. And as you are the first American boy who has written to me I thank you and shake you by the hand, & hope Heaven may prosper you. We who write books must remember that among our readers are honest children, and pray the Father of all of us to enable us to see and speak the Truth. Love & Truth are the best of all: pray God that young & old we may try and hold by them.

I thought to write you only a line this Sunday morning; but you see it is a little sermon. My own children thousands of miles away (it is Sunday night now where they are, and they said their prayers for me whilst I was asleep) will like some day to see your little note and be grateful for the kindness you & others show me. I bid you farewell and am

Your faithful Servant,

W. M. THACKERAY.

TO MRS. WILLIAM H. BROOKFIELD.

CLARENDON HOTEL, NEW YORK,
TUESDAY, 23 Dec. [1852]

MY DEAR LADY,—I send you a little line and shake your hand across the water. God bless you and yours.

The passage is nothing now it is over; I am rather ashamed of gloom and disquietude about such a trifling journey. I have made scores of new acquaintances and lighted on my legs as usual. I did not expect to like people as I do, but am agreeably disappointed and find many most pleasant companions, natural and good; natural and well read and well bred too; and I suppose I am none the worse pleased because everybody has read all my books and praises my lectures; (I preach in a Unitarian church and the parson comes to hear me. His name is Mr. Bellows, it is n't a pretty name;) and there are 2,000 people nearly who come and the lectures are so well liked that it is prob-

able that I shall do them over again. So really there is a chance of making a pretty little sum of money for old age, imbecility, and those young ladies afterwards.

Has Lady Ashburton told you of the moving tables? Try, six or seven of you, a wooden table without brass castors; sit round it, lay your hands flat on it, not touching each other, and in half an hour or so perhaps it will begin to turn round and round. It is the most wonderful thing, but I have tried twice in vain since I saw it and did it at Mr. Bancroft's. I have not been into fashionable society yet, what they call the upper ten thousand here but have met very likeable of the lower sort. On Sunday I went into the country and there was a great rosy jolly family of sixteen or eighteen people round a great tea table; and the lady of the house told me to make myself at home — remarking my bashfulness you know — and said with a jolly face and twinkling of her little eyes, “Lord bless me we know you all to pieces!” and there was sitting by me O! such a pretty girl, the very picture of Rubens' second wife and face and figure. Most of the ladies, all except this family, are as lean as greyhounds; they dress prodigiously fine, taking for their models the French actresses, I think of the Boulevard theatres.

Broadway is miles upon miles long, a rush of life such as I have never seen; not so full as the Strand but so rapid. The houses are always being torn down and built up again, the railroad cars drive slap into the middle of the city. There are barricades and scaffoldings banging everywhere. I have not been into a house, except the fat country one but something new is being done to it, and the hammerings are clattering in the passage, or a wall or steps are down or the family is going to move. Nobody

is quiet here, no more am I. The rush and restlessness pleases me, and I like, for a little, the dash of the stream. I am not received as a god and I like it too. There is one paper that goes on every morning saying I am a snob and I don't say no. Six people were reading it at breakfast this morning, and the man opposite me popped it under the table-cloth. But the other papers roar with approbation, "Criez, beugles, O ! Journaux." They don't understand French though, ~~that~~ bit of Beranger will hang fire. Do you remember, "Jeté sur cette boule, &c." ? Yes, my dear Sister remembers. God Almighty bless her and all she loves.

I may write next Saturday to Chesham Place ; you will go and carry my love to those ladies, won't you ? Here comes in a man with a paper I had n't seen ; I must cut out a bit just as the actors do, but then I think you will like it, and that is why I do it. There was a rich biography about me in one of the papers the other day with an account of a servant maintained in the splendour of his menial decorations. Poor old John whose picture is in Pendennis. And I have filled my paper and I shake my dear lady's hand across the roaring sea and I know that you will be glad to know that I prosper and that I am well and that I am yours.

W. M. T.

When Thomas G. Appleton was in London in 1856, soon after Thackeray's return from his second visit to the United States, he received, with Bayard Taylor and Thomas Kensett, many attentions from his English friend. Writing to Longfellow, his brother-in-law, he says : "Mackintosh and myself were invited by George Ticknor to meet Thackeray

at dinner. It was very pleasant. Thackeray seems to remember the Yankee sunshine, and expanded, and looked well, though but lately recovering from illness. He proposed going to Evans's after the dinner, so Mackintosh drove us down. The proprietor made great ado and honour. The same scene Hawthorne described to you was enacted.¹ We had a seat of honour at the head of the table, and nice copies of the songs were given to us. Much mention was made of you, and the earnest request that you would favour him by a visit when you come to England. It was fun. The head was a character worthy of Dickens. In the midst of beefsteaks and tobacco he dilated on the charms of early editions, and showed us some. Deprecating the character of the music, he nudged me and said that, like myself, he should prefer Beethoven and Mozart, but if he gave them, he should starve. The singing was chiefly comic and not bad: but one French piece, by some sixteen juveniles, had a lovely boy, with a lovely voice, piping clear, sweet, and high, like a lark. Thackeray was in raptures with that boy. . . . Thackeray called on me, and I must try and find him. He lives in a very pretty square not far from Ticknor's."

Bayard Taylor was frequently taken by Thackeray to the celebrated chop-house and concert-hall of which Evans was long the proprietor. It was a

¹ *Vide* Nathaniel Hawthorne's letter in "Life of Henry W. Longfellow," vol. ii. p. 276.

popular resort of Thackeray and other famous *littérateurs* and men of fashion, including Prince Maximilian before his advent in Mexico, where he met a melancholy death. Sergeant Ballantyne pays high tribute to the resort in his pleasant volume of reminiscences,¹ and Thackeray often mentioned it to intimate friends as a place where he had spent many agreeable hours. Seated in Green Park near the residence of the poet Rogers, I once saw a stout gentleman with a jovial, rubicund countenance, a gold-headed cane, and an unusual display of colour and gold chain in his attire. The following conversation occurred: —

“Will you permit me, sir, to ask in which of those houses Samuel Rogers, the banker poet, resided?”

“Certainly, the one directly opposite. I knew him well and many of his literary friends. Poor

¹ “Since I last saw it, it is much changed: a handsome edifice is added to the long room of which it consisted when Colonel Newcome left it in disgust at the obscenity that went on. Moving among the tables upon legs rather shaky, a rotund figure with a rubicund face and yellow wig offers with much courtesy his snuff-box to the occupiers, hoping at the same time that they have been supplied with all they want. The owner of the snuff-box is the proprietor of the hall, and to him is due the change in its character which has taken place. It is now conducted with perfect propriety, the music and amusements are refined, and the refreshments good and moderate. My readers will recognize Mr. Green, Paddy, as he was always called behind his back, and by those who knew him well in speaking to him. Originally he had appeared upon the stage at the Adelphi, not, I fancy, in a higher capacity than a chorus singer. I used to take a great deal of pleasure in his conversation.” — “Experiences of a Barrister’s Life.”

old Sam Rogers! He's been dead nearly twenty years."

"Then perhaps you were acquainted with Dickens and Thackeray?"

"God bless my soul, I was intimate with both of them for a score of years. Charley Dickens and 'Old Thack,' a couple of fine jolly fellows. But they are gone too."

"Possibly you knew Thomas Moore and Douglas Jerrold, Samuel Warren and Tom Hood."

"Certainly, every mother's son of them, and the little poet was so pleased with my singing of one of his Irish songs that he wrote it out for me. I used to chant 'Little Billee,' and I have a copy of it which Bill Thackeray gave me. But my singing days are over now. Your countryman (if I mistake not) Washington Irving occasionally came to my house with Tom Moore or the painter Morse."

On parting we exchanged cards, his bearing the name "Mr. John Green." Recounting the above conversation that evening at a dinner table where the author of "Tom Brown at Oxford" and other London *littérateurs* were present, I remarked that I was entirely at a loss to imagine who the extraordinary person could be that, according to his own account, had been on such friendly and intimate terms with Thackeray and Dickens, with Moore and Rogers, and the other authors mentioned. A roar of laughter followed, and the dozen guests shouted as one man, "Paddy Green, Paddy Green!"

The red-faced gentleman with the enormous gold chain and rings was John Green of Galway, successor of Evans, as proprietor of the celebrated Covent Garden resort which Thackeray and his distinguished literary contemporaries occasionally visited, as many American authors about the same period frequented Windust's in Park Row, New York.

"Sam" Ward of New York and Washington, well known on both sides of the Atlantic as the most artistic of *bon vivants*, who could not only give a charming dinner, but could also cook it, was one of Thackeray's American friends. They together enjoyed many *noctes ambrosianæ* in New York. Ward frequently quoted the great author's words: "Sir, respect your dinner: idolise it: enjoy it properly: you will be by many hours in the week, many weeks in the year, and many years in your life, the happier if you do." He was particularly fond of repeating some verses of Thackeray's unequalled "Ballad of Bouillabaisse," and the writer recalls at least one occasion when Ward supplemented the poem by reading to Halleck and several other friends who were dining with him at the Brevoort, in Fifth Avenue, the delightful description by Thackeray, of an ideal Bohemian dinner in Paris, asserting that it was unsurpassed in English literature. — "Before Charon paddles me across the Stygian stream," said Thackeray to "Uncle Sam," "I should like to write a story that would live for several centuries," to which Ward promptly and

truthfully replied, "Why, Thackeray, you did that when you presented us with 'Henry Esmond.' It will live as long as 'Don Quixote' and 'Tom Jones' and 'Ivanhoe.' Can you wish for more?" This little incident is suggestive of a passage in *De Juventute*, where Thackeray writes, "If the gods would give me the desire of my heart, I should be able to write a story which boys would relish for the next few dozen of centuries. The boy-critic loves the story: grown up, he loves the author who wrote the story. Hence the kindly tie is established between writer and reader, and lasts pretty nearly for life."

To a young New York friend Thackeray, who was usually free and lavish in his expenditures and tips, exhibited a whimsical instance of economy by saying, as he returned the visitor's card, which had been sent to his rooms on the third floor of the Clarendon, fronting on Fourth Avenue, "Better put this in your pocket again, it will serve your purpose for another call." By a curious coincidence, almost the identical words were used a decade later by William Cullen Bryant, as he lifted a card from his editorial table in the office of the "Evening Post" and handed it back to the same person who had called, when a youth, on Thackeray, at his New York hotel.

From New York Thackeray returned before Christmas to repeat his lectures in the Melodeon, the great Music Hall of Boston, meeting with the

similar crowded house and hearty welcome that had greeted him in New York. His audience included Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, Parkman, Prescott, Ticknor, the Danas, father and son, and many other chosen lights of literature, none, alas! now numbered among the living. Of the first lecture on "Swift" his friend Fields says: "I remember his uproarious shouting and dancing when he was told that the tickets to his first course of lectures were all sold: and when we rode together from his hotel to the lecture-hall, he insisted on thrusting both his long legs out of the carriage-window, in deference, as he said, to his magnanimous ticket-holders." Writing in his diary, Dec. 24, 1852, Longfellow says: "In town to hear Thackeray's lecture on 'Swift': very clever playing round the theme with the lambent flame that scorches a little sometimes." Thackeray, writing to his family, says: "I only wish I had two stomachs, for it is the habit here to sup and dine too, and parties are made for one meal and the other. I had a very pleasant little party-kin last night at Cambridge, at Longfellow's, where there was a mad-cap fiddler, Ole Bull, who played most wonderfully on his instrument, and charmed me still more by his oddities and character. Quite a character for a book. Longfellow lives in a house which Washington occupied when he was in command outside of Boston, a fine old solemn, stately house. He is a kindly, pleasant gentleman, has pretty children. I liked him."

The Anthony Trollope story of Thackeray concluding an animated discussion with George Ticknor by saying: "Let it alone; what can two such broken old fellows as you and I do about it?" was long ago discredited as apocryphal, but the following incident is undoubtedly authentic. During the delivery of the "English Humourists" in Boston a friend asked the "gentle censor of our age," as Lord Houghton called him, to attend one of Ticknor's Wednesday evenings, and he accepted with the expectation of meeting Theodore Parker. Of course Thackeray expressed his disappointment as they walked together to the Tremont House, the Bostonian replying, "Oh, no, you would never meet Parker there." "Indeed," retorted Titmarsh, "I thought Ticknor saw the best society!" All who know anything of the Boston Brahmins of half a century ago will appreciate the jest which was then current, and which is still remembered by the few survivors of those distant days, one of whom has recently retold the story. This same lady rather surprised "the gentle giant," as Longfellow described him, by saying, "Mr. Thackeray, I feel sorry for you, for it seems that you never knew a good woman who was not a fool, nor a bright one that was not a knave." During his several visits to Boston, Thackeray was a familiar and welcome guest in the family of Mr. Ticknor, described by Augustus Hare as "a typical Boston aristocrat," and exhibited his responsive feeling in many kindly ways. On one occasion at

the close of the year he invited himself to dine with the Ticknors and on New Year's Eve came to watch the New Year in by their fireside. On the stroke of twelve o'clock he rose and drank the health of his daughters, and with tears in his eyes exclaimed, "God bless my girls and all who are kind to them."

Thackeray enjoyed his conversations with Ticknor, concerning Goethe and other literary celebrities, as well as in listening to the Professor's recollections of Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Robert Southey, Madame de Staël,¹ and Holland House, where he had the *entrée* as early as 1819, when Thackeray was but a schoolboy. It was at that time that Ticknor administered a salutary snub to Lady Holland by replying to her discourteous remark that the majority of Americans were the descendants of convicts, with a reminder that her own family, the Vassalls, were of American extraction. Among Ticknor's Byron reminiscences was the following curious description of the way the poet received the news of Wellington's victory at Waterloo in the reception-room of John Murray, his London publisher: "Sir James Bland Burgess hurried in exclaiming, 'My Lord, a great battle has been fought in the Low Countries, and Buonaparte is entirely defeated.' 'But is it true?' asked Lord Byron. 'Yes, my Lord; an aide-de-camp arrived

¹ Ticknor heard her declaim on her deathbed: "Vous êtes l'avant garde du genre humain, vous êtes l'avenir du monde."

in town last night; he has been in Downing Street this morning, and I have just met him as he was going to Lady Wellington's. He says he thinks Buonaparte is in full retreat towards Paris.' After a moment's pause Byron replied, 'I am d—d sorry to hear it;' adding, 'I did n't know but I might live to see Lord Castlereagh's head on a pole. But I suppose I shan't now.'"

The memory of one of the many pleasant evenings that Thackeray spent in Boston and Cambridge is preserved by the following invitation from the master of Elmwood:—

CAMBRIDGE, 30th December, (1852).

MY DEAR SIR,—Have you any engagement for Wednesday or Thursday evening of next week? If not, will you give me one of them? Timmins, revolving many things, has decided on a *supper*, because he can have it under his own roof, and because he can have more people at it. He will ask only *clubable* men, and such as can't make speeches. You shall either be carried back to Boston, or spend the night with us. Crowe survived it.

Very sincerely yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

Of this symposium Richard Henry Dana¹ said in his Diary: "Supped at Lowell's with Thackeray. Present Longfellow, Felton, Clough, an Englishman; James T. Fields, and Edmund Quincy. We

¹ Author of "Two Years before the Mast" and a son of the American poet of the same name.

sat down a little after ten, had an excellent supper, and left a little before two o'clock. Walked home with Longfellow. Thackeray is not a great talker. He was interested in all that was said, and put in a pleasant word occasionally. Felton, Lowell, and I did nearly all the talking." One of the guests not included in Dana's list said to the writer: "It was a famous evening, and Thackeray was at his very best. He gave us Dr. Martin Luther in fine style." Longfellow in his Journal also alludes to the Lowell entertainment, concluding with these words: "Very gay with stories and jokes:—

"'Will you take some Port?' said Lowell to Thackeray.

"'I dare drink anything that becomes a man.'

"'It will be a long while before that becomes a man.'

"'Oh, no,' cried Felton, 'it is *fast turning into one.*'

"'As we were going away, Thackeray said, 'We have stayed too long.'

"'I should say,' replied the host, '*one long and two short, — a dactylic supper.*'"

George Lunt¹ of Boston writes: "I was introduced to Thackeray the very day next to that of his arrival, upon his first visit to the United States.

¹ George Lunt (1803-1885) was graduated at Harvard, and became a member of the Boston bar. Besides addresses and orations, he published several volumes of poems, also various prose works,—essays, sketches, and stories.

He had brought a letter to a literary friend of mine, who saw fit to conduct him directly to my place of business, though I had no reason to suppose that he had ever heard my name before. Our interview was nevertheless of some length and very agreeable. I was more or less familiar with his fascinating productions, though far less so than I have since become. Our conversation turned chiefly upon the subject of the city, which evidently struck Mr. Thackeray with the most unqualified amazement. 'Why,' said he, 'there is nothing that looks new about it, it has every appearance of solidity just like an English city.' I was a little surprised at this remark, considering that he had seen so much of the world, and must have heard something of Boston, since he had made it his first point of destination in this country, and might be supposed to have learned something of our history and condition. I ventured jokingly to inquire if he expected to see log-huts, wigwams, or buildings of rough boards. 'Not that, of course,' he said: but he 'certainly had no idea of finding everything in such a settled and improved condition, so that he should not have known but what he was actually in Europe.' I said that Boston had been settled nearly two hundred and fifty years, and having had not a little commercial and social intercourse with the world abroad, it had made much advance from its aboriginal state, and that Bostonians, who had long enjoyed some advantages of educa-

tion, were as eager to hear his proposed lectures as would be the most cultivated people on the other side of the ocean. We parted with mutual expressions of good will, expecting to meet soon again at the Tremont House, where he had taken up his quarters, and where at that time I had my lodgings. . . .

“Thackeray seemed to me a high-bred, conscientious, and considerate man, a gentleman in sentiment and feeling, deeply thoughtful, introspective, as well as keenly and constantly observant of outward things; and any seeming ‘austerity’ which I might have observed I attributed to the absorption of his mind in literary pursuits and contemplations. This sort of abstraction, however, could hardly have been permitted to him while in the United States, since with the true spirit of a gentleman, making it a point to write nothing about us or our concerns, while accepting our hospitality and making profit out of our attendance upon his lectures, he was at leisure to enjoy himself in society as he saw fit. Indeed, I think he felt himself quite at home, and sometimes in a festive mood, indulged in certain off-hand private remarks, not always well taken by sensitive persons to whom they happened to be addressed. They were examples of English bluntness where I think an American gentleman would have scarcely given way to a personal allusion, even if involving himself in the same category. An instance or two of this sort I might relate, were it not for the revival

of trifling, but not the most agreeable recollections of the parties concerned.¹

“We took various walks together, in which he enjoyed the exercise, as I certainly did the conversation upon literary topics, and upon persons and things which he had seen or expected to see in this country. His remarks, with an occasional touch of satiric humour, were in their general spirit genial and benevolent; and it was easy to see that his disposition was charitable, however shrewd and even caustic his expressions may sometimes have been. I do not think he struck me as being what is technically called a *conversationalist* — that is, one who would be invited to dinner for the purpose of keeping up the round of talk — and there was not the least shadow of attempt to show himself off: and though what he said was always sensible and to the point, it was the language of a well-bred and accomplished gentleman, who assumed no sort of superiority, but seemed simple and naturally at ease with his companions of the moment. In walking with him up the Beacon Street Mall, with the accustomed pride of a Bostonian in the Common and its surroundings, I called his attention to the ancient elms on either side intermingling their branches in a spreading arch overhead, so as to form a remarkably agreeable picture, and asked him if the view through the vista did not strike him as particularly

¹ Obviously an allusion to Anthony Trollope's discredited story of Thackeray and George Ticknor.

beautiful. He agreed that it was so, perhaps with less ardour than I had expressed, and remarked that it hardly compared with the 'Long Walk,' that at Windsor, I suppose: which seemed to me a modest way enough of pointing out the great disparity between the two ranges of natural scenery. But the private residences on Beacon and Park streets, by the side of the Mall, he admitted could hardly be surpassed, for elegance and the appearance of comfort, even in London.

"Sometimes, I invited him to accompany me to the north part of Boston, then a good deal dilapidated, though originally noted as the court end of the town. There was not much to be seen there worthy of special note; but there was more of the appearance of antiquity than in other streets which he had visited, and many of the houses were of solid brick, with some ambitious effort at ornamentation, exhibiting the former Bostonians of that quarter as a people of substantial means, though it was now inhabited by a very different class of persons. Not far from twenty years earlier, Governor Hutchinson's house adorned with fluted pilasters outside and paneled with mahogany in the interior, was still standing, near Garden Court and Garden Court Street—names suggestive of rural charms around ancient city dwellings—but had at length given way to the demands of modern improvement.

"Of course I took the greatest delight in Thack-

eray's lectures, though not always disposed to assent to his critical judgement of the English humourists, but, with the entranced audience, yielded myself to the charm of his unaffected and spirited manner of delivery, to his close analysis of character, to his humane and generous sentiments, to his pathetic turns of thought, and with profound relish, to his clear, sweet and simple English, in the use of which I can scarcely think he has had his equal. It was all so different in style and matter, to my taste, from the writings of another noted novelist of the day, whose popular readings of his own stories I attended once or twice, with little comparative interest. . . .

“As our talk at table turned a good deal on literary subjects, he inquired of me, one day, if I had ever seen some verses of his upon Charlotte and Werther; to which I was ashamed to make a negative reply, but begged him to repeat them; which he did, with unmoved gravity of tone and feature, as if it were some especially solemn recitation, though relieved a little by the sly twinkle of his eyes through his spectacles. As I wish to say a word, in this connection, about a striking act of courtesy and kindness on his part, I will copy the verses, which may now also be found in the volume of his poems already mentioned, with some slight changes, not, I think, for the better:

“SORROWS OF WERTHER.

“ Werther had a love for Charlotte
 Such as words could never utter;
 Would you know how first he met her?
 She was cutting bread and butter.

“ Charlotte was a married lady,
 And a moral man was Werther,
 And, for all the wealth of Indies,
 Would do nothing for to hurt her.

“ So he sighed and pined and ogled,
 And his passion boiled and bubbled,
 Till he blew his silly brains out,
 And by them no more was troubled.

“ Charlotte, having seen his body
 Borne before her on a shutter,
 Like a well-conducted person,
 Went on cutting bread and butter.”

“ I expressed my honest liking for these odd stanzas, and ventured to ask for a copy. He said nothing, but at tea-time — that is, about half past six or seven o'clock — he came down with a sheet of paper in his hand, and a little bustle, as though he had accomplished something, and handed me the verses, copied out in his wonderfully fine handwriting, illustrated at the top by one of his incomparable ink drawings. I looked upon it with the most unaffected admiration. I was astonished at the rapidity as well as the excellence of the execution, and certainly I have no article of curiosity in my posses-

sion which I value so highly. There is nothing in the recently published 'Thackerayana,' or even in the far better exhibition of his artistic skill from the later collection of his daughter, to be compared



Charlotte cutting Bread and Butter

with it. Charlotte is standing at the table, 'cutting bread and butter,' — an operation eagerly watched by several youngsters who surround it, whose expectant interest is admirably depicted by an effective mark of the pen or a dot; while Werther, dressed in the fashion of the day, obsequiously

enters the room, cocked hat in hand, manifesting his profound interest in the domestic scene before him, which, strangely enough, led to such tragic results. Charlotte, however, looks as serenely composed as she subsequently did when Werther was 'borne before her on a shutter.' It is the same which is copied at the head of this paper."¹

Thackeray was a frequent visitor in the family of Mr. Lothrop of Boston. On one occasion, writes Mr. Thornton K. Lothrop, at that time in the Harvard Law School, "there was some talk about marriage, and my sister, then a girl of fifteen, announced that she should never be married. Thackeray said, 'Oh, you wait, Miss Mary, until Tompkins comes along, and then you will be married fast enough,' and then taking up a sheet of paper, he made a drawing of a cottage with some trees and a hedge, and in the yard a pretty girl standing, who is evidently stagestruck by what she considers an awful London swell, who is walking down the road in front of the house. Not many years afterwards, when my sister was very ill, this drawing disappeared, and we always supposed it was stolen." It may be added, that in accordance with Thackeray's prediction, Tompkins appeared in due course of time.

The young lady alluded to above is, with her mother, mentioned in the following Thackeray note

¹ "Recollections of Thackeray," "Harper's Magazine," January, 1877.

addressed to his friend William Webb Follett Synge, for several years an attaché of the British Legation in Washington, congratulating him on his engagement to a daughter of Commodore Wainwright of the United States Navy. He writes from Boston: "I am a bad correspondent; ask Miss Wainwright to intercede for me. Je vous félicite Monsieur: moi aussi j'ai aimé — j'ai eu vingt-cinq ans. My reception at Boston has been hugeous. Mrs. Lothrop is charming; and as to little Miss Molly she is a perfect pearl of beauty. I wish you joy of your own affair. What's ambition compared with that!"

Again congratulating Mr. Synge, a little later, on his marriage, Thackeray writes: "I married at your age with £400 paid by a newspaper, which failed six months afterwards, and always love to hear of a young fellow testing his fortune bravely in that way. And although my own marriage was a wreck as you know, I would do it once again, for behold Love is the crown and completion of all earthly good. The man who is afraid of his fortune never deserved one."

On the same subject Thackeray sends the following lines dated July 9, 1861, to another friend, who was also his publisher, Mr. George Smith: "Philip is unfortunately going into poverty and struggle, but this can't be helped; and as he will, *entre nous*, take pretty much the course of W. M. T. in the first years of his ruin and absurdly imprudent marriage, at least the portrait will be faithful."

THE UNITED STATES 105

In two other amusing undated communications to his friend Syngé, Thackeray writes: —

MY DEAR DOUBLEYOU, DOUBLEYOU [his friend's initials], I have just met a Trojan of the name of Trollope in the street (your ingenious note of last night kept me awake all night, be hanged to you), and the upshot is that we will do what you want between us. My dear old Syngé, come and talk to me on Friday before twelve. — is as happy as Lord Overstone with his (tell me if I put the figures right) £10,000,000 . . . When will you be back? I went t'other night to Cremorne, and found even that melancholy, and the sherry-cobbler, oh, *l'infamie!* I have bought twelve new forks and six new teaspoons. We have got a puppy. He fell down the area and broke his leg; and now, Sir, I must go back to my plate and to my work.

SIR, — I am desired by Lord Palmerston to say that — perhaps you have heard of Miss Symons? She dines at a twopenny pieman's: but when she goes out to a ball or a rout, her stomacher's covered with di'mon's.

I have the honor to be, sir, Your obedient servant,
W. M. TOMKINS.

To their son and his namesake, " 'alf Henglish and 'alf Hamerican," the "Great Thacker" several years later addressed the following undated note: —

MY DEAR WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY SYNGE, — I just saw this nice fish in a shop, and thought it would be a nice gift for my godson. Dear boy, when you have some princes to dine give them this, and when they have

quite done and the shell is clean, I think you may make boats of the tail and boots of the claws. I wish the man had not cut the claw off. He did it with his great knife, and at the same time hit me on the nose. I did not cry much, and I am your true friend and godpapa. P. S. I cannot eat any of it. I am glad. . . .”

“Just before I sailed for the Sandwich Islands,” wrote Mr. Synge, “and when I was staying in Thackeray’s house in Palace Green, my host and I one day met in the library. He said: ‘I want to tell you that I shall never see you again. I feel that I am doomed. I know that this will grieve you; but look in that book, and you will find something that I am sure will please and comfort you.’ I took from its shelf the book he pointed; out of it fell a piece of paper on which Thackeray had written a prayer, all of which I do not pretend to remember. I only know that he prayed that he might never write a word inconsistent with the love of God or the love of man: that he might never propagate his own prejudices or pander to those of others: that he might always speak the truth with his pen, and that he might never be actuated by a love of greed. I particularly remember that the prayer wound up with the words: ‘For the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord.’”¹

The English Humourists were next heard in Phil-

¹ Mrs. Synge, now a widow, still resides in London with her two sons, one of whom has a position in the Foreign Office.

adelphia. On his way to that city Thackeray made the journey from New York in company with Washington Irving, who writes to a member of his family: "The next morning (16 Jan. 1853) proving bright and fair, I broke up my encampment, and got down to the foot of Cortlandt Street in time for the ferry-boat which took our passengers for the express train. I looked forward to a dull wintry journey, and laid in a stock of newspapers to while away time, but in the gentlemen's cabin of the ferry-boat whom should I see but Thackeray. We greeted each other cordially. He was on his way to Philadelphia to deliver a course of lectures. We took seats beside each other in the cars, and the morning passed off delightfully. He seems still to enjoy his visit to the United States exceedingly, and enters into our social life with great relish. He had made a pleasant visit to Boston: seen much of Prescott (whom he speaks highly of), Ticknor, Longfellow, and others. Said the Bostonians had published a *smashing* criticism on him, which, however, does not seem to have ruffled his temper, as I understand he cut it out of the newspaper and enclosed in a letter to a lady friend in New York." A month later writing from Washington, Irving remarks: "Thackeray has delivered one of his lectures here and delivers another tomorrow evening. I attended the first and shall attend the next. He is well received here both in public and private, and is going the round of din-

ner parties, &c. I find him a very delightful companion."

Thackeray's lectures were given in the Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia, during January, and he was delighted with the success which attended them. The course was universally commended by the Quaker City Press, although some surprise was expressed at certain peculiarities of pronunciation unfamiliar to American ears, such as "amiral" for *admiral*, "hewmour" for *humour*, and his dropping the last letter in words ending with *g*, as in *going*. Among the half-dozen letters of introduction which he brought with him was one from Lord Mahon the historian, later Earl Stanhope, addressed to William B. Reed of Philadelphia, who became one of the English author's greatest American admirers. At his home Thackeray was a frequent guest, later they became correspondents, and when he passed away it was Mr. Reed who, in 1864, printed for private distribution a touching tribute to Thackeray's memory, entitled "Haud Immemor. Thackeray in America," and a few years later published in "Blackwood's Magazine." In answer to Reed's inquiry as to his opinion of our country, Thackeray replied: "You know what a virtue-proud people we English are. We think we have got it all ourselves. Now that which most impresses me here is, that I find homes as pure as ours, firesides like ours, domestic virtues as gentle: the English language though the accent be a little different, with its

homelike melody, and the Common Prayer Book in your families. I am more struck by pleasant resemblances than by anything else."

"I remember when I was a boy thirteen years old," said Bishop Potter, "that I was invited to attend a lecture delivered by Thackeray in my home town, Philadelphia. After the lecture the hostess went to Mr. Thackeray and said: 'Mr. Thackeray, I want to present you to some of our Philadelphia young ladies,' at the same time taking him over to a corner where a number of young women were congregated. Mr. Thackeray looked at them in his peculiar, embarrassed way — for he was of an exceedingly modest, retiring disposition — and with hesitation in face and voice said: 'Young ladies, what can I say to you?' and then, struck by an idea, he added, 'Happy you, my young friend, whose is a pliant mind.' The truism uttered there by Thackeray is something you should not forget. Remember that youth is the time to learn, and that the task which now is easy of accomplishment will soon become perhaps an impossible one."¹

GIRARD HOUSE [PHILADELPHIA] January 23, 1853.

MY DEAR MR. BIDDLE, — This note is written with your gold pen, which suits me to a nicety, and which I shall always value as a token of the goodwill and friendliness of the kind giver. I believe I have never written for popularity, but God forbid I should be indifferent to such

¹ Address on "Youth and its Opportunities," delivered in New York during February, 1902

marks of esteem and confidence as now and then fall to my share, when scholars and good men are pleased with my works. I am thankful to have shaken your kind hand, and to carry away your good opinion. Please God, the gold pen shall tell no lies while it lives with me. As for the splendid case, I shall put it into my children's museum. I know how pleased and proud they will be at such tokens of friendship shown to their father,

Believe me always, my dear sir,

Your faithful and obliged,

W. M. THACKERAY.

TO MRS. BROOKFIELD.

PHILADELPHIA, 21 to 23 January (1853).

DIRECT CLARENDON HOTEL, NEW YORK.

My dear lady's kind sad letter gave me pleasure, melancholy as it was. At present I incline to come to England in June or July and get ready a new set of lectures and bring them back with me. That second course of lectures will enable me to provide for the children and their mother finally and satisfactorily and my mind will be easier after that and I can sing *Nunc Dimittis* without faltering. There is money making to try at, to be sure, and ambition — I mean in public life; perhaps that might interest a man but not novels, nor lectures, nor fun any more. I don't seem to care about these any more or for praise, or for abuse, or for reputation of that kind. That literary play is played out and the puppets going to be locked up for good and all.

Does this melancholy come from the circumstance that I have been out to dinner and supper every night this week? O! I am tired of shaking hands with people and acting the lion business night after night. Everybody is introduced and shakes hands. I know thousands of

colonels, professors, editors and what not and walk the streets guiltily knowing that I don't know them and trembling lest the man opposite to me is one of my friends of the day before. I believe I am popular except at Boston among the newspaper men who fired into me, but a great favorite with the monde there and elsewhere. Here in Philadelphia it is all praise and kindness. Do you know there are 500,000 people in Philadelphia? I dare say you had no idea thereof and smile at the idea of there being a monde here and at Boston and New York. Early next month I begin at Washington and Baltimore then D. V. to New Orleans, then back to New York by Mississippi and Ohio if the steamers don't blow up and if they do you know I am easy. What a weary, weary letter I am writing to you. . . .

Have you heard that I have found Beatrix at New York? I have basked in her bright eyes, but ah me! I don't care for her and shall hear of her marrying a New York buck with a feeling of perfect pleasure. She is really as like Beatrix as that fellow William and I met was like Costigan. She has a dear woman of a mother, upwards of fifty-five whom I like the best I think, and think the handsomest — a sweet lady. What a comfort those dear Elliots are to me; I have had but one little letter from J. E. full of troubles too. She says you have been a comfort to them too. I can't live without the tenderness of some woman and expect when I am sixty I shall be marrying a girl of eleven or twelve, innocent, barley-sugar-loving, in a pinafore.

They came and interrupted me as I was writing this two days since. The lectures are enormously suivies and I read at the rate of a pound a minute nearly. The curi-

ous thing is that I think I improve in the reading; at certain passages, a sort of emotion springs up. I begin to understand how actors feel affected over and over again at the same passages of the play; they are affected off the stage too, I hope I shan't be.

Crowe is my immensest comfort; I could not live without someone to take care of me, and he is the kindest and most affectionate henchman ever man had. I went to see Pierce Butler yesterday, Fanny's husband. I thought she would like me to see the children if I could, and I asked about them particularly but they were not shown, I thought of good Adelaide coming to sing to you when you were ill, I may like every one who is kind to you, may n't I? What for has Lady Ashburton never written to me? I am writing this with a new gold pen, in such a fine gold case. An old gentleman gave it to me yesterday, a white-headed old philosopher and political economist. There's something simple in the way these kind folks regard a man; they read our books as if we were Fielding and so forth. The other night some men were talking of Dickens and Bulwer as if they were equal to Shakespeare and I was pleased to find myself pleased at hearing them praised. The prettiest girl in Philadelphia, poor soul, has read "Vanity Fair" twelve times, I paid her a great big compliment yesterday about her good looks of course and she turned round delighted to her friend and said, "Ai most tallat" that is something like the pronunciation. Beatrix has an adorable pronunciation and uses little words which are much better than wit. But what do you think? One of the prettiest girls in Boston is to be put under my charge to go to a marriage at Washington next week. We are to travel all the way alone—only, only I am not

going. Young people when they are engaged here, make tours alone, fancy what the British Mrs. Grundy would say at such an idea!

There was a young Quakeress at the lecture last night listening about Fielding. Lord! Lord, how pretty she was! There are hundreds of such every where, airy looking little beings, with magnolia, no, not magnolia what is that white flower you make bouquets of, camella or camelia complexions and lasting not much longer. . . .

God bless you and your children, write to me sometimes and farewell.

CLARENDON, NEW YORK, Feb. 2, 1853.

DEAR McMICHAEL,—The portmonnaie is mine sure enough—the New York tailor made me a breeches pocket incapable of retention of portmonnaies—when shall I learn to keep that receptacle buttoned? Thank you for the paper, but I did n't use the concluding words in Philadelphia which appear in the North American. I only used them once in New York, and just alluded to the children at home as being thankful for the good done them. One must n't be always bringing the kids forward. Reed's article is very pleasant reading, and I must make him and Messrs., the editors, my very best bow of acknowledgment. Surely I shall get a chance of seeing you all in Philadelphia ere long. I hope so, and am yours always, dear McMichael,

W. M. THACKERAY.

MY DEAR MACMICHAEL,—I thank you for the purse and its contents. I wish all the money I have allowed to slip out of my pockets could be restored to

Yours very faithfully,

W. M. THACKERAY.

Received of Morton McMichael, Esq., a portemonnaie which contained 11 dollars a piece of stone and a watch key once. The stone and key remain with their owner, memorials of McMichael's fidelity;—the dollars have passed away like many of the griefs and pleasures of

W. M. THACKERAY.

MacMichael who sends me my cash and my purse,
May count on my friendship for better or worse.

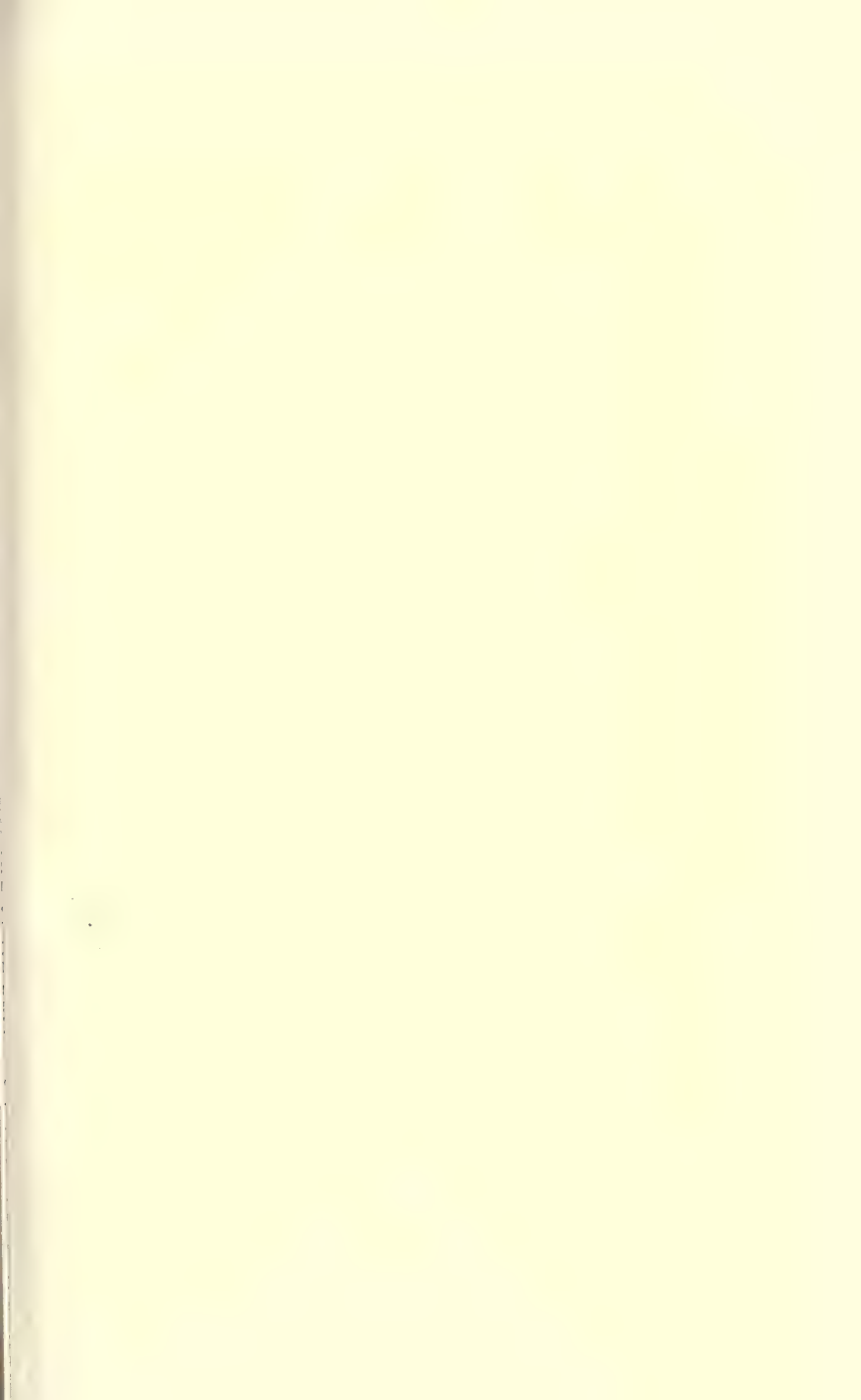
Mr. McMichael's son remembers that the distinguished visitor was delighted with "Prosser's," and the idea of diving into a cellar as in London; amused at the little stuffy curtained "boxes," on the narrow benches of which his ample person had difficulty in perching; enjoyed frequently feasting on what has been called "the gentle substance of that marine concretion," the American oyster, also terrapin and canvas-back ducks, for all of which Prosser was famous. Above all Thackeray enjoyed the broad grins and half-suppressed chuckles of the African waiters, as about midnight, when the fun was at its best, they would gather around to listen to "Little Billee" or "Larry O'Toole." During the novelist's second visit to Philadelphia, nearly three years later, his rooms were at the La Pierre House, and his lectures on the Georges were delivered at Concert Hall. Both places being convenient to Mr. McMichael's residence, it was understood that after the lectures Thackeray should appear there for supper and his favourite punch.

To Lady Stanley Thackeray sends a letter from Philadelphia, saying, "I am making and receiving visits all day long, going out to dinner and supper prodigiously, and perfectly drunk with the new acquaintances poured into me. I tremble as I walk the streets here, lest every man I meet is my friend of last night, who will be offended, of course, if I forget him. It is like a man canvassing, but the canvass begins afresh in every new city, and goes on till I am perfectly weary of shaking hands and acting. Do you know that there are more than five hundred thousand inhabitants in this town? The great impression I have got in going about is how small and dwindled the old country is, and how great and strong the new. I am making money pretty well, and have put by already nearly two thousand pounds since I have been here. . . . I have found kind matrons and pretty girls everywhere, and in Boston very good fogeyfied, literary society, with everywhere a love for the old Country quite curious, nay touching to remark. They are great about pronounciation especially, and take down at my lectures words which this present arbiter of English pronounces differently to them. If Carlyle comes, I wonder whether they will take him as an exemplar."

All Thackerayans will remember that the novelist never saw a boy without wishing to tip him. His contemporaries, Douglas Jerrold and John Leech, shared his love of children as well as the

English humourists, Fielding, Goldsmith, and Dick Steele. A recently deceased Philadelphian remembered, as a lad, being tipped by Thackeray, to his great astonishment. It was at an evening party, where he saw a spectacled personage engaged in conversation with a number of gentlemen, among whom he recognised Mr. Peter, then British consul. The group separated, the boy was presented, and stood face to white waistcoat with the great novelist, who looked kindly down on him through his glasses. After gazing up in his face for a moment, he "began a minute inspection of the watch chain with which his left hand was playing, his right meantime holding my little pair tight in its mighty grasp. It was probably more his manner than his words that induced me to stay at his side and listen to what others were talking about. Then, somehow, there coming a lull in the noisy talk, he turned to me and asked how old I was, where I lived, and what I wanted to do in the great world some day — whether I had ever been in England, and where I learned to speak French; all which I answered, much to his apparent amusement, and to the best of my small ability." Crowe tells us of Thackeray meeting a group of eight nice-looking American children in the cars, every one of whom, after a little conversation with them, "he wished there and then to present with a dollar tip apiece."

For the following Thackeray story the writer is indebted to Frederick S. Dickson of Philadelphia,



1 & 2 need not be mentioned but
 3 & 4 Prince of Wales
 & Princess Royal of
 Prussia evidently

5 & 6 P. Alfred &
 P. Alice who had
 her head up because
 she is going to be
 married (suppose)

7 & 8 Mrs. Mass
 & P. Elizabeth
 (in Princesses) kilt

9 & 10
 P. Leopold &
 P. Arthur in
 national
 uniform

11
 P. Ernest
 in his
 national
 uniform

12
 Berking Prince Postpot
 in the arms of his
 nurse.



Thackeray's Postage Stamp Portraits of Queen Victoria and the Royal Family

author of the bibliography of his favourite author, believed to be the most complete in existence; also of the valuable contribution "Thackeray's Writings in the United States," included in this work. "Lunching with Lady Knighton at Folkstone, Thackeray urged his thirst as an excuse for a bottle of wine. 'What!' exclaimed the lady, 'champagne at luncheon! Fye, Mr. Thackeray, I'll not permit it.' He plead with her, offering to drink most of it himself, finally proffering his companion a shilling for her permission. Laughingly Lady K. assented, acknowledging the bribe to be too high, and the wine was ordered. The following day Thackeray sent her the shilling in the shape of twelve penny postage stamps, with the head of the queen in red. Cutting the head out of each, he pasted the stamps on paper. The body of Her Majesty was finished with pen and ink. A second head was supplied with a moustache, and did duty for Prince Albert; while the others with various clever clippings with the scissors and pen additions represented the royal family from the present King Edward to 'Darling Prince Poppet in the arms of his nurse.' The whole is wonderfully clever, and the changes in expression which Thackeray arranged with scissors and pen are little less than marvellous." The picture which belongs to Mr. Dickson has never before been published.

Praising his friend Carlyle's writings and dignity of character to a Philadelphian, Thackeray remarked

in conclusion: "*He* would not go round making a show of himself as I am doing. But he *has* lectured. He did it once and was done with it." To another Philadelphia friend he said that troops of Americans visited Chelsea to see Carlyle's house, adding that an acquaintance of his, riding on a London omnibus, chatting with the driver, who had carried many of them to Chelsea, was asked, "Wot sort of a man be Carlyle? His 'e h'an h'American?" To the same gentleman Thackeray several times alluded to himself as an old man, although he was then but forty-five! and said: "With my friends Irving and Halleck I agree that we do not read Robert Browning because we cannot altogether comprehend him. I have no head above my eyes."

During February the English Humourists were heard in Baltimore, his audiences including John R. Kennedy, Reverdy Johnson, former Minister to Great Britain, with whom Thackeray was acquainted, and other prominent citizens. In the same month the lectures were given in the National Capital, followed by an interminable succession of balls and parties at the British Embassy and elsewhere. "Sir John F. T. Crampton, Bart.,¹ was then the English

¹ Later Crampton (1805-1888) caused serious trouble between his country and the United States by attempting to enlist recruits for the Crimean War, and Secretary Marcy demanded his recall. This was promptly done, but Lord Palmerston characteristically rewarded the erring minister by conferring a K. C. B. and appointing him to another good position. Crampton, according to George Ticknor, was "outrageous over the matter," and cursed the ministry for making him, as

Minister, the courtly Fillmore was Chief Magistrate, and Thackeray was sumptuously entertained by the New York Senators Hamilton Fish and William H. Seward. These, with General Scott and Presidents Fillmore and Pierce, heard the first of his course in Carusi's Hall. Washington Irving, who was also present, compared the latter officials, much to their own amusement, to "the two kings of Brentford smelling at one rose."

The letter which follows was written to Miss Kate Perry, who died at Bexhill, Sussex, England, on Wednesday, Oct. 9, 1901. She was the last surviving child of the well-known William Perry of the "Morning Chronicle." Miss Perry was born probably before Thackeray. With her sister, the wife of Sir Frederick Elliot, she gave receptions at their home in Chesham Place. Any Americans who remember London almost half a century ago will recall the house as one where much of the best and brightest society of the great city assembled. As Miss Perry afterwards wrote, "There was no secret society, but every one talked freely and without fear of eaves-droppers." To her and Lady Elliot, Thackeray addressed several of his American letters included in this volume. It was

he said, their scapegoat. The minister so much resembled his father, Sir Philip Crampton, that they were generally called "the twins." Two other British ambassadors, one French, one Russian, and one Spanish, have been dismissed or recalled under a cloud, but not a single instance has yet occurred of an American diplomatic representative being disgraced in this manner, either by dismissal or recall.

Miss Perry who read "Vanity Fair" in manuscript, pronouncing it the cleverest novel she had ever met with. It was the same friend who wrote a brief but charming appreciation of Thackeray to be found in one of the concluding chapters of this work. So far as we are aware, this venerable lady, almost a centenarian, was the last of Thackeray's intimate English woman friends.

Miss Perry and her sister, Lady Elliot, were intimate, valued friends. "Thackeray and Balzac," the former observed, "write with great minuteness, but do so with a brilliant pen." "Here," says Miss Perry, "Thackeray made two bows, one for himself and one for Balzac." This lady was the owner of the album in which the great author wrote the delightful lines:—

"Kind lady, till my last of lines are penned,
My master's love, grief, laughter at an end,
Whene'er I write your name may I write friend."

To Miss Perry, in the poem to K. E. P., were addressed Thackeray's well-known lines, "The Pen and the Album."

"So be it:—joys will end and tears will dry—
Album! my master bids me wish good-by.
He'll send you to your mistress presently.

"And thus with thankful heart he closes you:
Blessing the happy hour when a friend he knew
So gentle, and so generous, and so true.

"Nor pass the words as idle phrases by;
Stranger! I never writ a flattery,
Nor sign'd the page that register'd a lie."

An account of Miss Perry's Thackeray treasures is contained in the second volume of this work.

TO MISS PERRY.

BALTIMORE — WASHINGTON —

Feby. 7th to 14th, '53.

Although I have written a many letters to Chesham Place not one has gone to the special address of my dear K. E. P. and if you please I will begin one now for half an hour before going to lecture I. In another hour that dreary business of "In speaking of the English Humourous writers of the last etc." will begin — and the wonder to me is that the speaker once in the desk (to-day it is to be a right down pulpit in a Universalist Church and no mistake) gets interested in the works, makes the points, thrills with emotion and indignation at the right-place, and has a little sensation whilst the work is going on; but I can't go on much longer, my conscience revolts at the quackery. Now I have seen three great cities, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, I think I like them all mighty well. They seem to me not so civilized as our London, but more so than Manchester and Liverpool. At Boston is a very good literary company indeed; it is like Edinburgh for that — a vast amount of toryism and donishness everywhere. That of New York the simplest and least pretentious; it sufficeth that a man should keep a fine house, give parties and have a daughter to get all the world to him. And what struck me that when as on my first arrival I was annoyed at the uncommon splendatiousness — here the letter was interrupted on Monday at Baltimore and was taken up again on Thursday at Washington — never mind what struck me, it was only that after a while you get accustomed to the splendour of the dresses and think them right and proper. Use makes everything so; who

knows? You will be coming out in Empire ruffs and high waists by the time I come home. I have not been able to write a word since I came here on Tuesday, my time has been spent in seeing and calling upon lions. Our minister Mr. Crampton is very jolly and good natured. Yesterday he had a dinner at five for all the legation and they all came very much bored to my lecture. To-day I dined with Mr. Everett; with the President it may be next week. The place has a Wiesbaden air — there are politics and gaieties straggling all over it. More interruption and this one has lasted three days. Book indeed! How is one to write a book when it is next to impossible to get a quiet half-hour? Since I wrote has come a short kind letter from dear old Kinglake who continues to give bad accounts from Chesham Place. God bless all there say I. I wish I was by to be with my dear friends in grief. I know they know how to sympathize (although we are spoiled by the world, we have no hearts, you know &c. &c., but then it may happen that the high flown romantic people are wrong and that we love our friends as well as they do) I don't pity any body who leaves the world not even a fair young girl in her prime. I pity those remaining. On her journey if it pleases God to send her depend on it there's no cause for grief, that's but an earthly condition. Out of our stormy life, and brought nearer the Divine light and warmth there must be a serene climate. Can't you fancy sailing into the calm? Would you care about going on the voyage only for the dear souls left on the other shore? but we shan't be parted from them no doubt though they are from us. Add a little more intelligence to that which we possess even as we are and why should n't we be with our friends though ever so far off? . . .

Why presently, the body removed should n't we personally be anywhere at will — properties of Creation, like the electric something (spark is it?) that thrills all round the globe simultaneously? and if round the globe why not Uber-all? and the body being removed or else where disposed of and developed, sorrow and its opposite, crime and the reverse, ease and disease, desire and dislike &c. go along with the body, a lucid Intelligence remains, a Perception ubiquitous. Monday. I was interrupted a dozen times yesterday in the course of these profitless Schwärmerieien. There's no rest here for pilgrims like me. Have I told you on the other side that I'm doing a good business at Baltimore and a small select one here? the big-wigs all come and are pleased, — all the legations and old Scott the unsuccessful Candidate for the Presidency &c.? It is well to have come. I shall go hence to Richmond and Charleston and then who knows whither? not to New Orleans, I think the distance is too great. I can't go a thousand miles fishing for half as many pounds. Why not come back and see all the dear faces at home? I try and think of something to say about this country; all I have remarked I could put down in two pages. Where's the eager observation and ready pencil of five years ago? I have not made a single sketch. The world passes before me and I don't care. — Is it a weary heart or is it a great cold I have got in my nose that stupefies me utterly? I won't inflict any more megrims upon you.

From your affectionate friend and brother,

W. M. T.

Mrs. Jones of Syracuse, N. Y., was intimate with General Houston, who always addressed her as

"Lady Onondaqua," the lady having been introduced by Gov. William L. Marcy as a "daughter of Onondaga," and the Texas senator insisting that the proper name of the Indian tribe was Onondaqua. Mrs. Jones became acquainted with Thackeray in 1852, at a reception given the noted novelist at the National Hotel by Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, editor and proprietor of "The Eva," an influential paper then published in Washington in which Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" first appeared. Her recollection of him in 1903 is that the English visitor was one of the most amiable and agreeable gentlemen that she had met during her long life of fourscore and ten, — that his manner and bearing were gentle and unassuming; in conversation his voice low and sweet. At that time — half a century ago — no one imagined that Thackeray would ever win the great renown now attached to his name and works. The venerable lady is the widow of Dr. Daniel T. Jones, who for two terms represented the Syracuse district in Congress.

SIR, — A social dinner will take place at this house to-day at 6/30; when the favour of your company is requested by
W. M. T.

The above exceedingly formal, undated communication, signed with Thackeray's monogram, and without any name attached, is supposed to have been sent to his friend Mr. Follett Syngé, then an attaché of the British Legation in Washington.

TO WILLIAM B. REED

MR. ANDERSON'S MUSIC STORE, PENNS AVENUE (1853),
Friday.

MY DEAR REED,—(I withdraw the Mr. as wasteful and ridiculous excess, and gilding of refined gold), and thank you for the famous autograph¹ and the kind letter inclosing it, and the good wishes you form for me. There are half a dozen houses I already know in Philadelphia where I could find very pleasant friends and company; and that good old library would give me plenty of acquaintances more. But, home among my parents there, and some few friends I have made in the last twenty-five years, and a tolerably fair prospect of an honest livelihood on the familiar London flagstones, and the library at the Athenæum, and the ride in the Park, and the pleasant society afterwards; and a trip to Paris now and again, and to Switzerland and Italy in the summer—these are little temptations which make me not discontented with my lot, about which I grumble only for pastime, and because it is an Englishman's privilege. Own now that all these recreations here enumerated have a pleasant sound. I hope I shall live to enjoy them yet a little while before I go to "*nox et domus exilis Plutonia*," whither poor, kind old Peter has vanished. So that Saturday I was to have dined with him, and Mrs. Peter wrote, saying he was ill with influenza: he was in bed with his last illness, and there were to be no more Wister parties²

¹ The "famous autograph" was one of President Washington's original letters.

² These pleasant parties are still continued. At one the author attended a few months ago, he met a Philadelphia gentleman who, as a youth, was presented to Thackeray on the occasion described in the above letter.

for him. Will Wister himself, hospitable, pigtailed shade, welcome him to Hades? And will they sit down — no, stand up — to a ghostly supper, devouring the *ιφθιμους ψυχας* of oysters and all sorts of birds? I never feel pity for a man dying, only for survivors, if there be such passionately deploring him. You see the pleasures the undersigned proposes to himself here in future years — a sight of the Alps, a holiday on the Rhine, a ride in the Park, a colloquy with pleasant friends of an evening. If it is death to part with these delights (and pleasures they are and no mistake) sure the mind can conceive others afterwards; and I know one small philosopher who is quite ready to give up these pleasures; quite content (after a pang or two of separation from dear friends here) to put his hand into that of the summoning angel, and say, “Lead on, O messenger of God our Father, to the next place whither the divine goodness calls us!” We must be blindfolded before we can pass, I know; but I have no fear about what is to come, any more than my children need fear that the love of *their* father should fail them. I thought myself a dead man once, and protest the notion gave me no disquiet about myself — at least, the philosophy is more comfortable than that which is tinctured with brimstone.

The Baltimoreans flock to the stale old lectures as numerous as you of Philadelphia. Here the audiences are more polite than numerous, but the people who do come are very well pleased with their entertainment. I have had many dinners. Mr. Everett, Mr. Fish — our minister, ever so often — the most hospital of envoys. I have seen no one at all in Baltimore, for it is impossible to *do* the two towns together; and from this I go to Richmond and Charlestown, not to New Orleans, which is too far;

and I hope you will make out your visit to Washington, and that we shall make out a meeting more satisfactory than that dinner at New York, which did not come off. The combination failed which I wanted to bring about. Have you heard Miss Furness of Philadelphia sing? She is the best ballad-singer I ever heard. And will you please remember me to Mrs. Reed and your brother, and Wharton,¹ and Lewis² and his pretty young daughter; and believe me ever faithfully yours, dear Reed,

W. M. THACKERAY.

Of all those mentioned by Thackeray in the above letter, Mrs. Caspar Wister, *née* Furness, is the only survivor. Mrs. Wister writes: "My acquaintance with him in America dated from a winter in Washington where I saw him very intimately. It was one of the greatest pleasures of my life to sing to him. To hear him sing 'Little Billee' was a treat indeed. I then 'laid up wood for my winter fire,' which is now in full blast." Many years ago Mrs. Wister was the possessor of the original manuscript of Thackeray's poem on Catherine Hayes, a gift from her friend, Mr. Follett Syngé, which she later presented to Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. He sent a copy of the verses to Mrs. Ritchie, and they appeared in print for the first time in Volume XIII. of her Biographical Edition of her father's writings. Mr. William Peter, mentioned in the letter, was the British Consul in Philadelphia, and it was sug-

¹ Thomas J. Wharton.

² William D. Lewis, President of the Girard Bank.

gested by Mr. Reed and other Philadelphians that Thackeray should apply for the place.

Early in March the Speaker and his secretary took the Richmond steamer, and the latter says, "I sketched the distant outline of Washington's home, and we tried to spot the new Castlewood, which was raised on the beautiful banks of the Potomac." During the delivery of his course in Virginia's capital, where he greatly admired Houdon's statue of Washington, Thackeray became acquainted with John R. Thompson, the accomplished young editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger," and a native of Richmond, which ripened into an enduring friendship. Many letters were afterwards exchanged between them, and after the celebrated writer's death cordial relations were continued with his daughters, when Mr. Thompson was editing the "Confederate Journal" issued in London. For him Thackeray made a copy of the "Sorrows of Werther." The amusing lines first appeared in the "Southern Literary Messenger" early in 1853, as I was informed by Mr. Thompson. From Richmond our author writes to an English friend: "The lectures are popular enough here. The two Presidents at Washington came to the last, and in this pretty town, the little Athenæum Hall was crowded so much that it's a pity I had not hired a room twice as big: but £2,500 is all that I shall make out of them. Well, that is £200 a year in this country and an immense comfort for the chicks.

Palace Green,
Kensington, W.

Dear Lady Londonderry

I shall be delighted, if you will promise, not to put me next to Mr. Strange. Nobody. Then last time I met her at your house (and goodness Mercy knows why) she cut me as dead as ever she could cut. Now suppose, in your kindness and innocence, you were to say, 'Mr. de. take the Hon^{ble} Mr. Strange Soandso to dinner', and we were to begin cutting me over again? What a painful repeat all of us would have, especially poor WMT!

T.O.S.V.P.

Facsimile of undated Thackeray Note and Portrait, addressed to
Lady Londonderry

I am just going out after my day's work, to buy myself a gold shirt button, and prevent the painful necessity of being sown up as I was at London House last night.

Yours very sincerely,

Wm Thackeray



Suppose it had been a poor curate anxious to make a favorable impression as his bishop? What a state the poor fellows would have been in when you obliged to ask to be sown up by the housekeeper!

Crowe has just come out from what might have been, and may be yet, a dreadful scrape. He went into a slave market and began sketching: and the people rushed on him savagely and obliged him to quit. Fancy such a piece of imprudence. It may fall upon his chief, who knows, and cut short his popularity. The negroes don't shock me or excite my compassionate feelings at all; they are so grotesque and happy that I can't cry over them. The little black imps are trotting and grinning about the streets, women, workmen, waiters, all well fed and happy. The place the merriest little place and the most picturesque I have seen in America."

In Richmond the English lecturer said to his friend Thompson that he was willing to be judged as a writer by "Henry Esmond," which he was confident he could not surpass, and indeed doubted if he should again equal. Among his poems he expressed a preference for "The Cane-bottom'd Chair," which Mrs. Ritchie has also testified was her father's favourite. Thackeray told Mr. Thompson that he was very fond of "Little Billee," which for droll comic verse is perhaps unsurpassed.¹ This

¹ Du Maurier borrowed the name for one of his characters in "Trilby," the original being Thackeray's artist friend, Frederick Walker, who illustrated the "Adventures of Philip." Describing Walker and his own fictitious hero in "Trilby," Du Maurier says that "both were small and slight, though beautifully made, with tiny hands and feet; always arrayed as the lilies of the field, for all they spun and toiled so arduously; both had regularly featured faces of a

production, originally called "The Three Sailors," was written at a dinner-table in Rome during the winter of 1844-45, at which several American artists were present. Being called for a song amid vigorous shouts of *Viva Titmarsh!* he said he was unable to sing, but would endeavour to make amends by a recitation, if in the mean time some one else would make a beginning. While several were singing, the novelist, busy with his notes, produced the affecting narrative of "Little Billee," which he repeated for the first time that evening in a fittingly lugubrious tone. Thackeray frequently chanted this astonishing piece of nonsense, repeating each line twice, at the Century Club's *noctes ambrosianæ*, at the Bower of Virtue, and in Philadelphia, Richmond, and at various convivial gatherings in other American cities. A copy of "Little Billee," in the handwriting of Sir W. Alfred Powers, accompanied by numerous drawings, also by Sir Alfred, illustrating the famous ballad, handsomely bound in full calf, was recently offered for sale in New York.

"As I write these lines now, a full half-century later, the personality of the great writer rises as distinctly before my mental vision as if he were in very truth standing before me and I was again listening to the charm of his finished periods. Mr. Thackeray, as I suppose nearly all of my readers

noble cast and most winning character; both had the best and simplest manners in the world, and a way of getting themselves much and quickly and permanently liked."

know, was very tall — two or three inches over six feet, but his frame was well proportioned, and his figure not at all ungainly. His head was massive and finely covered with silvery hair, although he was at that time only forty-two, which gave dignity, and, perhaps, I might say benignity to his appearance. He wore glasses, and if his eyes had a piercing glance which were constantly on the alert for the foibles of poor humanity, and the shams of society, you could not detect their penetrating power underneath his gold-rimmed spectacles. His dress was that of a quiet English gentleman, and if you had met him in the street you would have been more apt to take him for a London banker than for the keenest satirist of his generation. But what fascinated me most, and perhaps also my fair companion, was the pure accent of his clear soft voice, and quiet, but most finished, delivery, which was audible at the furthest end of the hall.

“It was without any undue emphasis, and his gesticulation was of the most modest kind, nevertheless there was no depth of scorn in his criticism of meanness and vice, or tenderness of sympathy for human weakness and sorrow, which was not forcibly accentuated in his exquisite reading. I have heard many great orators since that time, but none whose delivery I consider finer or indeed equal to his. I have listened to Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Charles Sumner, Richard O’Gorman, George William Cur-

tis, and Phillips Brooks, but none of these famous speakers would I rank higher in elocutionary charm to the author of 'The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century.' To hear him speak was to listen to English pure and undefiled without a taint of provincialism of any kind.

"Of course his elocution was entirely that of the lecture room addressed to a select and cultivated audience, and not at all that of the robuster kind fitted for the forum or the hustings. There was no thumping required to hurl the shafts of his invective or frenzied tones requisite to show his hatred and contempt of what he considered false and hypocritical. A curl of the eloquent lip and a slightly higher inflection of the musical voice were all that were needed to express the full measure of his indignation and enforce the moral of his criticism. A curl of a pronounced kind there certainly was to his lip, which at times could be very expressive, but I think that was the only feature of his countenance which conveyed the impression that the man before you was the most sarcastic critic of his age."¹

TO LADY ELLIOT, AND HER SISTER, MISS PERRY.

March 3, 1853, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

ADDRESS THE CLARENDON, NEW YORK.

[*Fragment.*]

I am getting so sick and ashamed of the confounded old lectures that I wonder that I have the courage to go on

¹ Mr. Thomas Gardner in the New York "Saturday Review," December, 1902.

delivering them. I shan't read a single review of them when they are published; anything savage said about them will serve them right. They are popular enough here. The two presidents at Washington came to the last, and in this pretty little town the little Atheneum Hall was crowded so much that it's a pity I had not hired a room twice as big; but £2500 a year is all I shall make out of them. Well, that is £200 in this country and an immense comfort for the chicks. — Crowe has just come out from what might have been and may be yet a dreadful scrape. He went into a slave market and began sketching and the people rushed on him savagely and obliged him to quit. Fancy such a piece of imprudence. It may fall upon his chief, who knows, and cut short his popularity.

The negroes don't shock me or excite my compassionate feelings at all; they are so grotesque and happy that I can't cry over them. The little black imps are trotting and grinning about the streets, women, workmen, waiters all well fed and happy. The place, the merriest little place, and the most picturesque I have seen in America and on Saturday I go to Charleston — shall I go thence to Havannah? who knows. I should like to give myself a week's holiday without my demd lecture box. Shake every one by the hand that asks about me.

I am yours always — O! you kind friends.

W. M. T.

It is doubtless true, as has been charged, that during his two American tours Thackeray did occasionally indulge in rude and rough remarks, as when during his sojourn in Richmond he made a short journey to Charlottesville. He went there to dine

with Capt. Schele de Vere, a professor in the University of Virginia, as well as the author of several volumes, who spared no expense in entertaining his English guest. During the dinner De Vere talked



Thackeray's Southern Negro Waiter

so much about his wines that it is supposed Thackeray lost his temper, and at the first opportunity he said: "When I was in New York I was entertained by a number of gentlemen, and desiring to make some return I gave a dinner at Delmonico's, for which I paid four pounds a plate. The dinner was so-so and the wines, which we supposed were difficult to obtain in this country, were quite ordinary —



Thackeray's London Residence from 1846 to 1853, where
"Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "Henry Esmond"
were written

about such as we are drinking now!" The Swedish professor, a man of French ancestry and manners, almost died of mortification, as a venerable Virginian who was present still remembers.

In another city of the South, the great man met Mrs. K., a leader of society and celebrated for her disregard of conventionalities, no less than for beauty and wit. As the story is told, when at his own particular request he was presented to the lady she said: "Mr. Thackeray, I am much pleased to know that the distinguished guest of the evening should have sought an introduction to me." Titmarsh remarked: "Yes, Mrs. K., I was very anxious to meet you because I have heard you were the gayest woman in the South." Without the slightest change of countenance, or an instant's hesitation, the lady replied, "Oh! Mr. Thackeray, you cannot believe everything you hear. Do you know, I heard that you were a gentleman!" The victim repeatedly related the incident, remarking that it was the cleverest retort ever made to him, and explaining his conduct by saying he had heard so much of the brilliant and ready wit of Mrs. K. that he adopted this course to put it to a test.

On Saturday, March 5, Thackeray and his secretary left Richmond, proceeding via steamer "Governor Dudley," from Wilmington to Charleston, where he gave three lectures in Hibernian Hall on the following Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings. They were well attended by the *élite*, and the

lecturer was most hospitably entertained by them. The "Courier" remarks of Thackeray's first lecture that it was delivered "before the largest audience we have ever seen assembled in Hibernian Hall," and further: "Mr. Thackeray's delivery is that of



Who's afraid? or the Oregon Question

The above cartoon and the one on the following page were suggested by Thackeray to his friend John Leech. The first appeared in "Punch" in 1845, when the question of the Oregon boundary brought the two countries perilously near war. President Polk, seconded by Louis Philippe of France, and Sir Robert Peel, with Lord John Russell for his second, are preparing for a duel. The King offers Polk a pistol with the words, "*Courage, mon President: vissez au cœur:*" to which his principal replies with the anxious inquiry: "Do yer think he's in earnest?" Leech's second cartoon, on the next page, which was published a year later, represents another phase of the Oregon question, which was ultimately adjusted by arbitration.

a well educated and practised reader ; clear, distinct and never palling by monotony, yet never seeking elocutionary graces. He was listened to throughout with the greatest attention." On the following evening Thackeray lectured on "Congreve and



Young Yankee Noodle teaching Grandmother Britannia to suck Eggs

Addison to an even larger audience than before." The next day a communication appeared in the paper headed "Mr. Thackeray's new Code of Morals," taking him to task for having said that he "liked Addison all the better for drinking so deep over night that his hand trembled next morning while penning some of his patriotic stories." The writer says that he heard him with "surprise en-

hanced by his condemnation of the 'eat, drink, and be merry' school of Congreve." The third lecture, delivered on the 10th, was on "Steele and the humorous writers of Queen Anne's reign."



Thackeray Sketch for the "Great Hoggarty Diamond"

Before this third lecture the president of The Mercantile Library Association announced that Mr. Thackeray would leave the next day for Savannah, but would return to deliver the remaining three lectures forming his full course. The announcement was received with applause and the "Courier" said they could "heartily congratulate the community on the promise thus afforded them of continual intellectual enjoyment."

The first lecture of the second half of the course was delivered on March 21, at 8 P.M. on "Prior, Gay, and Pope." It was received with delight. On the 23d, "Smollett, Hogarth, and Fielding" engaged the attention of the audience, followed by the last, on March 24, which dealt with "Sterne and Goldsmith." The "Courier" gave a synopsis of each lecture the day after they were delivered, showing keen enjoyment and a discriminating taste by its criticisms.

In Charleston Thackeray had a pleasant meeting with Professor Agassiz, who was, like himself, lecturing in that city. Leaving South Carolina and its convivial friendships, the travellers sailed in a small steamer for Savannah, the most distant point of their Southern tour, where they were the guests of Mr. Andrew Low, the British consul. His three lectures in this place were less successful than any previously delivered in this country, his audience numbering not above five hundred. Writing to his dear friend, Dr. "Rab" Brown, Thackeray says: "The lectures do pretty well, and I have laid by already. This will make me easy against the day when work will be over, and then and then who knows what fate will bring. . . . It's all exaggeration about this country — barbarism, eccentricities, negro cruelties, and all. They are not so highly educated as individuals, but a circle of people knows more than an equal number of English (of Scotch I don't say — there in Edinburgh you are educated)."

“Quite a little lad,” writes Laurence Hutton, “he was staying at the Pulaski House in Savannah in 1853 — perhaps it was in 1855 — when his father told him to observe the old gentleman with the spectacles who occupied a seat at their table in the public dining-room; for, he said, the time would come when The Boy would be very proud to say that he had breakfasted, and dined, and supped with Mr. Thackeray. He had no idea who, or what, Mr. Thackeray was; but his father considered him a great man, and that was enough for The Boy. He did pay particular attention to Mr. Thackeray, with his eyes and ears; and one morning Mr. Thackeray paid a little attention to him, of which he is proud, indeed. Mr. Thackeray took The Boy between his knees, and asked his name, and what he intended to be when he grew up. He replied, ‘A farmer, sir.’ Why, he cannot imagine, for he never had the slightest inclination towards a farmer’s life. And then Mr. Thackeray put his gentle hand upon The Boy’s little red head, and said: ‘Whatever you are, try to be a good one.’ To have been blessed by Thackeray is a distinction The Boy would not exchange for any niche in the Temple of Literary Fame; no laurel crown he could ever receive would be able to obliterate, or to equal, the sense of Thackeray’s touch: and if there be any virtue in the laying on of hands The Boy can only hope that a little of it has descended upon him. And

whatever The Boy is, he has tried, for Thackeray's sake, to be a good one!"¹

From Savannah Thackeray writes to his family: "Yesterday your papa performed for the first time in a theatre—who would ever have thought of seeing him on a stage? The room where I generally act is engaged, and I had such a dirty little theatre instead. The proceeds for the three lectures are about the smallest I shall get in the States, but it is only a little place—and Mr. Low, my host, has made me and Eyre as comfortable as mortal man could be in this hot weather. It does n't agree with me, I think, and I am glad I am going out of these damp enervating damp climates. I wish you could have seen a little negrillo of five years toddling about with the plates at dinner yesterday."

Early in April Thackeray returned to New York, and again occupied his comfortable quarters in the Clarendon Hotel. On the 11th he went by train to Albany, delivering two of his lectures there, and returning by a Hudson River steamer. During his brief sojourn in Albany he was the guest of a private family and was entertained in the historic Van Rensselaer Manor House² where a dozen gentlemen were invited to meet him, includ-

¹ A Boy I Knew and Four Dogs. New York, 1898.

² This noble colonial mansion of stone and brick disappeared from Albany more than a decade ago, and, shorn of its two spacious wings, reappeared as the largest of the ten Greek letter Society lodges of Williams College, Massachusetts.

ing Dr. Romeyn Beck, well known at home and abroad: Paul Fenimore Cooper, the novelist's son, Horatio Seymour, then Governor of the State, and Alfred B. Street, the poet. Thackeray expected to go to Niagara Falls and to Canada, the papers announcing that Montreal would next be visited; but he changed his mind, having grown weary, as he said, of "the confounded old lectures."

The following interesting letter, giving Thackeray's impressions of the South, was enclosed in an envelope bearing his monogram and marked "per Cunard steamer, April 6th." The lady to whom it is addressed was a kinswoman, also the friend and correspondent of several English writers of literary eminence.

CLARENDON HOTEL, NEW YORK, April 5, 1853.

MY DEAR MRS. BAYNE, — I received your kind letter at Washington, where I passed some three weeks pleasantly enough among the great people of the Republic, and receiving a great deal of hospitality from them and our Minister, Mr. Crampton, the most hospitable of all possible diplomats. I saw the two Presidents (they came together to my lecture) and dined at the White House in the reign of the late Sovereign, Mr. Fillmore. Then I went away into Virginia, crossing the pretty Rappahanna (where you know the Esmond family had their large estates). It gave me a queer sensation to see the place, and I fancied the story was actually true for a minute or two — and that one might ride over yonder hills and come upon the old Mansion House, where the little Colonel lived with his jealous wife. But what am I talking of? Colonel Esmond is

forgotten in this country, and I suppose, in ours. Here the reign of novels is for a brief season, indeed, and "My Novel" and "Villette," have long since had the better of Mr. Esmond and his periwigged companions. I have not made a fortune in four months, but a snug little sum of money, which will grow, let us hope, now that I have made a beginning. Perhaps I may come back another year with another venture, but all this depends upon the Fates and Tomorrow, of which no man is the master. At Charleston I met your young kinsman, Rankin, poor fellow, at the hotel, where he was robbed of £20, a great slice out of a subaltern's travelling supply. I shall see him again in Montreal next month, most probably, where I shall find winter still lingering in the lap of May, having left spring and almost summer a fortnight since at Savannah and Charleston.¹

I have come away from the South not so horrified as perhaps I ought to be with slavery, which in the towns is not by any means a horrifying institution. The negroes in the good families are the happiest, laziest, comfortablest race of menials. They are kept luxuriously in working time and cared for most benevolently in old age — one white does the work of four of them, and one negro that can work has his parents very likely and young children that can't. It is the worst economy, slavery, that can be,

¹ From this sentence, and the closing one of the letter, it will be seen, that it was Thackeray's purpose to visit Canada, but later he changed his plans, owing to a sudden attack of home-sickness, sailing for England in the "Europa" fifteen days later, on a few hours' notice. Some years afterward he expressed regret to Bayard Taylor that he had not availed himself of the opportunity afforded by his two visits to America of seeing the spot where Wolfe won the vast domain of Canada for the British empire.

the clumsiest and most costly domestic and agricultural machine that ever was devised. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the tirades of the Abolitionists may not destroy it, but common sense infallibly will before long, and every proprietor would be rid of his slaves if he could, not in the cotton-growing States I mean, but in households and in common agricultural estates.

It is a dreary unpicturesque country for the most part: I have not seen a dozen picturesque views through all my wanderings, nor even cared to use a pencil except to sketch a negro or two: and these are wonderful for their grotesqueness, oddity and pathetic drollery, so to speak. O, what a comfort it will be to see the old country again and to shut up these wearisome lectures! I am so sick of them that I vow to revolt day after day. It is only the thought of those young at Paris that makes me continue this ambulatory quack business. I have made many kind and pleasant friends, some whom I hope to like and remember all my life. There are just as good (not so many) ladies and gentlemen here as with us, and I have lost my heart twice or thrice quite satisfactorily, and recovered it too, not in the least injured by the temporary abstraction during my stay here. The luxury of this city is prodigious: and surely Solomon in all his glory or the Queen of Sheba when she came to visit him in state was not arrayed so magnificently as these New York damsels. I send my very best regards to all our kinsfolk and friends and that judicious critic who preferred reading about Marlborough to seeing Wellington's obsequies. I hope D. V. to be home before many months are over, and I am always yours most sincerely.

W. M. THACKERAY.

In another letter to Mrs. Bayne, written later, Thackeray says: "When a man gets this character



W. M. Thackeray

Caricature of himself

(of being haughty and supercilious to old acquaintances), he never loses it. This opinion once put

forth against a man, all his friends believe it, accommodate themselves to the new theory, see coolness where none is meant. They won't allow for the *time* an immensely enlarged acquaintance occupies, and fancy I am dangling after lords and fine ladies because I am not so much in their drawing-rooms as in former days. They don't know in what a whirl a man plunges who is engaged in my business. Since I began this work [of lecturing], besides travelling, reading, seeing people, dining—when I am forced out and would long to be quiet—I write at the rate of *five thousand* letters a year. I have a heap before me now—six of them are about lectures—one from an old gentleman whom I met on the railroad, and who sends me his fugitive poems. I must read them, answer and compliment the old gentleman. Another from a poor widow, in bad spelling, asking for help. Nobody knows this work until he is in it, and of course, with all this, old friends hint that you are changed, you are forsaking us for great people, and so forth, and so forth.”

TO MISS ALICE JANE TRULOCK, LONDON.

NEW YORK, April 5 [1853].

MY DEAR MISS TRULOCK,— You know what a dreadful letter writer I am, otherwise your kind note would have had an answer long ere this: and now perhaps I am coming back so soon that I might tell you my good

wishes and not write them. When the coming back is to be I don't know; but I am so weary of reading those lectures (though some of them are so beautifully written as you know) that I may revolt any day: and shall probably ere a couple more months are over. I have just come back from the South and Slavery, which is not near so horrible in reality as in Mrs. Stowe's book — and having left Spring and hot weather and longed to throw my winter clothes off at Savannah and Charleston, I am going to Canada next week where there are still great coats and furs even, I believe, and snows and sleighs and winter. I stay here for a week doing nothing and going out to dinner almost as much here as in London. How I *would n't* like the girls to live here! I never saw such luxury and extravagance such tearing polkas such stupendous suppers and fine clothes. I watched one young lady at 4 balls in as many new dresses, and each dress of the most "stunning" description. Fancy Anny and Minny in yellow and silver—the Lord forbid! Anny writes me delightful letters from Paris and Minny sends funny little scraps. She has grown very tall Nan writes and they seem as happy as affection can make them.

Perhaps I shall come back to this country with a fresh set of lectures for next winter: if I have as good luck with them as with the last there will be a snug little sum of money for the girls when I die—and the rate of interest is about twice as high here as at home: I am already worth £200 a year by what I have put by in this country. It would take a long long time to put by as much at home.

The ladies are so pretty that I have lost my heart very satisfactorily in two or three places, and found it again not a bit the worse for being lost. I have n't written a book nor any letters scarcely, except to the children and their Granny, and now and then to the Elliots. The tour has done me good though; but the very best day of it will be that when I see Liverpool Quays again, on my way to my young ones.

Have you found successors for them? I hope you have and that you will always remember how grateful their father is to you. Mr. Crowe sends you his remembrances. He has been of the greatest comfort to me in the journey, and has never once ceased to make puns or to be in a good humour. Goodbye dear Miss Trulock and believe me ever, Sincerely yours,

W. M. THACKERAY.

To Mrs. Thomas Carlyle our author sends the following characteristic undated note in answer to an application in her efforts to secure employment for a German governess in whom Mr. Carlyle was also interested:—

MY DEAR MRS. CARLYLE,—For God's sake stop Mme. Bölte. I have governidges calling at all hours, with High Dutch accents and reams of testimonials. One to-day, one yesterday, and a letter the day before, and on going to dine at Punch, by Heavens! there was a letter from a German lady on my plate. And I don't want a Gerwoman: and all our plans are uncertain. Farewell.

Your truly etached,

W. M. T.

Lucy's Birthday.

Seventeen rose-buds in a ring,
Thick with sister flowers beset,
In a fragrant coronet,
Lucy's servants this day bring.
Be it ^{Be it this} ~~that~~ birthday she wears
Fresh and fair, & symbolizing
The young number of her years,
The sweet blushes of her Spring.

'Types of youth and love and hope'
^{friendly} ~~kindly~~ hearts your mistress greet.
Be you ever fair & sweet,
And grow lovelier as you age!
Gentle unworling, fenced about
With fond care, and guarded so,
Scarce you've heard of storms without,
Frost that bite, or winds that blow!

Kindly has your life begun.
And we pray that Heaven may send
To our floweret & water dew
A calm summer, a sweet end
~~And in a little time~~ ^{these find, whic'p shall be her} home
May she decorate the place
Still expanding into bloom
And developing in grace.



Before Thackeray's departure he composed in the Clarendon the following lines, entitled "Lucy's Birthday," for a member of his favourite New York family frequently alluded to as "the good Baxters." The poem is properly included in this volume, as being the only one that Thackeray produced in this country, with the single exception of his final leave-taking with American admirers in the charming verses, "To all good friends in Boston, Mass."

"Seventeen rosebuds in a ring,
Thick with sister flowers beset,
In a fragrant coronet,
Lucy's servants this day bring.
Be it the birthday wreath she wears
Fresh and fair, and symboling
The young number of her years,
The sweet blushes of her spring.

"Types of youth and love and hope !
Friendly hearts your mistress greet,
Be you ever fair and sweet,
And grow lovelier as you ope !
Gentle nursling fenced about
With fond care and guarded so,
Scarce you've heard of storms without,
Frosts that bite, or winds that blow !

"Kindly has your life begun,
And we pray that heaven may send
To our floweret a warm sun,
A calm summer, a sweet end.

And where'er shall be her home,
May she decorate the place ;
Still expanding into bloom,
And developing in grace."¹

The fortunate young lady who inspired these lines, in a note to the writer dated June, 1900, says : "The form of the little poem was altered before being printed. Mr. Thackeray changed the rhythm, shortening the lines, etc. He preferred it in that way, but I always thought the original poem much prettier, which was perhaps not unnatural. He used to call my mother Lady Castlewood and my sister Miss Beatrix. It is not true, as has been often said, that the character of Ethel Newcome was drawn from my sister, although some of the scenes in 'The Newcomes' are no doubt suggested by seeing my sister holding her court in New York ball-rooms." To this it may be added that in Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's "Reminiscences," speaking of Mrs. Hampton, the sister-in-law of Gen. Wade Hampton, the venerable lady writes : "She told me that she recognised bits of her own conversation in some of the sayings of Ethel Newcome ; and I have little doubt that in depicting the beautiful and noble though wayward girl Thackeray had in mind something of the aspect and character of

¹ Thackeray contributed "Lucy's Birthday" and "The Pen and the Album" to Miss Marguerite Power, niece of the Countess of Blessington, for her annual called "The Keepsake," of 1854. The original manuscript poem is dated April 15, 1853.

the lovely Sally Baxter." The novelist, in a note to an American friend, described the latter as being "eighteen and brilliantly beautiful."

To his London publisher, the late George Smith, he writes from the Clarendon in April: "We have had a very pleasant and not unprofitable tour in the South. The words are the words of Thackeray, but the pen is the pen of Crowe. The former is boiling himself in a warm bath, and is, whether in or out of hot water, yours very faithfully always."

"Mr. Thackeray," said George Lunt, "was an admirer—as what man of taste and true sentiment is not?—of female beauty. Certainly he saw in Boston many cultivated and attractive ladies; but I think he admired, more than any others, one married lady, whom he knew in private life rather than in general society, and in whose house I often met him. It was a domestic scene in which he seemed completely at home, and where he conversed freely of his own household ties in England, which he so sorely missed in another land. Of this lady, distinguished for her personal attractions and her unpretending good sense, he used to say, 'She would be a countess any where;' which was accepted as a remark of no little significance from one who had the entrée into aristocratic English society, and was sufficiently acquainted with countesses at home." Thackeray thus describes his first meeting another lady with whom he became intimate: "Once, in America, a clever and candid woman said

to me at the close of a dinner, during which I had been sitting beside her, 'Mr. Roundabout, I was told I should not like you, and I don't.' 'Well, ma'am,' says I, in a tone of the most unfeigned simplicity, 'I don't care.' And we became good friends immediately, and esteemed each other ever after."¹ Thackeray made the acquaintance of the lady mentioned by Mr. Lunt when she was residing in Paris, where the daughters of the two families became intimate. James Russell Lowell shared Thackeray's admiration for Mrs. George B. Jones. It was to the husband of this lady, who died in 1876, that the following letter was written aboard the steamer on which he was returning to England at the close of his first visit to this country:—

FROM THE "EUROPA," April 20, 1853.

DEAR JONES,—No one can be more astonished than myself at finding myself actually under weigh and bound to Europe, and I send a parting word and a check for the sum that I owe you, and expected to pay across the counter of Jones, Ball & Co. I shall come back, please God, early in the Fall, with a fresh batch of sermons. I grew so ashamed of repeating those old ones that I could do it no more, and only came to my resolution of departing one-half an hour before my berths were taken this morning.

"Shake Fields and Lunt cordially by the hand for me, and give my very best and kindest regards to Mrs. Jones, and believe me,

Sincerely yours,

"W. M. THACKERAY."

¹ "On Two Children in Black," in "Roundabout Papers."



Of this fine portrait Mrs. Ritchie writes in 1902: "Mr. Reginald



The lecturer's departure was so sudden that he had no time to say farewell to any except the friendly family of Baxters, who resided in Second Avenue opposite the mansion of Hamilton Fish, and near the Clarendon. His secretary says: "I visited Thackeray in his room in the early morning. He had a newspaper in his hand, and he said: 'I'll go down to Wall Street, and see whether I can secure berths in her.'" He was successful, and sailed with Mr. Crowe on April 20, in the "Europa;" and so terminated Thackeray's six months' lecture tour in the United States. Early on Sunday morning, May 1, he was again in his beloved England. Two months later the poet Clough, who had returned to his native land, writes to Charles Eliot Norton: "Thackeray, they tell me, is full of the kindheartedness and generousness of the Americans, and is faithful to his promise of writing no book."

To an American correspondent, Thornton Hunt, son of the author of "Abou Ben Adhem," wrote several months after Thackeray's return: "I have no right to claim more than a slight acquaintance with Thackeray, from having met him in the exercise of our profession, and from possessing several common friends. In some parts of the Union, however, my name may be known, and where it is, certainly it will be known as a man who will not tolerate any language unworthy of a country which is half my own. Now I happen to have met

Thackeray in a company where he could, with the most unqualified confidence, and where he must have conversed without study, and without thought of what would be repeated. In that free and friendly converse he poured forth all his thoughts upon America — not unmixed with touches of sly humour, such as would occur to him in visiting *any* community, whether in Belgravia or Broadway. I wish what he then said could have been overheard by the whole Union, because I never heard but one Englishman so heartily acknowledge the noble qualities, the worth, and the estimable traits of Americans generally; that one Englishman being a relative of my own, formerly an officer of the Republic and now a resident in the Union. Satirists have been to America, have accepted her hospitality, and have repaid it with satire. Thackeray is not of that number. He is a satirist, but he is a man with a keen sense and a large heart; and he *understands* America, North and South. I heard him talk of giving his impressions of the Union publicly, and I joined with others in urging him to do so. What was his objection? That he would not make money by his sense of the kindness which he had received; and that if he did it without payment it might be misconstrued into an invidious contrast of his own better feeling as compared with that of others who had not so well understood the American people. I wish that this over-delicacy had not restrained him; but it is im-

possible that Americans should harbour resentment at one misunderstood sentence in the writings of a man who put so generous an appreciation on their personal qualities, their kindness to himself, and their national power.”

The Thackeray bookplate which appears on this page was designed for his friend Fitz-Gerald, who wrote, “Done by Thackeray one day in Coram Street in 1842. All wrong on her feet, so he said, — I can see him now.” The American possessor of an impression says the angel holding before her a shield of arms is a portrait of Mrs. Brookfield. The feet are so tiny, and in the picture are so closely pressed together, that the figure appears in danger of falling.





The Thackeray Arms

THE SECOND VISIT

(OCTOBER, 1855. — APRIL, 1856)



THE SECOND VISIT

(OCTOBER, 1855. — APRIL, 1856)

If Truth were a goddess, I would make Thackeray her High Priest.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

DURING the period between his first and second visits to the New World Thackeray wrote several letters that properly find a place in this volume. The two earliest were written to his friend William B. Reed of Philadelphia, the first a few months after his return to England; the third was addressed in the same year (1853) to an English journal. It relates to Washington, who is introduced in "The Newcomes," then appearing in twenty-four monthly numbers, the last one being published in August, 1855. A passage in an early chapter of this delightful story, containing the finest of all Thackeray's characters, alluding to "Mr. Washington," was so far misunderstood on this side of the sea that the fact was referred to by the New York correspondent of the London "Times." To this criticism the novelist addressed the communication to the editor of that journal, which follows the letter to Mr. Reed written in Switzerland: —

NEUFCHATEL, SWITZERLAND, July 21, 1853.

MY DEAR REED, — Though I am rather slow in paying the tailor, I always pay him; and as with tailors, so with men; I pay my debts to my friends, only at rather a long day. Thank you for writing to me so kindly, you have so much to do. I have only begun to work ten days since, and now in consequence have a little leisure. Before, since my return from the West, it was flying from London to Paris, and *vice versa*, dinners right and left, parties every night. If I had been in Philadelphia, I could scarcely have been more feasted. Oh, you unhappy Reed! I see you (after that little supper with McMichael) on Sunday at your own table, when we had that good Sherry-Madeira, turning aside from the wine cup with your pale face! That cup has gone down this well so often (meaning my own private cavity), that I wonder the cup is n't broken, and the well as well as it is.

Three weeks of London was more than enough for me, and I feel as if I had had enough of it and pleasure. Then I remained a month with my parents; then I brought my girls on a little pleasuring tour, and it has really been a pleasuring tour. We spent ten days at Baden, when I set intrepidly to work again: and have been five days in Switzerland now; not bent on going up mountains, but on taking things easily. How beautiful it is! How pleasant! How great and affable, too, the landscape is! It's delightful to be in the midst of such scenes — the ideas get generous reflections from them. I don't mean to say my thoughts grow mountainous and enormous like the Alpine chain yonder: but, in fine, it is good to be in the presence of this noble nature. It is keeping good company: keeping away mean thoughts. I see in the papers now and



Pardon this scribbling picture but I didn't see it & can't afford to
 write page 3 over again.
 country with praise in private, that sometimes think
 I go too far. I keep back some of the truth: but the great
 trick to try and ding into the ears of the great stupid
 (aristocratic) proud English public, is that there are folks as
 good as they in America. That's where Mr. Stowe's book
 has done harm, by implanting us with an idea of our own
 superior virtue in facing our blacks whereas you keep
 yours. Comparisons are always odorous Mr. Malaprop
 says.

I am about a new story but don't know
 if yet whether it will be any good. It seems to me I am
 too old for story telling: but I want money and I can
 get 20000 dollars for this if w. B.

I'll keep 15. I wish this scribble
 were away.

might just write
 rubbish in its
 stead. Not that I have
 anything to say but
 that I always remember
 you & yours & when
 honest Mac: & when
 try & Lewis & kind fellows
 who have been kind to me
 and I hope will be kind to me
 again. Good bye my dear Reed & I believe



ever sincerely yr
 Wm Thackeray

again accounts of fine parties in London. *Bon Dieu!* is it possible any one ever wanted to go to fine London parties, and are there now people sweating in Mayfair routs? The European continent swarms with your people. They are not all as polished as Chesterfield. I wish some of them spoke French a little better. I saw five of them at supper at Basle the other night with their knives down their throats. It was awful! My daughter saw it, and I was obliged to say, My dear, your great-great-grandmother, one of the finest ladies of the old school I ever saw, applied cold steel to her wittles. It's no crime to eat with a knife, which is all very well: but I wish five of 'em at a time would n't.

Will you please beg McMichael, when Mrs. Glyn, the English tragic actress, comes to read Shakespeare in your city, to call on her, to do the act of kindness to her, and help her with his valuable editorial aid? I wish we were to have another night soon, and that I was going this very evening to set you up with a headache to-morrow morning. By Jove! how kind you all were to me! How I like your people, and want to see 'em again! You are more tender-hearted, romantic, and sentimental than we are. I keep on telling this to our fine people here, and have so belaboured your [Here the paper was turned and revealed the sketch. At the top is written: "Pardon this rubbishing picture: but I did n't see it and can't afford to write page 3 over again"] country with praise in private that I sometimes think I go too far. I keep back some of the truth, but the great point to try and ding into the ears of the great stupid virtue-proud English public is, that there are folks as good as they in America. That's where Mrs. Stowe's book has done harm, by inflaming us with an idea of our own supe-

rior virtue in freeing our blacks, whereas you keep yours. Comparisons are always odorous, Mrs. Malaprop says.

I am about a new story, but don't know as yet if it will be any good. It seems to me that I am too old for story-telling; but I want money, and shall get \$20,000 for this, of which (D. V.) I'll keep fifteen. I wish this rubbish [the sketch] were away; I might put written rubbish in its stead. Not that I have anything to say, but that I always remember you and yours, and honest Mac, and Wharton and Lewis, and kind fellows who have been kind to me, and I hope will be kind to me again. Good-by, my dear Reed, and believe me, ever sincerely yours,

W. M. THACKERAY.

Thackeray's pen-and-ink sketch is evidently the original of one of the illustrations of his grotesque fairy tale entitled "The Rose and the Ring," written — as he informed an American lady when on his second visit to the United States — while he was watching and nursing his two daughters, who were ill during his summer vacation in Switzerland.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES :

SIR, — Allow me a word of explanation in answer to a strange charge which has been brought against me in the United States, and which your New York correspondent has made public in this country. In the first number of a periodical story which I am now publishing appears a sentence in which I should never have thought of finding any harm until it has been discovered by some critics over the water. The fatal words are these:—

“When pigtailed grew on the backs of British gentry, and

their wives wore cushions on their heads, over which they tied their own hair, and disguised it with powder and pomatums: when ministers went in their stars and orders to the House of Commons and the orators of the opposition attacked nightly the noble lord in the blue riband; when Mr. Washington was heading the American rebels with a courage, it must be confessed, worthy of a better cause; — there came to London, out of a northern county, Mr., etc.”

This paragraph has been interpreted in America as an insult to Washington and the whole Union; and from the sadness and gravity with which your correspondent quotes certain of my words, it is evident he too thinks they have an insolent and malicious meaning.

Having published the American critic's comment, permit the author of a faulty sentence to say what he did mean, and to add the obvious moral of the apologue which has been so oddly construed. I am speaking of a young apprentice coming to London between the years 1770 and '80, and want to depict a few figures of the last century. (The illustrated head-letter of the chapter was intended to represent Hogarth's "Industrious Apprentice.") I fancy the old society with its hoops and powder — Barré or Fox thundering at Lord North asleep on the Treasury bench — the news-readers in the coffee-room talking over the paper, and owning that this Mr. Washington who was leading the rebels was a very courageous soldier, and worthy of a better cause than fighting against King George. The images are at least natural and pretty consecutive. 1776 — the people of London in '76 — the Lord and House of Commons in '76 — Lord North — Washington — what the people thought about Washington — I am thinking about '76.

Where, in the name of common-sense is the insult to 1853? The satire, if satire there be, applies to us at home, who called Washington "Mr. Washington," as we called Frederick the Great "the Protestant Hero," or Napoleon "the Corsican Tyrant" or "General Bonaparte." Need I say that our officers were instructed (until they were taught better manners) to call Washington "Mr. Washington?" and that the Americans were called rebels during the whole of that contest? Rebels! of course they were rebels; and I should like to know what native American would not have been a rebel in that cause. As irony is dangerous, and has hurt the feelings of kind friends whom I would not wish to offend, let me say, in perfect faith and gravity, that I think the cause for which Washington fought entirely just and right, and the Champion the very noblest, purest, bravest, best, of God's men.

I am Sir, your very faithful servant,

W. M. THACKERAY.

ATHENAEUM, Nov. 22 [1853].

Concerning "The Newcomes," a friend has sent me the following interesting incident: "Just after the completion of 'The Newcomes,'" writes Mr. Edward Wilberforce, "Thackeray told me he was walking to the post office in Paris to send off the concluding chapters when he came upon an old friend of his who was also known to me. 'Come into this archway,' said Thackeray to his friend, 'and I will read you a bit of "The Newcomes."' The two went aside out of the street, and there Thackeray read the scene of the Colonel's death. The friend's emotion grew more and more intense

as the reading went on, and at the close he burst out crying, and exclaimed, 'If everybody else does like



*Thackeray's Drawing of the Rector and Children who were
"Destroying the Foundations of the Church"*

that the fortune of the book is made!' 'And everybody did,' was my comment. 'Not I,' replied Thackeray. 'I was quite unmoved when I killed the Colonel. What was nearly too much for me was

the description of the "Boy" saying "Our Father." I was dictating to my daughter, and I had the greatest difficulty in controlling my voice and not let her see that I was almost breaking down. I don't think, however, that she suspected it.'"

Robert Louis Stevenson, in an appreciative article on "Some Gentlemen in Fiction," writes: "Whether because Thackeray was himself a gentleman in a very high degree, or because his methods were in a very high degree suited to this class of work, or from the common operation of both causes, a gentleman came from his pen by the gift of Nature. He could draw him as a character-part, full of pettiness, tainted with vulgarity, and yet still a gentleman, in the inimitable Major Pendennis. He could draw him as the full-blown hero in Colonel Esmond. He could draw him — the next thing to the work of God — human and true and noble and frail, in Colonel Newcome. If the art of being a gentleman were forgotten, like the art of staining glass, it might be learned anew from that one character."

TO WILLARD S. FELT, NEW YORK.

36 ONSLOW SQUARE, BROMPTON,

August 18, 1854.

MY DEAR FELT, — I have been 2 months away from England during which I have done 5 numbers of Newcomes and had 4 smart attacks of illness. Your letter meanwhile has been lying at my house where I found it on my return 2 days since with one from N. Y. M. L. A.

THE UNITED STATES 169

Repeated illnesses have however thrown me back $\frac{1}{2}$ a dozen months at least so that I cannot put my project in execution of coming to the States this year. Nor would it be worth my while to change my scheme from 6 to 4 lectures for the 1000 dollars which our friends offer me. I shall give the lectures in London and Edinburgh before I go westward as I did with the first set: and even then I think from the result of our last transaction that the N. Y. M. L. A. might have made me a better offer than that which Mr. Ballard sends me.

However I can't do the Lectures this year which will take a great deal of time. I have not discussed money matters at all in answering Mr. Ballard's proposal, but declined it for the above reason.

Thank you very much for your letter and believe that I am always grateful and mindful for your kindness to me whilst at New York.

O me! How awfully bad the Railway Share-market looks!

Always faithfully yours,

W. M. THACKERAY.

During Thackeray's first visit to the United States he had made the acquaintance of Prof. Henry Reed, highly appreciating his refined and scholarly tastes and accomplishments; and when the latter visited Europe in the following year he received acceptable attentions from the novelist. The Professor on his return voyage perished in the shipwreck, on the coast of Nova Scotia, of the Collins steamer "Arctic." In the following letter to his brother, Thackeray writes of the good man's loss,

and also alludes to some transient diplomatic visions in connection with this country.

ON SLOW SQUARE, BROMPTON, November 8 [1854].

MY DEAR REED,—I received your melancholy letter this morning. It gives me an opportunity of writing about a subject on which, of course, I felt very strongly for you and your poor brother's family. I have kept back writing, knowing the powerlessness of consolation, and having vague hopes that your brother and Miss Bronson might have been spared. That ghastly struggle over, who would pity any man that departs? It is the survivors one commiserates of such a good, pious, tender-hearted man as he seemed whom God Almighty has just called back to Himself. He seemed to me to have all the sweet domestic virtues which make the pang of parting only the more cruel to those who are left behind. But that loss, what a gain to him! A just man summoned by God,—for what purpose can he go but to meet the divine love and goodness? I never think about deploring such: and as you and I send for our children, meaning them only love and kindness, how much more Pater Noster? So we say, and weep the beloved ones whom we lose all the same with the natural selfish sorrow: as you, I dare say, will have a heavy heart when your daughter marries and leaves you. *You* will lose her, though her home is ever so happy. I remember quite well my visit to your brother—the pictures in his room, which made me see which way his thoughts lay: his sweet, gentle, melancholy, pious manner. That day I saw him here in Dover Street, I don't know whether I told them, but I felt at the time that to hear their very accents affected me somehow: and where shall I ever hear voices in the world that have spoken

more kindly to me. It was like being in your grave, calm, kind old Philadelphia over again; and behold: now they are to be heard no more. I only saw your brother once in London. When he first called I was abroad ill, and went to see him immediately I got your letter, which he brought and kept back, I think. We talked about the tour which he had been making, and about churches in this country — which I knew interested him — and Canterbury especially, where he had been at the opening of a missionary college. He was going to Scotland, I think, and to leave London instantly, for he and Miss B. refused hospitality, etc.; and we talked about the memoir of Hester Reed which I had found, I did n't know how, on my study-table, and about the people whom he had met at Lord Mahon's — and I believe I said I should like to be going with him in the "Arctic." And we parted with a great deal of kindness, please God, and friendly talk of a future meeting. May it happen one day! for I feel sure he was a just man. I wanted to get a copy of "Esmond" to send by him (the first edition, which is the good one); but I did not know where to light on one, having none myself, and a month since bought a couple of copies at a circulating library for 7s. 6d. apiece.

I am to-day just out of bed after another, about the dozenth, severe fit of spasms which I have this year. My book would have been written but for them, and the lectures begun, with which I hope to make a few thousand more dollars for those young ladies. But who knows whether I shall be well enough to deliver them, or what is in store for next year? The secretaryship of our Legation at Washington was vacant the other day, and I instantly asked for it; but in the very kindest letter Lord Clarendon showed how the petition was impossible. First, the place was given

away : next, it would not be fair to appoint out of the service. But the first was an excellent reason, not a doubt of it. So if ever I come, as I hope and trust to do this time next year, it must be in my own coat, and not the Queen's. Good-by, my dear Reed, and believe that I have the utmost sympathy in your misfortune, and am most sincerely yours,

W. M. THACKERAY.

The day before Dickens wrote the following note, Daniel Huntington, who was then in London and listened to the delightful address, called at the studio of Glasse, a distinguished English artist, who remarked in the course of their conversation : "By the way, Thackeray has just been here and said, 'I have prepared a dish of soft soap for Dickens ;'" the droll statement obviously referring to the highly complimentary passage with which the speaker concluded the address on "Charity and Humour." Many readers may remember that it was written in New York, where it was first delivered by Thackeray for the benefit of a benevolent Society. "I may," said the speaker, "quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand and a thousand times, I delight and wonder at his genius : I recognise in it—I speak with awe and reverence—a commission from that Divine Beneficence whose blessed task we know it will one day be to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness which this gentle and generous and charitable soul has contributed

to the happiness of the world. I take and enjoy my share, and say a Benediction for the meal."

[LONDON] March 23, 1855.

MY DEAR THACKERAY, — I have read in the "Times" to-day an account of your last night's lecture, and cannot refrain from assuring you, in all truth and earnestness, that I am profoundly touched by your generous reference to me. I do not know how to tell you what a glow it spread over my heart. Out of its fulness I do entreat you to believe that I shall never forget your words of commendation. If you could wholly know at once how you have moved me and how you have animated me, you would be the happier, I am certain. —

Faithfully yours ever,

CHARLES DICKENS.

In October, 1855, Thackeray departed on his second lecture tour in the United States, from which he returned to England in April, 1856. The subject of the uncompleted lectures on "The Four Georges" — for he finished the last one in this country — seems first to have occurred to him several years previously, while travelling on the Continent. In 1852 he wrote: "I had a notion of lectures on the Four Georges, and going to Hanover to look at the place whence that race came; but if I hope for preferment hereafter, I mean Police-magistrateship or what not, I had best keep a civil tongue in my head: and I should be sure to say something impudent if I got upon that subject: and as I have no Heaven-sent mission to

do this job, why, perhaps I had best look for another. And the *malheur* is, that because it is a needless job, and because I might just as well leave it alone, it is most likely I shall be at it." In August, 1855, Thackeray wrote: "I am going to try in the next six weeks to write four lectures for the great North American Republic, and deliver them after they are tired of the stale old humourists."

George Hodder, who published some pleasant recollections of Thackeray, wished to accompany him in the same capacity that Eyre Crowe had done in the first visit, and he was told to come for his answer the next day. On the following morning he was informed by Thackeray that, in consequence of the condition of his health, he should be compelled to take a servant with him, rather than a secretary, adding drily, "I can ask a servant to hold a basin for me: but I doubt if I could do that to a secretary — at least he *might* object." Mr. Hodder says: "He smiled as he made this droll observation, but I too well knew that it was a true word spoken in jest: for he was subject to periodical illnesses which rendered the services of a valet most essential to him: and the young man who filled that situation at the time was fortunately one in whom he placed implicit confidence: and he was thankful for the gentle way in which his servant tended him."

Two days before sailing, some threescore friends and admirers entertained him at the London Tavern,

Charles Dickens presiding at the dinner and proposing the toast of the evening. Thackeray delivered a carefully prepared reply, which was followed by some complimentary verses by another guest, "a friend of the O'Mulligan," recited with great success. An idea of its character may be obtained from the concluding verse :

"I'm tould there's a banquet performing somewhere,
That a warm-hearted party assemble to hail him,
And a world-honoured penman is taking the chair.
I'd like to be present — I'm fond of such orgies :
And since he's about to be crossing the surges
To tell all the Yankees about the Four Georges,
'Fore George, there's a sentiment I would declare.
I'd say, ' Fill a glass to the sworn foe of Quackery ;'
May his ship be helped westward by Ariel and Puck ;
Here's health, fame, and gold, to our guest William Thackeray,
And, in token, we give him this horse-shoe for luck."

Thackeray, who in rising was warmly greeted, said : " I know a great number of us here present have been invited to a neighbouring palace, where turtle, champagne, and all good things are as plentiful almost as here, and where there reigns a civil monarch with a splendid court of officers, etc. — The sort of greeting that I had myself to-day — this splendour, etc. — the bevy in the ante-room — have filled my bosom with an elation with which no doubt Sir Francis Graham Moon's throbs.¹ I am surrounded by respectful friends, etc. — and I

¹ Sir F. G. Moon, Bart., was at that time Lord Mayor of London.

feel myself like a Lord Mayor. To his lordship's delight and magnificence there is a drawback. In the fountain of *his* pleasure there surges a bitter. He is thinking about the 9th of November, and I about the 13th of October.¹

“Some years since, when I was younger and used to frequent jolly assemblies, I wrote a Bacchanalian song, to be chanted after dinner, etc. — I wish some one would sing that song now to the tune of the ‘Dead March in Saul,’ etc. — not for me — I am miserable enough; but for you, who seem in a great deal too good spirits. I tell you I am not — all the drink in Mr. Bathe's² cellar won't make me. There may be sherry there 500 years old — Columbus may have taken it out from Cadiz with him when he went to discover America, and it won't make me jolly, etc. — and yet, entirely unsatisfactory as this feast is to me, I should like some more. Why can't you give me some more? I don't care about them costing two guineas a head. It is not the turtle I value. Let us go to Simpson's fish ordinary — or to Bertolini's or John o'Groat's, etc. — I don't want to go away — I cling round the mahogany-tree.

“In the course of my profound and extensive reading I have found it is the habit of the English nation to give dinners to the unfortunate. I have been living lately with some worthy singular fellows

¹ The day on which he was to start for America.

² The then proprietor of the London Tavern.

150 or 160 years old. I find that upon certain occasions the greatest attention was always paid them. They might call for anything they liked for dinner. My friend Simon Frazer, Lord Lovat, about 109 years since, I think, partook very cheerfully of minced veal and sack before he was going on his journey¹ — Lord Ferrer (Rice)² — I could tell you a dozen jolly stories about feasts of this sort. I remember a particular jolly one at which I was present, and which took place at least 900 years ago. My friend Mr. Macready gave it at Fores Castle, North Britain, Covent Garden. That was a magnificent affair indeed. The tables were piled with most splendid fruits — gorgeous dish-covers glittered in endless perspective — Macbeth — Macready, I mean — taking up a huge gold beaker, shining with enormous gems that must have been worth many hundred millions of money, filled it out of a



The above drawing and the four that follow are from a single page of Thackeray's Sketch Book.

¹ He was beheaded in the year 1745 for fighting in the cause of the Pretender, in the Scottish rebellion of 1745.

² Executed at Tyburn in the year 1760 for the murder of one Johnson, the receiver of his estates. His lordship was allowed to ride from the Tower to the scaffold in his own landau, and appeared gayly dressed in a light-coloured suit of clothes, embroidered with silver. It was doubtless to this circumstance that Mr. Thackeray intended to allude in filling up the vacuum.

gold six-gallon jug, and drank courteously to the general health of the whole table. Why did he put it down? What made him, in the midst of that jolly party, appear so haggard and melancholy? It



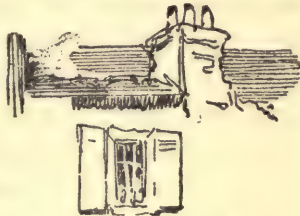
was because he saw before him the ghost of John Cooper, with chalked face and an immense streak of vermilion painted across his throat! No wonder he was disturbed. In like manner I have before me at this minute the horrid figure of a steward, with a basin perhaps, or a glass of brandy and water, which he will press me to drink, and which I shall try and swallow,

and which won't make me any better—I know it won't.

“Then there's the dinner which we all of us must remember in our school-boy days, and which took place twice or thrice a year at home, on the day before Dr. Birch expected his young friends to reassemble at his academy, Rodwell Regis. Don't you remember how the morning was spent? How you went about taking leave of the garden, and the old mare and foal, and the paddock, and the pointers in the kennel; and how your little sister wistfully



kept at your side all day; and how you went and looked at that confounded trunk which old Martha was packing with the new shirts, and at that heavy cake packed up in the play-box; and how kind 'the governor' was all day; and how at dinner he said, 'Jack — or Tom — pass the bottle,' in a very cheery voice; and how your mother had got the dishes she knew you



liked best; and how you had the wing instead of the leg, which used to be your ordinary share; and how that dear, delightful, hot, raspberry roly polly pudding, good as it was, and fondly beloved by you, yet somehow had the effect of the notorious school stick-jaw, and choked you and stuck in your throat; and how the gig came; and then, how you heard the whirl of the mail-coach wheels, and the tooting of the guard's horn, as with an odious



punctuality the mail and the four horses came galloping over the hill. — Shake hands, good-bye! God bless everybody! Don't cry, sister, — away we go! and to-morrow we begin with Dr. Birch, and six months at Rodwell Regis.

"But after six months¹ came the holidays again! etc., etc."

¹ Thackeray was to be absent in the United States for about that period of time.

In the course of an after-dinner address delivered in London in 1857, Thackeray said, "The last time I visited America two years ago, I sailed on board the *Africa*, Captain Harrison. As she was steaming out of Liverpool one fine blowy October day, and was hardly over the bar, when, animated by those peculiar sensations not uncommon to landsmen at the Commencement of a sea-voyage, I was holding on amidships, up comes a quick-eyed shrewd-looking little man, who holds on to the rope next to me, and says, 'Mr. Thackeray, I am the representative of the house of D. Appleton & Co., of Broadway, New York—a most liberal and enterprising firm, who will be most happy to do business with you.' I don't know that we then did any business in the line thus delicately hinted at, because at that particular juncture we were both of us called, by a heavy lurch of the ship, to a casting-up of accounts of a far less agreeable character."

As on his previous visit, Thackeray landed in Boston, where he was most cordially welcomed, and his lectures on the Four Georges well received and highly commended by the critics. He renewed intimacies made three years earlier, and formed many new friendships, seeing much of Ticknor, "Tom" Appleton, Longfellow, Lowell, Dana, and Prescott,—of whose histories he said that they afforded him more pleasure than Macaulay's, adding, "when we make a little fortune it will be

pleasant some day to write a nice little history book. But where is the memory of the astonishing Macaulay?"

When Thackeray first collected for the publication his "Ballads and Poems," he wrote the following short preface, dated Boston, October 27, 1855, saying: "These ballads have been written during the past fifteen years, and are now gathered by the author from his own books and the various periodicals in which the pieces appeared originally. They are published simultaneously in England and America, where a public which has been interested in the writer's prose stories, he hopes, may be kindly disposed to his little volume of verses." The following lines, for some reason not included in Mrs. Ritchie's biographical edition of her father's writings, were found among Thackeray's papers a decade after his death, and first appeared in the "Cornhill Magazine" for June, 1874. A copy of the poem sent by the author to an American friend is carefully preserved among the literary treasures contained in a large collection of Thackerayana.

“ King Fritz at his palace of Berlin
 I saw at a royal carouse,
 In a periwig powdered and curling
 He sat with his hat on his brows.
 The handsome young princes were present,
 Uncovered they stood in the hall ;
 And oh ! it was wholesome and pleasant
 To see how he treated them all !

- “ Reclined on the softest of cushions
 His Majesty sits to his meats,
 The princes, like loyal young Prussians,
 Have never a back to their seats.
 Of salmon and venison and pheasants
 He dines like a monarch august :
 His sons, if they eat in his presence,
 Put up with a bone or a crust.
- “ He quaffs his bold bumpers of Rhenish,
 It can't be too good or too dear,
 His princes are made to replenish
 Their cups with the smallest of beer.
 If ever, by words or grimaces,
 Their highnesses dare to complain,
 The King flings a dish in their faces,
 Or batters their bones with his cane.
- “ 'Tis thus that the chief of our nation
 The mind of his children improves,
 And teaches polite education
 By boxing the ears that he loves.
 I warrant they vex him but seldom,
 And if so we dealt with our sons,
 If we up with our cudgels and felled 'em,
 We 'd teach them good manners at once.”

To a considerable company of gentlemen dining together in Boston, Thackeray made a statement concerning Sir William Temple and Stella, and on being asked for his authority, he answered, “ I cannot prove it, it is apparent like the broken nose on my face.” Apropos of this, Lady Dorothy Nevill, in her “ Sheaf of Recollections,” contributed to the “ Anglo-Saxon Review,” writing of Thackeray, con-





Thackeray, from a pencil drawing by Richard Doyle, in the British Museum

fesses to an awkward blunder. Dining at the same table with the novelist, she occupied a seat next to Mr. Venables. Noticing that he appeared to be well acquainted with the chief guest, she suddenly said to him: "Can you tell me whether the malformation of Mr. Thackeray's nose is natural or the result of an accident?" To the lady's surprise her companion was greatly disturbed, but at length replied, "It was in an accident at school." "After dinner," Lady Dorothy relates, "I asked some one what harm there could have been in my inquiry, and was told in return that Mr. Venables had been the boy who had broken Thackeray's nose in a fight!" A distinguished English lady who travelled widely in the United States, frequently said that her brother, John Kemble, unfortunately bore a part in breaking her friend Thackeray's nose. This statement Mrs. Fanny Kemble made to Fitz-Greene Halleck, to whom she said that this accident suggested to Thackeray the *nom de plume* of Michael Angelo Titmarsh; also that when the address drawn up in London, under the impulse of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the Duchess of Sutherland and other prominent society leaders, Thackeray denominated the document the "Womanifesto Against Slavery." Mrs. Kemble, who married an American, writes:

"What a misfortune it is to have a broken nose, like poor dear Thackeray! He would have been positively handsome, and is positively ugly in con-

sequence. John (Mrs. Kemble's brother) and his friend Venables broke the bridge of Thackeray's nose when they were schoolboys playing together. What a mishap to befall a young lad just beginning life! I suppose my friend Thackeray's injury was one that did not admit of a surgical remedy, but my father (Charles Kemble) late in life fell down while skating, and broke the bridge of his nose, and Liston, the eminent surgeon, urged him extremely to let him raise — 'build it up again,' as he used to say. My father, however, declined the operation, and not only remained with his handsome nose disfigured, but suffered a much greater inconvenience, which Liston had predicted — very aggravated deafness in old age."

"Of Thackeray's second visit to the United States, in the winter of 1855," writes Mr. Lunt in "Harper's Magazine," "I saw him still more familiarly than on the occasion of his first lecturing tour. During the earlier period I happened to be too much engaged in professional pursuits to leave much leisure for friendly or social intercourse, except, as I have observed, at our frequent meetings at table. After dinner I sometimes went with him to his apartments consisting of a parlour and bedroom, the most agreeable of any in the Tremont House, for a little social chat. On one of these occasions he recited to me his 'Ballad of Bouil-labaisse,' afterward printed in a collection of his poems which was published in Boston. But he was

certainly not a poet; that is, notwithstanding his power of writing such admirable prose, together with a knack of versifying, he did, after all, lack a certain mysterious qualification which goes to make up the complement of a poet — in a word, what a famous writer calls, in this relation, —

“‘The vision and the faculty divine.’

He gave those touching verses forth with emphatic expression and every manifestation of the tender feeling which must have inspired them. ‘But,’ said he, ‘they made no mark’ — referring to the fact that they had formerly appeared in some London periodical. But the truth is, an author cannot always tell what is the actual judgment in regard to his lighter productions, which may be much admired, though the knowledge of it may never come to his ears. I expressed my own gratification at the sentiment and spirit of his verses, which seemed to give him pleasure. Indeed, some passages of the poem have been often quoted, as exhibiting a peculiar softness, so to say, of feeling in one whom too many, not sounding the real depths of his nature, have regarded simply as a satirist and a cynic, because, looking more profoundly than they into the motives and springs of human action, he portrayed the baseness of some, as he certainly did display the more generous impulses and principles which governed the conduct of many of his more conspicuous characters.

“I remember once standing with Thackeray on the steps of the Tremont House, toward evening, when crowds were pouring into the Tremont Temple nearly opposite, to hear him deliver a lecture in behalf of some benevolent object, and I think the topic of the lecture was ‘Charity.’¹ ‘What in the world,’ said he, ‘can possess these people to flock to hear me speak an essay which was printed in last month’s “Harper’s Magazine,” and doubtless has been read by so many of them?’ I suggested that it was the way with numbers of our people to run after celebrities, and that after reading whatever he might have written, the impulse would be only the stronger to see him face to face. Besides, the price of admission to the prospective lecture was comparatively small, and many would attend who might not feel able to afford the higher sum demanded for his full course. In fact, it was the opportunity for the multitude, who constituted a different class from those who had secured places at his readings upon the ‘English Humourists’ and the ‘Four Georges.’ The audience, in fact, proved to be large, and

¹ The title of this address was “Charity and Humour.” It was first delivered in New York during his previous visit, and subsequently repeated with slight variations in London, for the benefit of the families of Thackeray’s friends, Angus B. Reach and Douglas Jerrold, and elsewhere in England and Scotland for charities. There is a little story of the former correcting Thackeray in the pronunciation of his name: “Re-ack, sir, is the proper thing,” he said across the dinner-table. Almost immediately Thackeray’s opportunity presented itself, when some peaches were placed before him, and, looking at his *vis-à-vis*, he remarked, “Mr. Re-ack, will you have a pe-ack?”

doubtless the proceeds in behalf of the benevolent project was correspondingly liberal.



Young active and beautiful the Countess de Draigées and Mademoiselle de la Bonheur were to each other an eternal attachment.

In the distance you perceive the Chateau of the Count

“To me Thackeray seemed a person of deeply religious convictions, though he certainly made no special professions of them, and of profound veneration for things holy: in a word, I thought him actuated by a sincere Christian spirit, as I think is



They are married, but after several years of union they
 are neither so slim nor so happy as they were
 They quarrel a good deal at meals & the
 Great grumbles about the horse in
 his dressing-gown

manifest in all his writings, whenever the circumstances warranted the manifestation of his sober



Having been aggravated by her husband all day Madame Desbrazées writes down her wrong in her ledger.

inward thought. I am sure, with all his dislike of hypocritical pretension and his disposition to hold it up to deserved obloquy, that he would have shrunk from the slightest trivial allusion by his companions

to the awful relations between this world and that which is to come. In one of our many conversations I mentioned to him the objections urged by



He has once more become agreeable but for whom? for Mademoiselle de Toffy who is staying with her aunt the neglected and no longer beautiful *M^{me} des Dancés* (née Bombouire)

an accomplished lady friend of mine to his assignment of good generous Colonel Newcome, at the close of his noble life, to the foundation of the hospital within the precincts of which his boyish days had been passed, and where his solemn 'Adsum' at the last ushered his brave spirit to the good man's



Disgusted with the Counts behaviour his lady steps out on the leads of
their apartment and ^{me} addresses de l'Entree and vows that she
will cast herself into the street

Well my dear says the unfeeling husband don't let me balk you.
upon w^t the poor unhappy injured but high spirited female

home of eternal rest. I write of it as if it were all real, as it truly seems to be. The lady thought it



upon not thinking
better of it, she returned
to the sleeping apartment
got into bed and, it is believed, slept well.
The maid heard her snoring a great deal, as well as her Lord
The weak but not altogether irrecoverable Count de Dragées.

a shame to bring such a man to what she thought a sort of degradation. 'Then,' said Thackeray, with more than usual earnestness of manner—

'then she is not a Christian!' This was in itself as much a profession of faith as if he had written volumes in defence of it. I suppose the excellent lady only meant to say, that in a worldly point of view, it shocked the 'offending Adam' in her, that so grand and simple a life as that of the beloved Colonel should not have been crowned with 'all that should accompany old age.'

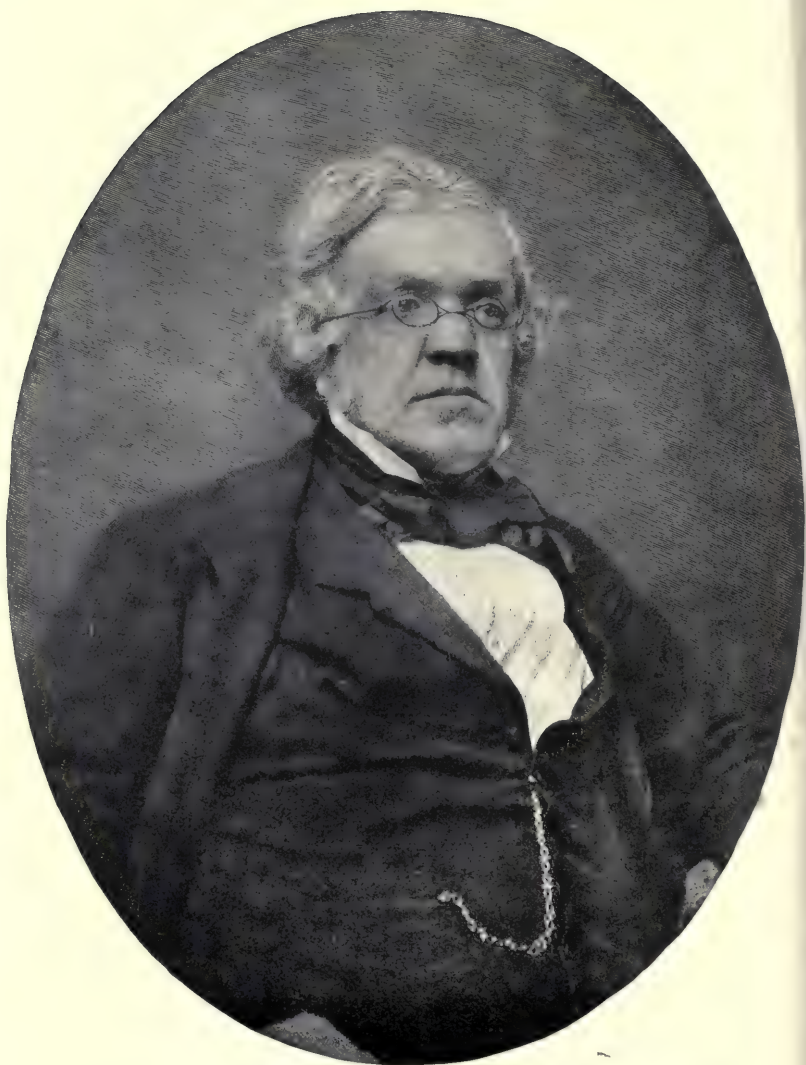
"It seems to be the fortune of those who are prominently before the public, in certain relations with it, to have a class of followers the motives of whose pursuit are not always intelligible, and it was a subject of amusement with Thackeray, that he, a grave gentleman past middle life, a philosopher and a novelist, not beautiful certainly, with white hair and in spectacles, dignified and somewhat reserved in manner should be exposed to this species of personal adulation. I am afraid he had occasion sometimes to set down the demonstrations in question to the disadvantage of the manners of some of the freer of our American girls, compared with the more staid demeanour of English young ladies with whom he was acquainted. Of course no imputation of a moral nature could arise, except as far as manners are in themselves indications of the inner moral sense. I know that one pretty young lady actually followed him to Boston from a distant city, whose respectable father came and reclaimed her from this Quixotic undertaking. Her countenance was known to me, and one day, walking with Thackeray on

Beacon Street, we met this infatuated young person coming from the opposite direction. He accosted her politely, and passed on without pause, remarking, as if to himself, with a sort of sigh of relief, 'Well, thank Heaven, that pipe is smoked out.' I was a good deal struck by the more than ordinary freedom of the expression from such a man, and on such an occasion. . . .

"Our primitive dinner hour at the Tremont House was half past two o'clock. On these occasions we generally had the company of an excellent lady already referred to: and I believe he really preferred these not very pretentious repasts to the formal feasts, at hours so much later, in fashionable society: for it was easy to see that his tastes in this respect were simple enough, and that his personal wants were easily satisfied. We had wine, commonly sherry, of which he moderately partook, to which was not unfrequently added a modest half bottle of champagne."

Writing to his family from the Clarendon Hotel, New York, Nov. 13, 1855, Mr. Thackeray says: "I have hardly made a visit yet—only to the good Baxters, and one or two more whose kindness is quite affecting. . . . I lectured at Brooklyn last night. Shows how much nervousness has to do with health: found an immense, brilliantly-lighted room, thronged chock up to the ceiling, and two thousand five hundred people I should think. Spoke the lecture as well as before, and ended





From a Photograph made of Thackeray in 1856, by Alman,
of New York

rather the better for having talked. Had good supper, a good sleep, woke early, actually dreaming that I was lecturing in London to three boys and three reporters. . . ." Of Mr. Charles King he writes: "A gentleman of the old school, — President of Columbia College, — editor of 'the American' newspaper, who sat at school at Harrow with Peel and Byron, and spoke still in admiration of Byron's pluck. Harrow challenged Eton to a match at cricket. Eton refused Harrow, saying Eton only played matches with Schools of Royal foundation." Mr. King also remembered Byron saying, "I am not good at cricket," alluding to his foot, "but if you will get up an eleven to fight an Eton eleven, I should like to be one of yours."¹ Mr. Thackeray continues: "The compliments somebody gets on all hands would please some ladies. One touched me yesterday. — Dr. Kane, the tremendous Arctic traveller, has just come back from the North, and he says he saw one of his seamen in one of the holds crouched over a book for hours and hours, and behold it was 'Pendennis.' Had a very pleasant dinner with Sam Ward and a party at Delmonico's; came home late, and had an *awful escape* — I tremble when I think of it. Took my key at the bar, entered my apartment, began straightway to pull off boots, etc. etc., when a sweet female

¹ Byron played for Harrow against Eton in 1805, scoring seven and two, in his two innings. The name of King does not appear among the players in that year.

voice from the room within, exclaimed 'Gorgie!' Had gone into the second-floor room instead of the third. I gathered my raiment together, and dashed out of the premises."

Who that saw Thackeray in this country in the fifties will ever forget that giant form, crowned with a stately and massive head, covered with almost snow-white hair? Said Fitz-Greene Halleck, who was five feet seven, to a young friend as they approached the English humourist and Bayard Taylor in Broadway: "Behold those two Brobdingnags coming this way. Together they measure twelve feet and several inches in their stockings." The youth was presented, a few words of cordial greetings were exchanged, and the giant *littérateurs* passed on. Halleck called his companion's attention to the fact that Thackeray had a particularly small hand, half inherited, his friend Fitzgerald suggested, from the Hindu people among whom he was born. I then mentioned to Halleck that a few months earlier I had seen Thackeray walking in London with his friend Matthew J. Higgins, a brilliant writer, best known by his *nom de guerre* of "Jacob Omnium," and great in every way, being six feet eight inches high and large in proportion.¹

¹ Thackeray told Dean Hole of Rochester Cathedral, who lectured in the United States a few years ago, of his having gone with "big Higgins" to see a Brobdingnagian show, and how the doorkeeper inquired "whether they were in the business, because, if so, no charge would be made." Perhaps of all Thackeray's ballads "Jacob Hom-



The Author when he met Thackeray



THE UNITED STATES 197

A few days later, Bayard Taylor received the following note from Thackeray:—

WEDNESDAY, CLARENDON [1855].

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR,— A card has just been given to me which you must have written without having received my note written and promised to be sent from the Albion to the Tribune yesterday. Young has arranged the Press Club dinner should take place on Saturday 17th instead of 24th and we shall meet there I hope.

And don't, don't give a dinner at Delmonico's please. I did yesterday and it is a sin to spend so much money on the belly. Let us have content and mutton chops and I shall be a great deal better pleased than with that godless disbursement of dollars. . . .

Notwithstanding Thackeray's protest, he was bidden to a Delmonico Sunday breakfast a few days later, and of all the eighteen choice spirits who were present at the delightful entertainment, when the chief guest gave "Dr. Martin Luther" and Curtis and Wallack sang the duet "Drink to me only with thine eyes," Richard Henry Stoddard remembers that he is the only survivor.

"I met Thackeray twice when he was in this nium's Hoss," is the most amusing. "Some of the lines," said Trollope, "are almost sublime":—

"Who was this master good,
Of whom I makes these rhymes?
His name is Jacob Homnium, Esquire;
And if I'd committed crimes,
Good Lord! I would n't 'ave that man
Attack me in the 'Times'!"

country," writes Mr. Stoddard, in "Harper's Magazine," "once at a press dinner, which was given him at the Astor House, and to which he came late, having just arrived from a journey. He was too ill to seat himself, though he entered the room in which the dinner was held, and my remembrance is that he shook hands cheerily with the friends that were nearest him, and then was borne off to bed. He was liable to sudden attacks, and his sufferings on these occasions were terrible. We all regretted his absence — none more than myself, for I wanted to see and hear the satirical historian of the Four Georges. We had a dull evening — at least I did, for I came to be introduced to Thackeray, and the genial, friendly talk of Washington Irving, to whom I was introduced instead, did not console me for my disappointment.

"A few days later I was in the editorial rooms of 'The Tribune,' where I met my good friend Bayard Taylor, who had been disappointed, like myself, at the press dinner, and he told me that he was going to give Thackeray a breakfast at Delmonico's on the Sunday morning following — Sunday being the only day at his disposal — and he asked me to be present. How well I remember that memorable morning, and how little I brought away from it! It was late in December — a bright, sharp morning, and the walk from my rooms to Delmonico's was inspiring. We met in Delmonico's parlour, some eight or ten of us — the Howadji I

think, was one — and waited until Thackeray, who was stopping at the Clarendon, came. I was introduced to him informally. He gave me the grip of his hearty hand, and we proceeded to the breakfast-room. I forget how we were placed at the table, nor does it matter. It was Thackeray that I came to see — that I wish to remember — not my right or left hand man, who, I have no doubt, was an author or an artist. It was the author of 'The Newcomes' that I wished to hear talk. As I am not a gourmand, I cannot remember whether the oysters were large or small, nor the order in which the wines were brought on, though I can remember that the proper order was discussed while we were sipping them. Breakfast over — and it was a long one — we lighted our cigars, changed chairs with each other, and chatted in groups of twos and threes. I took an empty chair beside Thackeray, as he motioned me to, detecting, no doubt, the admiration that I felt for him, and we had a pleasant chat. He had no idea that I hoped to be a man of letters some day, so we talked like men of the world, on whatever topic presented itself. Something that I said about theatricals (I was a dramatic critic at the time) led him to say that he had written a comedy, which he had left in Webster's hands — I think it was Webster's though it may have been Wigan's — with but small chance of its acceptance. I very earnestly told him that I could not understand how *he* should have a play refused. He said

he could, he had had so many things declined — ‘Vanity Fair,’ for example: besides, he added, there might be some defect in the play which would prevent its successful representation. Dumas was mentioned, and I noticed that in speaking of him Thackeray gave his name the Spanish and not the French pronunciation. He had chaffed Dumas, I remembered, in the ‘Paris Sketch Book,’ but it was for his dramas, not his novels. I asked him what he thought of the latter, especially ‘Monte Christo’ and ‘The Three Guardsmen.’ No one ever displayed, he thought, such prodigality of invention as Dumas. His novels were vastly entertaining. For himself, he was never weary of reading ‘Les Trois Mousquetaires.’ The exact language in which Thackeray expressed his admiration for Dumas has passed from my recollection, but the substance of it afterward took this form in print: ‘Of your heroic heroes, I think our friend Monseigneur Athos, Comte de la Fère, is my favourite. I have read about him from sunrise to sunset, with the utmost contentment of mind. I have passed through many volumes — forty? fifty? I wish from my heart there were a hundred more, and would never tire of him rescuing prisoners, punishing ruffians, and running scoundrels through the midriff with his most graceful rapier. Ah! Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, you are a magnificent trio!’ The feeling with which Thackeray inspired me was extravagant, I suppose, but it was sincere. I

felt toward him as he felt toward Shakspeare: Somebody interrupted our chat; we separated, shook hands when the company dispersed, and — I never met Thackeray again.

“ ‘ Ah, did you once see Shelley plain ?
 And did he stop and speak to y
 And did you speak to him again ?
 How strange it seems, and new ! ’ ”

It may be mentioned here that the two “big fellows” became great friends. With three possible exceptions, Thackeray admired Bayard Taylor more than any other American that he had met, and a few years later presented to him Schiller’s sword, perhaps his most valued possession; for Fields relates that on one occasion, when Thackeray desired a little service done for a friend, he remarked, with a quizzical expression, “Please say the favour will greatly oblige a man of the name of Thackeray, whose only recommendation is that he has seen Napoleon¹ and Goethe, and is the owner of Schiller’s sword.” Taylor bequeathed the sword to the museum of Weimar, where it may now be seen among many relics of Goethe and Schiller. Thackeray purchased it in Weimar, using it as a part of his court costume when, as a student

¹ Thackeray as a youth, while on a voyage from India to England, saw at St. Helena a short, fat man in white clothes, wearing a large straw hat. It was the hero of a hundred battles whose meteor-like career was closed by Wellington at Waterloo and whose funeral Thackeray witnessed in Paris. He afterward described it in the paper entitled “The Second Funeral of Napoleon.”

there, he was invited to the grand duke's ball and other entertainments.

Mr. Thackeray concluded the course with the following affecting passage: "O brothers! speaking the same dear mother tongue¹ — O comrades! enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest — dead whom millions prayed for in vain. Hush Strife and Quarrels over the solemn grave! Sound Trumpets a Mournful March. Fall Dark Curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy!"

During the delivery of these lectures many charges of disloyalty were brought against Thackeray by his countrymen in England, some journals asserting that he would not dare attempt to deliver them among his own people. One clerical worshipper of royalty sent a communication to a prominent paper, saying, "An elderly, infidel buffoon of the name of Thackeray has been lecturing on the subject of the Four Georges," while Mrs. Browning wrote to a friend: "I heard one of Thackeray's lectures, the one on George the Third, and thought

¹ In a similar strain Thackeray's friend Carlyle, in his first letter to Emerson, said, "We and you are not two countries, and cannot for the life of us be, but only two parishes of one country," and later he bequeathed valuable books to Harvard University, to make amends for his misjudgment of the American Civil War.

it better than good — fine and touching. To what is it people are objecting?"

"The Cunarder Africa has brought to Boston, among its other passengers, a visitor to whom America will give cordial welcome," wrote N. P. Willis. When Willis made his second visit to England in the summer of 1839, he made the acquaintance of Thackeray, and a month later engaged him as a contributor to "The Corsair," a weekly New York journal conducted by himself and Dr. Thomas O. Porter. In a private letter to his partner, dated London, July 26, Willis writes: "I have engaged a contributor to the 'Corsair.' Who do you think? The author of 'Yellowplush' and 'Major Gahagan.' I have mentioned it in my jottings, that our readers may know all about it. He has gone to Paris, and will write letters from there, and afterwards from London, for a guinea a *close column* of the 'Corsair' — cheaper than I ever did anything in my life. I will see that he is paid for a while to see how you like him. For myself, I think him the very best periodical writer alive. He is a royal, daring, fine creature too." The mention in the jottings referred to by Willis appeared in "The Corsair" a month later. The poet says in part: "Mr. Thackeray is a tall, athletic man of about thirty-five, with a look of talent that could never be mistaken. He has taken to literature after having spent a very large inheritance: but in throwing away the gifts of fortune, he has cultivated his natural

talents very highly, and is one of the most accomplished draftsmen in England, as well as the cleverest and most brilliant of periodical writers." In his first contribution, Thackeray concludes with a characteristic address to the editor, alluding to his feelings "in finding good friends and listeners among strangers far, far away—in receiving from beyond seas kind crumbs of comfort for our hungry vanities." His eight letters are signed T. T. (Timothy Titcomb, a pen-name adopted some years later by Dr. J. G. Holland). A few years later, in reviewing "Pencilings by the Way," and the story of "Brown's Day with the Mimpsons," Thackeray indulges in some good-natured fun at the expense of the American author and editor of whom he wrote: "It is comfortable that there should have been a Willis." In this country he spoke kindly of Willis and his writings. The "crushed orange blossom clinging to one of the heels" of Ernest Clay's boots was a Willis touch which immensely amused him. Whether it was owing to the delicate health of the American editor, or that he resented being quizzed by his former contributor, I cannot say; but, so far as I am aware, the two authors did not meet, or exchange any communications, while Thackeray was in this country. But I very distinctly remember that after Thackeray's death Willis spoke kindly of him, also expressing admiration for his writings and skill as an artist.

In his volume on Thackeray, his friend Anthony

Trollope writes: "I cannot but think that had he undertaken public duties for which he was ill qualified, and received a salary which he could hardly have earned, he would have done less for his fame than by reading to the public. Whether he did that well or ill, he did it well enough for the money. The people who heard him, and who paid for their seats, were satisfied with their bargain — as they were also in the case of Dickens: and I venture to say that in becoming publicly a reader, neither did Dickens or Thackeray 'Alter his position as a writer,' and 'that it was a change to be justified,' though the success of the old calling had in no degree waned. What Thackeray did enabled him to leave a comfortable income for his children and one earned honestly, with the full approval of the world around him. . . . It is, I think, certain that he had none of those wonderful gifts of elocution which made it a pleasure to listen to Dickens, whatever he read or whatever he said; nor had he that power of application by using which his rival taught himself with accuracy the exact effect to be given to every word. The rendering of a piece by Dickens was composed as an oratorio is composed, and was then studied by heart as music is studied. And the piece was all given by memory, without any looking at the notes or words. There was nothing of this with Thackeray. But the thing was in itself of great interest to educated people. The words were given clearly, with sufficient intonation for easy

understanding, so that they who were willing to hear something from him felt in hearing that they had received full value for their money. At any rate the lectures were successful. The money was made—and was kept.”

Thackeray's son-in-law, Sir Leslie Stephen, says: “Over-scrupulous Britons complained of Thackeray for laying bare the weaknesses of our monarchs to Americans who were already not predisposed in their favour. The Georges, however, had been dead for some time. . . . Although they (the lectures) have hardly the charm of the more sympathetic accounts of the ‘Humourists,’ they show the same qualities of style, and obtained general if not equal popularity.”

In the “Four Georges,” the great author gives an interesting bit of early autobiography which may properly find a place in this work from the circumstance of the passage having been written, as he said to “Sam” Ward, in the Clarendon Hotel. “When I first saw England,” writes Thackeray, “she was in mourning for the young Princess Charlotte, the hope of the Empire. I came from India as a child, (1817) and our ship touched at an island on our way home, where my black servant took me a long walk over rocks and hills until we reached a garden where we saw a man walking. ‘That is he!’ cried the black man. ‘That is Bonaparte! He eats three sheep a day and all the children he can lay hands on!’ With the same childish attendant

I remember peeping through the Colonnade at Carlton House, and seeing the abode of the Prince Regent. I can yet see the guards pacing before the gates of the palace! What palace? The place exists no more than the Palace of Nebuchadnezzar. It is but a name now."¹

Another Ward reminiscence is of his pointing out to his English friend on the window-pane of a noted New York mansion, now no longer standing, the name of a conceited celebrity who composed clever *vers de société*, written with a diamond, whereupon Thackeray promptly quoted Pope's epigram:

“ When I see a man's name
Scatched upon the glass,
I knows he owns a diamond,
And his father owns an ass.”

When Fanny Kemble first came to this country with her father Charles Kemble, Fitz-Greene Halleck became well acquainted with them. He was then, and always afterward, an admirer of the gifted daughter. In a notice of her play of “Francis the First,” written before she was eighteen, and her own part of Louise de Savoy, the poet stated that she had “a dark flashing eye, when roused in any degree, that streams with fiery rays, and, diamond-like, lights up the tints that show themselves through a brunette *shin*.” If the careless compositor of the morning journal had substituted “skin” for the

¹ The lecture on “George the Third,” from which these lines are taken, was completed in this country.

italicised word of the quotation, it would, of course, have been what the unlucky and exasperated Halleck wrote. Thackeray was convulsed with laughter as "Uncle Sam" Ward related the incident to him, and when he met Mrs. Kemble in London, they enjoyed a laugh together over the sad typographical slip, at which the sensitive poet was inclined to tear his hair. Mrs. Kemble was among the first contributors to the Halleck Monument.

CLARENDON, Thursday [1855].

MY DEAR CURTIS, — Don't forget the *partie carré* dinner at Delmonico's, the other merry blades being Bayard Taylor and Fred Cozzens; the day and hour, Saturday at seven sharp. That's all. Adoo!

W. M. THACKERAY.

[1856]

DEAR CURTIS, — Who can be the friend who asks for the signature of the unhappy

W. M. THACKERAY?

"No one," said Halleck to a young friend, "could be in Thackeray's company without the positive feeling that they were in the presence of a gentleman," adding, "Do you remember what he says on this subject? 'Gentlemen, — men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant and not only constant in its kind but elevated in its degree: whose want of meanness makes them simple; who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal manly sympathy for the great and the small.'" Another favourite quotation from Thackeray followed:

“If you take temptations into account, who is to say that he is better than his neighbour.”

At William Duer Robinson’s in Houston Street, Thackeray, after returning from the theatre, was discussing with the senior Wallack some love passages in Shakespeare, expressing admiration for several lines in Henry the Sixth, which he repeated with much feeling:—

“’T is not the land I care for, wert thou hence;
 A wilderness is populous enough,
 So Suffolk had thy heavenly company;
 For where thou art, there is the world itself
 With every several pleasure in the world;
 And where thou art not, desolation.”

As the Shakespeare conversation progressed, in which Curtis and Lester Wallack joined, it was concluded by Thackeray saying, with unfeigned earnestness: “Oh, how I should have liked to have been Shakespeare’s shoe-black, just to have lived in his house, to have been permitted to worship him, to have run on his errands, and daily seen that serene face!” Another Shakespearian allusion of a droll character is contained in the accompanying note from Dr. Horace Howard Furness of Philadelphia:—

“I was a boy of only sixteen or seventeen when Mr. Thackeray was in this country, and therefore, can by no means aspire to the honour of ‘intimacy with him.’ Have you ever seen a privately-printed account of his visit to Philadelphia written by the late William B. Reed? In it you will find Mr.

Thackeray's professions of extreme admiration for my sister's singing. To her (now Mrs. Caspar Wister) personally, he was as devoted as his short time in the city allowed. I shone only by reflected light and remained the silent auditor of his exuberant fun. The speech of his which remains in my memory and over which I laughed 'fit to split' was that he knew all about Shakespeare, he 'understood him': 'Shakespeare wrote solely for money and that when he had made enough he returned to Stratford, sat at his door and *sassed* passengers.' Maturer years have revealed to me that beneath that 'gracious fooling' there lies a germ of truth."

Dr. Furness, it may be mentioned, is the fortunate possessor of a precious relic which Thackeray greatly admired, — no less than a pair of genuine gloves worn by William Shakespeare. They are dull buff gauntlets, the deep cuffs of which are embroidered in gold. The actor John Ward gave them to David Garrick in 1769: Garrick's widow presented them to Sarah Siddons. Mrs. Siddons bequeathed the gloves to her daughter, who gave them to Fanny Kemble, from whom the Philadelphia Shakespearian scholar received the precious possession.

Conversing one evening at the Century Club with the poet Bryant and Verplanck the Shakespeare scholar, concerning the Delia Bacon claim that to Lord Bacon belonged the authorship of the Shakespeare plays, Thackeray said, "I could more easily believe that Shakespeare was the author of the 'No-



Spanish Letter Writers
by Wm. Thackeray

vum Organum,' than that Bacon wrote 'Macbeth,'” also remarking that when Miss Bacon presented a

letter of introduction from Emerson to his friend Carlyle, his reply was: "Lord Bacon could as easily have created this planet as he could have written Hamlet." Verplanck said it was "nonsense and tomfoolery — the subject seemed too absurd for serious consideration," and Bryant believed by adopting the method of the Baconians, that he "could make just as good a claim for Jeremy Taylor." In answer to the recent revival of this craze, which appears perennially, Sir Henry Irving, before leaving our shores lately, said at Princeton University: "When the Baconians can show that Ben Jonson was either a fool or a knave, or that the whole world of players and playwrights at that time was in a conspiracy to palm off on the ages the most astounding cheat in history, they will be worthy of serious attention."

The name of William Henry Wills, the friend and associate of Charles Dickens in the editorship of "Household Words" and "All the Year Round," being mentioned, Thackeray remarked, in allusion to his diminutive size, somewhat resembling De Quincey, "Yes, I know him and his agreeable wife, who is a sister of William and Robert Chambers of Edinburgh." It was of Wills that Douglas Jerrold affirmed, that he had all his life been training to go up a gas-pipe, and that his musical wife, who loved the songs of her native land, would sing, with a sly glance at her small husband, "Better be mairried to somethin' than not to be mairried awa!" *En passant*



The Belgian soldiers had pockets in their coats for convenience of their hands; when under arms,



Belgian soldiers and others, from a Thackeray Sketch-Book



it may be mentioned that the present Editor of "Chambers' Journal," a grandson of one of its founders, is the possessor of one of the most complete sets known of first editions of Thackeray, and also an equally complete set of first editions of the writings of Charles Dickens.

From the Clarendon Hotel, during the winter of 1855-56, Thackeray wrote two letters to his old friend Frank Fladgate, the Nestor of the Garrick Club.¹ He was familiar with the records of the English stage and an enthusiastic Shakespearian. Thackeray said to Wallack senior, who was intimate with him, that he supposed Fladgate had not a single enemy in or out of the club. These letters were sold in London in July, 1900, the latest one, from which the extract is taken, selling at Sotheby's for twenty pounds or one hundred dollars.

TO FRANK FLADGATE, GARRICK CLUB, LONDON.

CLARENDON HOTEL, NEW YORK,
Wednesday, Nov. 14th, 1855.

MY DEAR FRANK, — How does all the G. (Garrick) do? I'm sure you'll be glad to hear I'm doing famously well.

¹ Serjeant Ballantine, writing in the spring of 1882 (he died five years later), says: "Of course in recording old reminiscences it would be impossible to forget Frank Fladgate, now, I believe the father of the Garrick Club, and who for all the years it has existed, and through all its changing scenes, has never made an enemy. No one of the present day is so conversant with the records of the stage and the lives of its greatest actors; and it is a real treat to listen to his pleasant talk, and note his adoration of his beloved Shakespeare." Among the members of the Garrick Club, Fladgate was, perhaps, Thackeray's greatest admirer.

At first there was a doubt — almost a defeat. The people did not know what to make of George I. and his strumpets. Morality was staggered. But they liked better and better with each lecture, and now they're done and the success of the affair beyond a question. Last night at Brooklyn there were twenty-five hundred persons at the lecture. I'm to repeat them here again, beginning Thursday, and in December go to Boston where a letter that some kind fellow writes by the Liverpool mail of Saturday, December 1st will be sure to reach me. I wonder whether he will. I should like to have news of the G. You'll do what I have not: read my friend the Herald's attack on me. Never read that sort of thing; too old a hand. Two or three more have hit into me, but the attacks don't matter here.

Will you please go over — no, I've altered that. Instead of begging you to go to Daniel, I'll write to Daniel. Have seen old Jim Wallack. Dine with him next Sunday. Says he's doing a very good business; came to my lectures. "When do you do George second?" says he. He had been at the lecture about George the Third the night before. Shall make a nice little pot of money here, eight hundred pounds, between 1st November and 4th December, *et vogue la galère*.

Good bye my dear Frank. Hands to all, to Stanny and David and Peter and every one, says

Yours always W. M. THACKERAY.

"I know you will be glad to hear that I have done as well in January as in December, and much better as far as popularity goes, Boston being far better pleased than New York with my compositions. I am just back from Buffalo, 500 miles off, twenty

hours by railway in the snow, it would have taken three weeks to travel from place to place in the old times, in our times, and instead I thank the railways for putting these thousands of dollars in my pocket. Oh Sir, the West is a great place. I have only just seen the portal of it, but it's wonderful. The boys must come here. Wealth grows here, its first crop pays the fee simple of a farm : send your boys out and accustom them to the shovel and hoe, and when big enough, to start them for this West. For you and me the old country is the best. How I wish I was back, I hate the money grubbing, but for the young ones' sake, we must continue it, and for old age, when no man may work."

Among Thackeray's most intimate friends during his several sojourns in New York, was William Young (1809-1888), son of an English admiral, who married an American lady, and from 1848 till 1867, was editor of "The Albion," a weekly journal devoted to British news and interests. Repeating to Young the "Great Thacker" St. Louis story,¹ he added: "There is really a Robert and Thomas Thacker, also such variety of the name as

¹ Fields informs us that another Tremont House Milesian of Boston addressed him as Mr. *Thackuarey!* and Judge Daly delighted him with the gift of two eighteenth-century engravings, published by Thackara and Vallance of Philadelphia, one a rare Plan of the City of Washington, the other an equally scarce picture of Niagara Falls dated 1790. To Daly the great man said: "My American cousin has approached nearer to the ancient spelling of the name than any of us moderns in England."

Thackhard, Thackuree, Thackrah, Thackwray and Thackeberries, known as English writers of the past and present centuries.”¹ Bayard Taylor, being mentioned, Thackeray said: “By the way, Young, do you know that men of your name are numerous among the Knights of the pen? The Smiths are of course first, the Williams and Wilson families are good seconds, and then follow the Taylors, among whom I have many friends, but none of the name that I admire more than Bayard. Behind the Taylors march the multitudinous army of Browns, Jones and Robinsons.”

Apropos of the tall American poet, a correspondent writes: “I have a book of Bayard Taylor’s, no doubt presented to Thackeray by the author, with the well-known stamped monogram (W. M. T.) on the titlepage. The leaves are entirely uncut!

“ ‘ On Taylor’s titlepage appears,
Titmarsh’s monogram embossed,
But neither over-night’s dog-ears,
Nor eager paper-knife have crossed
The crisp, unopened, unread pages!
So do we reciprocate the world’s great Sages! ’ ”²

Thackeray mentioned to Taylor, whom he affectionately called Bayard, his having “bed books,”

¹ Among the treasures of perhaps the most valuable private library in the United States is a volume printed in London, early in the seventeenth century, by “A. W. for W. Thackeray, at the Angel in Duck Lane.”

² Can this be the volume that Thackeray in a letter to Cozzens, dated 1857, says, “helped me over the voyage”?

with which, when wakeful at night, as frequently happened, he could amuse himself. His favourites for this purpose were, said Taylor, dear old Pepys, Howell, Montaigne, and a battered old copy of



Drawn by Thackeray for the cover of "Vanity Fair"

Boswell's Johnson. Readers of the "Roundabout Papers" may remember in the one "On Two Children in Black," Thackeray writes, "Montaigne and Howell's 'Letters' are my bedside books. If I wake at night, I have one or other of them to prattle me to sleep again. They talk about themselves

for ever, and don't weary me. I like to hear them tell their old stories over again. I read them in the dozy hours, and only half remember them." Speaking of "Henry Esmond," of which Taylor was an enthusiastic admirer, the latter remarked, "I have an impression that many of Thackeray's readers are more indebted for their knowledge of English history of the period covered by Esmond, than from any and every other source. I also believe with Dr. 'Rab' Brown, that at the last, Thackeray was the greatest master of pure English in our day." In response to the inquiry if he placed him higher than Ruskin, he replied: "Well, no, I do not. They deserve to stand side by side, as the two greatest writers who have used the language of Shakespeare and Milton during the present century." Taylor added: "Thackeray always alluded to himself as an old man," remarking on one occasion that "he was fortunate in not taking up the profession of letters too young." He had not, as Douglas Jerrold said, "to take down the shutters before there was anything in the shop windows." After Thackeray's marriage and loss of fortune by *The Constitutional* he laboured energetically in London at a variety of literary hackwork, reviewing Carlyle's "French Revolution" in the "Times" during 1837. The author of the article, Carlyle informed a friend, "is one Thackeray, a half monstrous Cornish giant, kind of painter, Cambridge man, and Paris newspaper correspondent who is writing for his life in London. I

have seen him at the Bullers' and Sterling's." Taylor showed me the last letter that he received from Thackeray, of which I only remember that it



Mademoiselle Léocadie rapporte le linge du Capitaine
Miss Leocadia reports the Captain's linning

was dated 1863, and ended with *auf wiedersehen*, dear Bayard.

“The first lecture of the course on ‘The Four Georges of England,’ by Mr. William M. Thackeray, was delivered on Thursday evening of last week, in Dr. Chapin’s church, to a crowded and most intelligent audience. Although the lecture was an hour and a half long,—and curtailed at that, unfortunately for the delighted listeners,—it was heard with the closest attention from beginning to end. The matter and the manner of the dis-

tinguished lecturer was most happy. Dealing with materials of history which, in the hands of any but a master, would be deficient in interest, especially to the American mind, he threw around the humble scenes and events he depicted, an atmosphere of vivid romance. And yet he never appears to transcend the limits of historic truth in the smallest statement, — thus making his keen analysis of the customs and manners of the times he is describing most valuable to the student. Modestly disclaiming all title to the character of historian, he proceeded, as a simple analyst of humble life as it bears on courts and kings, and produced a most elaborate picture — too elaborate for a lecture — of the Contemporary times.”¹

“Mr. Thackeray’s lectures,” writes Willis, “have all been attended by overflowing audiences, — overflowing in numbers and appreciation. They were distinguished by a minute and fine limning of the domestic court life of the time of the GEORGES, and were most agreeably spiced with humour. The style in which they are written is eminently pure, lively, and epigrammatic, and the speaker’s delivery was most admirable. . . . Thackeray’s discourse upon the Contemporaries of the ‘Four Georges’ was more interesting than the string of royalty on which those beads were strung. It might lead Mr. Thackeray, we think, to adopt that as his field of Lecturing, and induce him to go on with

¹ Willis in the “Home Journal,” November 10, 1855.

that biographical and anecdotal delineation of celebrities which no man living can do so well."

In November, 1855, Willis writes: "Dr. Frothingham, who is one of the well-known authors of our time, in presenting a lady with a copy of Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair,' accompanied his gift with the following lines:—

‘Here is “Vanity Fair” ;
And well may you stare
At a title so strange and so new,
In whose heart lurks no vanity
Or pretending insanity,
And the selfish and false never grew.
Does not famed Mr. Thackeray
Of the best wisdom lack a ray,
When he writes down the world as untrue :
And to women above all
Pays but cynic approval —
All silly or vicious or blue ?
With his “insight ” and outer,
And his spirit a flouter,
And a sinister twist in his view —
Ah ! he would not have painted
Folks so hollow and tainted,
Had he once been acquainted
With You.’

That Thackeray's certainly most gifted and brilliant pen paints the world *too* 'hollow and tainted,' is our impression. The eminent divine we have quoted is right. But the fact is that Thackeray (as we know from having listened to his eloquent talk in his

more genial hours), has an undercurrent of warm feeling on which he does not draw when writing for the public. His surface is bitter, his heart is sweet. Let us hope he will give us a book from the *inner* life he has lived as a change from his *outer* one."

A few weeks later Willis writes in the "Home Journal," "we see by one of Thackeray's ballads that he has found twenty-five RHYMES for the word 'Lille.' Even this does not give so good an idea of his skill at rhyming, however, as a single rhyme which he recently perpetrated in a merry hour when some bright wits were improvising — (compulsory words given, that is to say, to which he, in turn, was to make extemporary and rhyming verse). Two of his lines ran thus, —

‘Then where was the Countess *Guiccioli*,
Whom Lord Byron saw *habitually* —’

An exact rhyme, according to the usual English pronunciation of the two words, and quite unsurpassed for droll ingenuity."

During Thackeray's second visit an incident occurred at the house of Mr. George P. Putnam, the New York publisher, of which the following account was given by Richard B. Kimball, the well-known writer, who died in 1892. He said: "While I was enjoying a conversation with Thackeray at the Putnam reception, in company with several ladies and gentlemen, the conversation

touching mainly upon the merits of American and English literature, Mr. Putnam advanced, bringing Dr. Griswold with him, whom he introduced to Thackeray. The English novelist, after ac-



A Hanging Scene, by Thackeray

knowledging the introduction with a certain degree of courtesy, drew himself up to his full height, and with an air of self-consciousness exclaimed, 'Dr. Griswold, I am told you say I am a Snob. Tell me, do I look like a Snob?' Not in the least discomposed, Dr. Griswold looked his querist full in the face and replied in his low, quiet tone: 'Mr. Thackeray, I have not as yet printed my opinion of you.'" Mr. Putnam also gave

a version of the same incident in his magazine for December, 1869. He writes: "At one of the little gatherings of bookmen, editors, and artists at my house, Mr. Thackeray was talking with a lady when Dr. Rufus A. Griswold came up and asked me to introduce him, which was of course done. Thackeray bowed slightly, continuing his conversation with the lady. Presently, the Doctor having slipped away for a moment, the novelist said to me inquiringly, 'That's Rufus, is it?' 'Yes, that's he.' 'He's been abusing me in the "Herald,"' pursued the satirist. 'I've a mind to charge him with it.' 'By all means,' I replied, 'if you are sure he did it.' 'Positive.' So he stalked across to the corner where Griswold stood, and I observed him looking down from his six-foot elevation on the Doctor's bald head and glaring at him in half-earnest anger through his glasses, while he pummelled him with his charge of the 'Herald' articles. The Doctor, after a while escaping, quoted him thus: 'Thackeray came and said to me: "Doctor, you've been writing ugly things about me in the 'Herald,'—you called me a SNOB; do I look like a SNOB?" and he drew himself up and looked thunder gusts at me.'"

Thackeray was much interested in meeting at a friend's house in New York, Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher, with whom he spent some agreeable hours. In his "Lyra Hibernica" is included

“The Battle of Limerick,” in which the gallant Irish soldier is introduced as “Young Meagher of the Sword.” Thackeray writes:—

“Then we summoned to our board
 Young Meagher of the Sword;
 ’Tis he will sheathe that battle-axe in Saxon gore :

 “ ‘Cut down the bloody horde !’
 Says Meagher of the Sword,
 ‘This conduct would disgrace any blackamore.’ ”

General Meagher, while admiring his writings, severely criticised Thackeray’s “barbarous Irish brogue,” and said, “Charles Lever understood better how to do it.” With this view “The Academy” coincides, saying in November, 1901, “There has always been a great deal of bad ‘brogue’ written by Englishmen. G. W. Steevens wrote ‘praste,’ evidently assuming that as the Celt says ‘baste’ for ‘beast,’ he will say ‘praste’ for ‘priest,’ whereas he is more likely to say ‘priesht.’ Thackeray, super-excellent at depicting Irish character, made his Irishmen speak impossible brogue. He blended the barbarisms of a dozen dialects in the mouth of Captain Costigan. Kipling did much the same with Mulvaney. English dabblers in brogue copied Thackeray for years; then they copied Kipling, and, when the inimitable Dooley ‘came to the fore,’ they took a fresh turn and made all their Irishmen speak the brogue of Mayo.”

An author's judgment of his own writings not infrequently differs from that of his friends and admirers. When Thackeray inquired of Halleck during his second visit to the United States which he preferred of his poetical progeny, the latter replied by repeating the following stanza — one of thirty-eight — from his noble poem on Burns: —

“ Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
 Shrines to no code or creed confined, —
 The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
 The Meccas of the mind.”

In answer to a similar inquiry from Halleck, Thackeray replied with the following lines: —

“ It was but a moment she sat in this place,
 She 'd a scarf on her neck and a smile on her face,
 A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
 And she sat there and bloomed in my cane-bottom'd chair.”

Few, probably, of Thackeray's American admirers would select “The Cane-bottom'd Chair” as the best of his poetical lines, nor would the majority of Halleck's countrymen place his favourite above “Marco Bozzaris” and “Alnwick Castle.”

Maunsell B. Field, the author of “Memories of Many Men,” was among Thackeray's American friends. He writes: “I had a less intimate acquaintance with Thackeray when in this country than with G. P. R. James, but I also knew the former very well. We used constantly to meet on Saturday evenings at the Century Club, of New

York, which then occupied a modest house in Clinton Place. Mr. Thackeray much enjoyed the company and the entertainment that he always



A Thackeray Sketch

found there, and sometimes protracted his visits late into the night. He usually unbent his bow to a very slack cord, and his ironical teasing he seldom laid aside. I happened to be there one evening after all had left except Thackeray, George William

Curtis and Leutze, the painter. Thackeray and Curtis fell to talking about a most respectable young lady whom we all knew. Thackeray was unlimited in his expressions of admiration for her, in some of which Mr. Curtis, in the most gentleman-like manner declined to concur. We were all surprised, and I confess, somewhat shocked to hear Thackeray close the discussion by saying, 'Well, Curtis, you may say what you please about her, but she is a devilish good fellow!' He then took out his watch, said that it was late, and that he must go home. 'To-morrow,' he remarked, 'I have to accompany a lady to church. In the afternoon I shall go to Philadelphia. When I arrive there, I mean to go directly to the Club, and forthwith begin to intoxicate myself.' Of course, this was mere badinage, but it was Thackeray all over.

"I was one day walking up the Avenue of the Champs Élysées," writes Mr. Field, "when I met Mr. Thackeray, whom I had last seen in New York. He joined me, and we had proceeded some distance when he recognised a young gentleman on the other side of the street. The stranger, a tall and uncommonly handsome person, immediately crossed over to meet him and I stepped aside. I overheard Thackeray ask what had brought him to Paris. He answered that he had come only for pleasure. 'And have you found it?' drawled the great author with a slight sneer in his voice as if pleasure, as a pursuit, was an unworthy object for any man's ambition. When they parted and Thackeray again took my arm, he

said, 'Of course you know the young man with whom I was just speaking?' I answered that I did not. 'You don't mean to tell me,' he continued, 'that you, who have been so much in London, don't know him?' I assured him that I had no recollection of ever meeting the gentleman before. 'Why,' said Thackeray, 'that is the Marquis of Farintosh.' 'And *who* is the Marquis of Farintosh?' I inquired, 'Why, the Marquis of Bath, of course.' This led to a conversation about several other characters in his books. He told me that his own mother was the prototype of Helen Pendennis, but that the copy fell very far short of the original. He also told me who had sat for the portrait of Harry Foker,¹ but all the town knows about that.

"I then remarked to Thackeray that he must have been intimately acquainted with many French families of the highest class; that his French characters were more accurately and delicately drawn than those of any other English writer whom I had ever read — and to this opinion I still adhere. He assured me that on the contrary, he had never in his life been intimate in a single French family. This is very surprising, for he has exhibited in his books the most profound knowledge of the French,

¹ A curious compound of drollery, impudence, and simplicity, named Andrew Arcedeckne, was the original "Harry Foker," who figures in "Pendennis." Serjeant Ballantine was intimate with him, and he informed an American friend that the gentleman was rather pleased with the celebrity conferred upon him by Thackeray, whom he usually greeted with "Hello, Thack!"

as well as of their manners, and he has dissected the former and depicted the latter with the most wonderful skill and without any false deductions or tendency to caricature.



A Thackeray Drawing

“I used to see a good deal of Mr. Thackeray. He was living at that time in his new house at Brompton which he told me he had purchased, together with the furniture contained in it, from the proceeds of his lectures in America upon the Four Georges. When I found him at home he was sometimes engaged in dictating to his daughter, and my calls on these occasions were necessarily brief.

His health was not very good, and he often dictated lying upon the bed while Miss Thackeray sat upon a chair at his side, with a table before her on which she wrote. I dined with him one day at the Reform Club. He was a great *gourmet*, although not a great eater, and that day he was suffering from a severe headache. After the soup and fish had both been removed, he told me that the next dish would be one of his own invention. It proved to be a boiled pheasant with a *soultise* sauce, and it was really delicious. Between us we could not eat more than one half of the bird, and he sent what remained, with his compliments, to a friend who was dining on the other side of the room. Such a proceeding would appear odd in one of our New York clubs, but I presume it could not be unusual there.

“I was once walking with Mr. Thackeray, when something was said by me about Mr. Dickens. Thereupon, Thackeray in the most *naïve* manner in the world, remarked that it was strange, but nevertheless a fact, that Dickens’s publishers sold five copies of any one of his books for one which *his* booksellers sold of any of his. It did not appear to me so very singular, but I did not say so. The one appealed only to the cultivated class, the other to all classes. The one was a great humourist and moral anatomist, and the other a great humanitarian. I then referred to the rumour, at that time in general circulation, that Dickens was in pecuniary embarrassments by reason of his extravagant living,

and was contemplating a flight from England to avoid his creditors. Thackeray with great warmth denied the story as a gross calumny. He said that he was acquainted with Dickens's affairs, and that, so far from exceeding his means, he had always lived within them. He complained very much of the annoyances of notoriety: that he could not walk a foot in London without being recognised, and that he found this a great penalty for literary fame."

Thackeray said to Curtis that the account of the amazing capture of the "Serapis" by Paul Jones was perhaps the most extraordinary sea-fight between single ships recorded in naval annals, and Mrs. Ritchie, writing of her father's last days, says: "Sometimes we found him in great spirits, as when he had been reading about the famous fight of the 'Serapis,' a stirring thing indeed." In one of his last letters concerning "Denis Duval" written to his publisher, Dec. 17, 1863, Thackeray says: "I was to be taken prisoner by Paul Jones, when I had to come to bed." Again, in the closing sentence of the last paragraph but two he wrote, before laying aside his pen for ever, Thackeray puts into the mouth of the hero of his unfinished story of "Denis Duval,"¹ a member of the crew of the "Serapis," these words:

¹ Charles Dickens said of "Denis Duval," "In respect to earnest feelings, far-seeing purpose, character, incident, and a certain living picturesqueness blending the whole, I believe it to be much the best of all his works."

“Traitor if you will was Monsieur John Paul Jones, afterward Knight of his Most Christian Majesty’s Order of Merit: but a braver traitor never wore a sword.” In the very last paragraph, he describes the heroic American captain as an “irresistible enemy.” The hero Jones himself said, “’T will be well known wherever naval combats are spoken of!” From the “Serapis,” Thackeray drifted off to another stirring sea subject, saying, a great topic for a story would be the glorious action off Cape Danger, when striking to the powers above, the “Birkenhead” went down, the soldiers standing shoulder to shoulder as the ship sank, *all* the women and children having been saved. Curtis expressed the opinion that had Thackeray written a work on this country it would have been the best and most impartial book that had appeared in the United States, also that “The Virginians” did not equal his other chief work, displaying less power than “Pendennis,” “Vanity Fair,” his second best, “The Newcomes,” and “Henry Esmond,” — that it contained some distinctly weak pages, such as those devoted to Johnson and Richardson, who do not appear to advantage. Speaking of Thackeray’s greatest novel, he said the passage which concludes the thirteenth chapter describing Colonel Esmond’s visit to his mother’s last resting-place in the Brussels Convent Cemetery was among the most exquisite in the English language.

The famous Ticknor story, first related by Anthony Trollope and briefly told by Curtis, re-

appeared in 1901, in the following paragraph from the pen of a writer in "Murray's Magazine": "Thackeray looked in the glass and poked fun at himself and others with the utmost impartiality. His broken nose, his 'goggles,' his pursed-up mouth, 'those blue eyes with child-like candour lit,' indeed himself we find cropping up in his drawings in the most unexpected manner, and in all sorts of compromising and ridiculous situations. He was not over-considerate of his own feelings when in America, as Trollope tells us, he met at dinner a literary gentleman of high character, middle-aged, and of most dignified deportment. The gentleman was one whose character and acquirements stood very high, — deservedly so, — but who in society had that air of wrapping his toga round him, which adds, or is supposed to add, many cubits to a man's height. But he had a broken nose. At dinner he talked much of the tender passion, and did so in a manner that stirred up Thackeray's feeling of the ridiculous. 'What has the world come to,' said Thackeray out loud to the table, 'when two broken-nosed old fogies like you and me sit talking about love to each other?' The gentleman [George Ticknor] was astonished, and could only sit wrapping his toga in silent dismay for the rest of the evening."

While *en route* from Saratoga, Oct. 18, 1877, with Curtis, who had delivered an eloquent oration at the laying of the corner-stone of the battlefield

monument, the conversation with his companion turned to Thackeray. He expressed the opinion that, like his predecessor as well as successor, Charles Dickens, although he addresses us as "brothers speaking the same dear mother tongue," Thackeray did not care much for this country or its people generally. Both, however, had many warm personal friendships with Americans, and not a few correspondents. This was particularly true of Thackeray, and to some kindred spirits on this side of the Atlantic he wrote in terms of warmest affection, addressing them in endearing terms, and frequently by their first names. Thackeray's dislike of things American, Curtis continued, was simply his insular intolerance, for he was equally unfair in his estimate of France and her people, and he admitted that the great writer was not entirely free from that common English air of condescension and superiority to all human beings not born in their country. In concluding his remarks on this topic Curtis commended his companion to read Lowell's charming essay on "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners," and then surprised him by quoting several passages from Thackeray apparently photographed on his memory, and including both prose and verse. One of these extracts is preserved to this day as an example of the pencilled chirography of Curtis, in a rapid railway car: "Never lose a chance of saying a kind word. As Collingwood never saw a vacant place in his estate, but he took an acorn out of his pocket

and popped it in, so deal with your compliments through life. An acorn costs nothing, but it may sprout into a prodigious bit of timber. W. M. Thackeray, per G. W. C.”

Among Thackeray's New York friends was Dr. John W. Francis, the distinguished physician and entertainer of actors, artists, authors, and other notabilities in his large mansion, No. 1 Bond Street. His surviving son writes: "I remember two facts which may interest you. Thackeray was dining with my father when a poor coloured man came and said his wife was in labour. My father immediately left the table informing his chief guest that he never allowed anything to interfere with his professional duties proceeded to the house of his patient. He was absent over three hours and Mr. Thackeray was just on the point of leaving when he returned. The English author was greatly impressed with my father's devotion to his profession, and he afterwards told me it was a very painful thing for him to leave such a guest, and also a great disappointment. On another occasion when speaking of bridges in England, my father jestingly remarked, you must know quite a number of them. Thackeray smiled and said there was one bridge he never could get over. On being asked what bridge he replied, 'The bridge of my nose,' and he then explained how it had been injured, expressing the opinion that it might have been better treated surgically. After his return from his lecture tour, he told us of

several things, first his disgust with a tailor when he went to have his vest repaired, calling out to his assistant to come and take it, saying, 'This *man* wishes his vest repaired,' adding as he turned to Thackeray, 'This *gentleman* will attend to you.' Second, his surprise when he awoke from a nap in the cars to find his newspaper in the hands of a person who shared the seat with him. On asking for his newspaper the man said, 'I thought I might as well read your paper while you boozed off.' He then expressed himself as delighted with the story of the Yankee, who when walking in London with a lantern replied in answer to the inquiry why he carried it, 'That England was so small he was afraid he might step off!'"¹

With an account of the Doctor's reception of a young Scottish nobleman who presented a letter of introduction, as related to him by Henry T. Tuckerman, Thackeray was so much entertained that he told the incident on his return to London. When the bashful visitor entered the library, Dr. Francis was seated with a friend, and giving a hasty glance at his credentials only sufficient to learn his place of nativity, he burst forth: "Glad to see you, Doctor — welcome to New York — a plate and a bed are at your service here at old No. 1, Bond Street. How comes on dear old Edinburgh? How is the man-

¹ This last incident appears to be a variant of Thackeray's story of the Kentuckian as related by him during his first visit, on the occasion of the evening party in the studio of "Tom" Hicks.

of-feeling, darling Mackenzie? How is Dugald Stewart? Mrs. Grant of Laggan? Sir Walter Scott? Christopher North? The Ettrick Shepherd? Auld Lang Syne Burns and all the rest? Doctor, this is my old friend the major,—the descendant of the first white child born on the island of Manhattan—a walking chronicle, dear Doctor—will tell you everything about old New York.” To this astonishing address, the visitor made no answer beyond a few incoherent words, murmured that he would call again, and then hastily fled. One of his facetious host’s friends encountered the departing guest, standing in a brown study outside the front door, tapping his forehead and soliloquising, “Can’t be right here—singular man—Burns and Scott are dead, and I am not acquainted with the rest; I’m not a doctor, as he might have known, if he had read the letter, and I don’t care about that first white child; curious people, the Americans, you know—crazy—don’t you see?”

Thackeray, frequently among American friends, during both visits to this country, quoted Sydney Smith’s clever sayings, entertaining funny recollections of the wise and witty canon of St. Paul’s Cathedral, with whom he was well acquainted, and also with his son-in-law, Sir Henry Holland. Speaking one evening at a New York dinner-table of his friend Macaulay and his wonderful-conversational powers, he quoted Canon Smith as saying on the

occasion of the English historian being ill with quinsy that he was suffering from "suppressed conversation," and having talked for forty minutes the patient felt greatly relieved. Thirty years later the second Duke of Wellington, writing to me, remarked: "I was acquainted with Sydney Smith, and wish like yourself, that my acquaintance had been confined to sitting in his chair at his son-in-law's dinner table: for I honour cleverness, particularly when it is lighthearted and blithesome: but I disliked Sydney Smith, for he was noisy, tyrannical, and vulgar. Unfortunately he had a loud voice, which he made louder still if anybody attempted to amuse the company but himself. You must not suppose that I ever had any pretension of the kind in his presence. I was but a young and silent spectator. Thackeray was a gentleman, and I am, indeed, surprised to learn that he admired Sydney Smith."

Soon after Thackeray delivered his lecture on the "Four Georges" in Boston, a story came from that city to Dr. S. I. Prime, then in charge of the department of "Harper's Magazine" known as the "Editor's Drawer." While in Boston the burly Briton, according to the anecdote, was invited to dine with a certain Mr. Smith, a pompous but uncultivated person of large wealth. He of course gave his guest a good dinner; among his many vegetables was a dish of onions, which Thackeray very naturally declined. Smith, who lisped, said:

“Misther Thackeray, take thome of thothe thilver-sthkin onionths; they have no thmell. When I eat the red sthkin onionths, my wife thays, Thmith, I thmell gath; but when I eat thethes thilver-sthkins, my wife don’t thmell gath at all.” The editor of the “Drawer” thought this was a good story for Boston, and inserted it, changing the name “Smith” to “Jones” for safety. Not long after publication, the Harpers received an indignant letter from Mr. Jones, of Boston, protesting against being held up to ridicule in the “Drawer.” It seems that the story was an “ower true tale;” that Jones, whom everybody knew as a great swell, and aspiring but unrefined, had dined the English lecturer; he also lisped in his talk. So much at least was veritable. The correspondent who sent the story had given the name “Smith” to veil the identity of “Jones.” The editor had removed the veil, and Jones stood revealed and angry. Apologies were tendered, and the matter smoothed over, but the correspondence was watched more closely than before.

During the evening Story the sculptor, on his last visit to his native land, repeated at a New York dinner-table, with much enjoyment to his hearers, as well as to himself, the speech delivered by the distinguished Mr. Washington Jackson at the Bellows-Menders’ banquet, as reported by Thackeray, in his delightful account of that celebrated “Dinner in the city”: “He explained how Broadway and Corn-

hill were in fact the same. He showed how Washington was in fact an Englishman,—and how Franklin would never have been an American but for his education as a printer in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He declared that Milton was his first cousin, Locke his ancestor, Newton his dearest friend, Shakespeare his grandfather, or more or less—he vowed he had wept tears of briny anguish on the pedestal of Charing Cross—kissed with honest fervour the clay of Runnymede—that Ben Jonson and Samuel—that Pope and Dryden, and Dr. Watts and Swift, were the darlings of his hearth and home, as of ours, and in a speech of about five and thirty minutes explained to us, a series of complimentary sensations very hard to repeat or remember.”

Returning to Boston, Thackeray's lectures were listened to there as in New York, by large and appreciative audiences. Writing to his intimate friend, Sir Edmund Head, Governor-General of Canada, Mr. George Ticknor says, “I have heard Thackeray's four lectures on the four Georges, truculent enough in their general satire—though not much beyond the last half volume of ‘Henry Esmond’ about Queen Anne—but full of generous passages about individuals. The sketches of the German princes of the seventeenth century, and down to the middle of the eighteenth, with which he opened, amused me more than anything else. They were capital. The passage most applauded was a beautiful tribute of

loyalty to Queen Victoria, and the tone and manner of her court. It was given on his part with much feeling and brought down the house — always crowded — very fervently. . . . His audience was the best the city could give, and above twelve hundred strong, besides which he repeated the lecture on George III. to an audience of two thousand, several evenings ago." Another critic wrote: "Thackeray's discourses upon the Contemporaries of the 'Four Georges' were more interesting than the string of royalty on which those beads were strung. It might lead Mr. Thackeray, we think, to adopt that as his field of Lecturing, and induce him to go on with that biographical and anecdotal delineation of celebrities which no man living can do so well."

In his Diary of December 7, Longfellow mentions that "Tom" Appleton and Thackeray drove out from Boston in the afternoon. "As we sat chatting in the twilight, the servant came in to say that T—s horses had run away with the carriage. So I ordered another, and we drove in together just in season for Thackeray's lecture. Found a crowded audience, and had to take a back seat, where I could only hear about half of a very agreeable lecture on the times of George the First." On the following evening the poet's Diary records that Thackeray, Ole Bull, the violinist, and Fields, the publisher, joined him at supper. The sculptor, William W. Story, and Appleton, his brother-in-law, failed to appear. "We had music on the Cremona, and then

a *petit souper*, with two vacant places and plates looking on with hollow, hungry eyes," writes Longfellow.

A few evenings later Thackeray met a number of the literary lights of Boston at a private dinner-party. To the English guest Emerson, speaking of the British poets, said: "In the Ode to Immortality, Wordsworth has reached the high-water mark to which the intellect has attained in our age." "That is my judgment also," remarked Thackeray, "and this opinion is shared by my friend Monckton Milnes, as recently expressed to me." This admission is certainly surprising when it is remembered that Thackeray on another occasion irreverently said: "Old Daddy Wordsworth may bless his stars if he ever get high enough in heaven to black Tommy Moore's boots." Holmes mentioned the name of Tupper when Thackeray said: "In a world where Martin Farquhar Tupper's 'Proverbial Philosophy' passes to a thirty-seventh edition, let us all think small beer of ourselves." To another Bostonian who asked, "What do they think of Tupper of England?" he replied, "They don't think of him." From this entertainment the visitor carried back to England a number of American anecdotes. One of these concerning George Ticknor, told by Whipple, which, according to Lord Houghton, "was a capital story," Thackeray related at the Athenæum Club. The historian of Spanish Literature was invited to Holland House

and won the respect of Lady Holland by the courage with which, while he witnessed Macaulay and other magnates submit to the caprices of the ill-mannered dame, he promptly replied to an insulting inquiry by a more insulting answer. Lady Holland informed Ticknor that she understood New England was originally colonised by convicts sent over from Old England. He retorted that he was not aware of it, adding that some of her Vassall ancestors had settled in Massachusetts, where a house built by one of them could still be seen in Cambridge; also that a marble monument to a member of the family was contained in one of the churches of Boston. The great lady was staggered by the unexpected answer; but in the conversation which followed, asked the American to send her a drawing of the monument in King's Chapel, which on his return to Boston he remembered to do. Thackeray concluded his anecdote by adding: "I believe this retort of Ticknor's is the most conspicuous instance known of Lady Holland's insolence and malice being manfully met and rebuked."

BOSTON, 21 December, [1855].

MY DEAR MR. BRADENBURGH,—I have just returned from Providence and find your note. The days you propose will suit me perfectly and I have noted them in my pocketbook. If you think they would like to have me at Washington, why should I not go? I might give them a couple of lectures. George III. say on Friday 11th,

George the IV. on Tuesday 15th, or indeed, the whole 4 if they were so minded: but I thought there was so much of native eloquence to be had at Washington that there would be no call for English talking. Do you know of any one who would manage matters for me there? I shall be thankful for the services paid or not, of a competent agent and am

Yours always very faithfully

W. M. THACKERAY.

A few weeks later Thackeray writes from Baltimore to the same gentleman, saying: "I shall be in Washington by the nine o'clock train from here tomorrow Saturday and shall be very glad to see you at Guy's Hotel."

There were few American cities of which Thackeray preserved pleasanter recollections than those associated with Providence. There in both visits in December, 1852, and in the same month three years later, he met large, appreciative, and profitable audiences; there he was most agreeably entertained on both occasions, and there the great man met "the most beautiful woman in America." None of the gentlemen who entertained him are living, but the young beauty whom the novelist so greatly admired is now a venerable grandmother! On his earliest visit Thackeray gave three lectures in Howard Hall, which was crowded to its utmost capacity with the prominent people of Providence. Even the aisles were filled by persons who were unable to procure seats. He met with the same

success on his second visit to Rhode Island's capital, when he gave, in Westminster Hall, three of his lectures on the Georges. At this time an entertainment was given to Thackeray at which the Mayor of the city was also a guest. It was a period of much excitement over the Temperance question, and Mayor Barstow had recently been elected as one of the pillars of the Prohibition Party! In the course of his speech at the supper, Thackeray's first words, as remembered by one who was present, were: "One great fault of the American people is that they do not drink enough wine. Do you not agree with me, Mr. Mayor?" This inquiry very naturally surprised Mayor Barstow, whose indistinct answer was inaudible to the amused and smiling company. A correspondent, presumably referring to the same Barmecide feast, writes under date of April 21st: "I remember when Thackeray visited Providence in 1852, he came under the auspices of the Franklin Lyceum. William Sprague was then President of the Lyceum. I was a member of the committee who arranged a supper in Richmond Hall, which was attended by many members of the Lyceum, and at which Mr. Thackeray was our guest. The lecture was given in Howard Hall, which was in the same building. It was rather a feeble effort. Our funds were limited, and we could provide only cold meat and coffee. We were quite proud of our achievement, but I remember it was remarked," concludes Mr. Anthony, "that Mr. Thackeray

looked bored," a statement which we may easily believe. A fortnight later, the lecturer said to "Sam" Ward: "Like Macaulay, I detest——more than cold boiled veal!" adding, "Some was served to me lately at a Providence supper."

In January, 1856, Thackeray was again in Philadelphia, where large audiences listened to his lectures on "The Four Georges," and where he renewed his agreeable intimacies with William B. Reed, Morton McMichael, William D. Lewis, President of the Girard Bank, Thomas J. Wharton, and many others, of whom, perhaps, the only survivor is Mrs. Caspar Wister. Of this lady, Thackeray wrote to Reed from Washington in 1853, saying, "Miss Furness is the best ballad singer I ever heard."

Thackeray had a particular delight in school-boys, and an excellent way with them, as several American lads of New York and Philadelphia who experienced his liberality, still remember. After his death, two belonging to the latter city published appreciative notices of the great author, with the titles of "A Friend of my Childhood" and "A Child's Glimpse of Thackeray." The mother of one of these school-boys objected to his pocketing the sovereign, or five-dollar gold-piece, presented to him by Thackeray, who vainly endeavoured to convince her that this specimen of beneficence was a thing of course in England. The result was that the coin was returned, but three months later the lad was

made happy by the receipt of copies of "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis," across the titlepages of which he saw written, in a curiously small and delicate hand, his name, "Henry Reed, with W. M. Thackeray's kind regards, April, 1856."¹ A passage in Dickens's brief tribute to his brother novelist will be recalled: "I remember his once asking me with fantastic gravity, when he had been to Eton, where my eldest son then was, whether I felt as he did in regard to never seeing a boy without wanting instantly to give him a sovereign. I thought of this when I looked down into his grave, after he was laid there, for I looked down into it over the shoulder of a boy to whom he had been kind." Another English lad to whom that "big mass of soul," as Carlyle described Thackeray, "with its beautiful vein of genius," gave a golden guinea, still treasures it among his most valued treasures. He is now known as one of the foremost heroes of the South African War, — General Baden-Powell. When John Leech was entertaining Thackeray at dinner, it is remembered by Dean Hole, who was present, the artist's son entered the dining-room, and was immediately welcomed by the great author with, "Come here, my young friend. You're my godson. Come here and be tipped."

During Thackeray's tours in the United States

¹ The late Judge Reed of Philadelphia, son of Prof. Henry Reed, who was lost on the steamship "Arctic."

many instances occurred of his fondness for little folks, as well as for school-boys. He was certainly peculiarly lovable in his relations with children. His own little daughters found him the wisest and brightest of friends and playfellows; and to the children of his acquaintances he was ever a delightfully whimsical visitor. There is a pleasant picture of him in Miss Henriette Corkran's reminiscences of her childhood (London, 1902). She was seven years old when she first knew him in Paris. Walking past the shop of a famous pastry cook with her father, she looked and longed with all her little soul for the good things in the window. Papa Corkran, kind but oblivious, was marching past when the child "heard a voice which seemed something like an angel's from heaven," saying, "Oh, give her a tart." That voice was Thackeray's.

He took her into the shop, and then, buying a number of pastries, "he took off his hat and bowed comically to them, saying, 'Dear old plum cakes! How they remind me of my schooldays.'"

"Most of my Thackeray incidents seem to relate to food," Miss Corkran adds. On one occasion, she tells us, she plundered a dinner table, watching out carefully for expected visitors, and the author of "Vanity Fair" caught her. "The cloth was laid," she writes, "and on a corner of the table was a little dish filled with long vermilion pods. I had never seen them before; they fascinated and puzzled me. Were they good to eat, I wondered?"

“I picked one out and put it into my mouth. Oh, how it burned! To my dismay I saw Mr. Thackeray looking at me with a broad smile on his kindly face. I must have looked the picture of misery. ‘A chili in her poor little mouth!’ he exclaimed. ‘How it must burn; very droll,’ he kept on muttering. It was terrible, a cruel moment for me when I stood before him, my eyes full of tears, my fat cheeks bulging out.”

Thackeray then took out a pocket-book and sketched her with the chili in her mouth, producing such an excellent picture of the grimace and the bulging cheeks that even the little seven-year-old original laughed at it.

“One evening when I had gone to bed,” says the writer of these stories, “Mr. Thackeray, peeping into my room, spied my crinoline, which was on a chair. He examined it, and to my horror, put his big head through the aperture and walked into the drawing-room with it around his neck, looking like Michael Angelo’s statue of Moses.”

From the Monumental City where he next repeated his lectures, and was the guest of the author and cabinet minister, John Pendleton Kennedy, Thackeray writes the following letter:—

BALTIMORE, January 16, 1856.

MY DEAR REED,—Your letter of the 9th, with one from Boston of the 8th, was given to me last night when I came home. In what snow-drift have they been lying

torpid? One hundred thanks for your goodness in the lecture and other matters: and if I can find the face to read those printed lectures over again I'll remember your good advice. That splendid crowd on the last lecture night I knew would make our critical friend angry. I have not seen the last article, of course, and don't intend to look for it. And as I was reading the George III. lecture here on Monday night, could not help asking myself, What can the man mean by saying that I am uncharitable, unkindly — that I sneer at virtue — and so forth. My own conscience being pretty clear I can receive the Bulletin's displeasure with calmness — remembering how I used to lay about me in my own youthful days, and how I generally took a good tall mark to hit at.

Wicked weather, and an opera company which performed on the two first nights here, made the audiences rather thin, but they fetched up at the third lecture, and to-night is the last, after which I go to Richmond, then to go further south, from Charleston to Savannah and New Orleans: perhaps to turn back and try westward, where I know there is a great crop of dollars to be reaped. But to be snow bound in my infirm condition! I might never get out of the snow alive. I go to Washington to-morrow for a night. I was there and dined with Crampton on Saturday. He was in good force and spirits and I saw no signs of packing-up or portmanteaus in the hall.

I send my best regards to Mrs. Reed and your sister-in-law, and Lewis and his kind folks, and to Mac's whisky-punch, which gave *me* no headache; I'm very sorry it treated you so unkindly.

Always yours, dear Reed,

W. M. THACKERAY.

J. H. B. Latrobe recalled a particularly enjoyable dinner given by Mr. Kennedy, to which about a dozen choice spirits were invited to meet Thackeray. Of the Gumbo soup, the chief guest remarked, "I believe that's the best soup I've ever tasted." "But surely," said Kennedy, "you will make at least one exception of the delicious bouillabaisse." "Well, yes," replied Thackeray, "I suppose we must except Terré's hotchpotch." Later on after enjoying two other specialties of Baltimore,—the Terrapin and Canvasback ducks,—accompanied by genuine Johannisberger, and a particularly fine vintage of champagne, the writer exclaimed, "Assuredly no Britisher ever sat down to a more delightful dinner, and that's a fact!" The evening was most enjoyable; Thackeray was in great spirits, and no one apparently received more pleasure among those gathered "Around the Mahogany Tree" than the visitor from abroad who, when we adjourned to the library, delighted us all with his entertaining "Doctor Martin Luther":—

“Worthy people! by your grant,
 I will sing a holy chant,
 I will sing a holy chant.
 If the ditty sound but oddly,
 'T was a father, wise and godly,
 Sang it so long ago.

Then sing as Doctor Luther sang,
 As the Reverend Doctor Luther sang:
 Who loves not wine, womēn, and song,
 He is a fool his whole life long.”

Thackeray quoted to Kennedy a French proverb, "In October the Englishman shoot de pheasant: in November he shoot himself," presumably related to illustrate the character of the English climate in the latter month. It is also related that when he asked his Baltimore friend for facts as to the character and personality of General Washington, and he gave the stereotyped account of the famous Virginian, Thackeray interrupted him somewhat testily, saying: "No, no, Kennedy, that's not what I want. Tell me, was he a fussy old gentleman in a wig? Did he take snuff and spill it down his shirt front?"

The writer heard Charles Sumner relate the following incident at a Washington dinner-table, Motley being among the guests who were present at Mr. Hooper's hospitable board. The Senator said, "When Thackeray was in this city in 1856, we visited, among the earlier places, the capitol rotunda. Thackeray was an artist by birthright, and his judgment was beyond chance or question. He took a quiet turn around the rotunda, and in a few words gave each picture its perfectly correct rank and art valuation. 'Trumbull is your painter,' he said. 'Never neglect Trumbull.' Other places of interest were then seen, after which we started homeward. He had not yet been at my house, and my chief anxiety was to coach him safely past that Jackson statue. The conversation hung persistently upon art matters, which made it certain that I was to have

trouble when we should come in view of that particular excrescence. We turned the dreaded corner at last, when, to my astonishment, Mr. Thackeray held straight past the hideous figure, moving his head neither to the right nor left, and chatting as airily as though we were strolling through an English park. Now I know that the instant we came in sight of poor Jackson's caricature he saw it, realised its accumulated terrors at a glance, and in the charity of his great heart took all the pains possible to avoid having a word said about it. Ah, but he was a man of rare consideration." Mills's work of art is the one referred to by the member of Congress who inquired quite seriously of Thackeray, if he did not think it was the finest statue in the world? "How was I to deal with this plain question put to me in a corner? I was bound to reply, and accordingly said I did *not* think it was the finest statue in the world. 'Well, sir,' said the Congressman, 'you must remember that Mr. M—— had never seen a statue when he made this!' I suggested that to see other statues might do Mr. M—— no harm." For a continuation of the topic the reader is referred to a delightful Roundabout Paper, entitled "Small Beer Chronicle."

Among the prominent persons who entertained Thackeray on his second visit to Richmond were Robert Stanard, James Lyons, John Allan, who adopted Edgar Allan Poe, Col. Henry C. Cabell, and John M. Daniel, the celebrated editor who rep-

resented our country at a foreign court. Mr. Stanard's house in Grace Street, now the Westmoreland Club, was among the finest in Virginia. At a large dinner party given for the English writer, Mrs. Stanard was enlarging on the delightful republican simplicity of this country as compared with the customs of Europe; Thackeray, in a theatrical manner, threw himself back in his chair, gazed at the beautiful artistic frescoes on the ceiling, worthy of a royal palace, and with arms extended exclaimed, "Oh! Mrs. Stanard, I do admire this republican simplicity."

Mrs. A., one of Mrs. Stanard's surviving Richmond friends, writes, "I wish it were in my power to give you some interesting details of Thackeray's two visits. But I was too young at the time, and had not the privilege of meeting him in private. I had of course heard him, and our charming friend Mrs. Stanard and Mr. Thompson often recalled their intercourse with Thackeray, but as in your case, the particulars have escaped my memory. I remember, however, most distinctly the impression made on me by his lectures and his unique personality: his shrewd kindly glance at his audience of Richmond's best people, the same set meeting every evening to hear him: his beautiful reading — simple and full of expression: his lovely voice full of pathos, and generally in the minor key, especially in reading poetry or passages in the closing years of George the Third."

During Thackeray's sojourn in the "quiet, friendly little city," as he called Virginia's capital, John Esten Cooke was introduced to him by the editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger." He met the novelist frequently in Richmond, and many years later contributed to "Appletons' Journal" an article entitled "An Hour with Thackeray," of which the following is a part: "Having no business to engage me one morning I went to call on Mr. Thackeray at his hotel, and found him in his private parlour, lolling in an easy-chair and smoking. This good or bad habit, as the reader pleases, was a favourite one with him. He was a dear lover of his cigar, and I had presented him with a bundle of very good small 'Plantations' which he afterward spoke highly of, lamenting that his friend, G. P. R. James, then Consul at Richmond, would come and smoke them all. On this morning he had evidently nothing to occupy him and seemed ready for a friendly talk. Smoking was the first topic, and he said:

"I am fond of my cigar, you see. I always begin writing with one in my mouth."

"After breakfast, I suppose. I mean that you probably write in the forenoon?"

"Yes, the morning is my time for composing. I can't write at night. I find it excites me so that I cannot sleep."

"May I ask if you ever dictate your books to an amanuensis?" I said. "I ask this question,

Mr. Thackeray, because our friend Mr. G. P. R. James says that the power to dictate is born with people. If it is not a natural gift, he says it cannot be acquired.'

"'I don't know,' Mr. Thackeray replied, 'I have dictated a good deal. The whole of "Esmond" was dictated to an amanuensis.'

"'I should not have supposed so — the style is so terse that I would have fancied you wrote it. "Esmond" is one of the greatest favourites among your works in this country. I always particularly liked the chapter where Esmond returns to Lady Castlewood "bringing his sheaves with him" as she says.'

"'I am glad it pleased you. I wish the whole book was as good. But we can't play first fiddle all the time.'

"'You dictated this chapter?'

"'Yes — the whole work. I also dictated all of "Pendennis." I can't say I think much of "Pendennis" — at least of the execution. It certainly drags about the middle, but I had an attack of illness about the time I reached that part of the book and could not make it any better than it is.'

"'Another allusion to 'Esmond' and his portrait of Marlborough brought from Mr. Thackeray's lips, in a musing tone, the single word 'Rascal!' and he then inquired in a very friendly manner what I had written. I informed him and he said :

“ Well, if I were you I would go on writing — some day you will write a book which will make your fortune. Becky Sharp made mine. I married early and wrote for bread; and “Vanity Fair” was my first successful work. I like Becky in that book. Sometimes I think I have myself some of her tastes. I like what are called Bohemians and fellows of that sort. I have seen all sorts of society, dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies, authors and actors, and painters — and taken altogether I think I like painters the best and “Bohemians” generally. They are more natural and unconventional; they wear their hair on their shoulders if they wish, and dress picturesquely and carelessly. You see how I made Becky prefer them and that sort of life to all the fine society she moved in. Perhaps you remember where she comes down in the world toward the end of the book, and associates with people of all sorts, Bohemians and the rest in their garrets.’

“ I remember very well.’

“ I like that part of the book. I think that part is well done.’

“ As you speak of Becky Sharp, Mr. Thackeray,’ I said, ‘there is one mystery about her which I should like to have cleared up.’

“ What is that?’

“ Nearly at the end of the book there is a picture of Joe Sedley in his night-dress seated — a sick old man — in his chamber; and behind the curtain is Becky, glaring and ghastly, grasping a dagger.’

“‘ I remember.’

“‘ Beneath the picture is the single word “ Clytemnestra.”’

“‘ Yes.’

“‘ Did Becky kill him, Mr. Thackeray?’

“This question seemed to afford the person to whom it was addressed material for profound reflections. He smoked meditatively, appeared to be engaged in endeavouring to arrive at the solution of some problem, and then, with a secretive expression,—a ‘slow smile’ dawning on his face,—replied: ‘I don’t know.’

“A desultory conversation ensued on the subject of Becky Sharp, for whom, in spite of her depravity, it seemed very plain that Mr. Thackeray had a secret liking, or, if not precisely a liking, at least an amused sympathy, due to the pluck and perseverance with which she pursued the objects she had in view. And then, from this lady and her sayings and doings, the conversation passed to Mr. Thackeray’s other *mauvais sujets*, male and female; and I said that I considered the old Earl of Crabs, in the sketches relating to ‘Mr. Deuceace,’ as the most finished and altogether perfect scoundrel of the whole list. To this Mr. Thackeray was disposed to assent, and I asked if the Earl was drawn from any particular person.

“‘ I really don’t know,’ was the reply. ‘I don’t remember ever meeting with any special person as the original.’

“‘Then you must have drawn him from your imagination or from general observation.’

“‘I suppose so — I don’t know — I may have seen him somewhere.’ And after smoking for several moments with the air of silent meditation which his friends must often have observed, Mr. Thackeray added, in a tone of a man indulging in soliloquy: ‘I really don’t know where I get all these rascals in my books. I have certainly never *lived* with such people.’

“It did not seem to occur to this profound and subtle observer of human nature that daily association with the class to which the Earl of Crabs, Lord Steyne, and others belonged was not necessary to the just delineation of the personages. He had looked from behind his glasses, with those keen eyes of his, upon the moving throng of rascaldom in London, in Rome, on the Parisian boulevards and everywhere — and the penetrating glance had photographed the figures upon his brain — their inward being as well as their outward show — after which to reproduce them in his books was so to say a mere mechanical process.

“Mr. Thackeray spoke of himself and his writings with entire candour and unreserve, of which I shall give an instance before concluding this brief sketch, and his opinions upon other writers were equally frank and outspoken. The elder Dumas, the author of ‘Monte Christo’ and the ‘Mousquetaire’ stories, seemed to be an especial favourite with him.

“ ‘Dumas is charming!’ he exclaimed, ‘everything he writes interests me. I have been reading his “Memoires,” I have read fourteen of the small volumes, all that are published, and they are delightful. Dumas is a wonderful man — wonderful. He is better than Walter Scott.’

“ ‘You refer, I suppose, to his historical novels, the “Mousquetaires” and the rest.’

“ ‘Yes, I came near writing a book on the same subject and taking Monsieur D’Artagnan for my hero, as Dumas has done in his “Trois Mousquetaires.” D’Artagnan was a real character of the age of Louis XIV. and wrote his own “Memoires.” I remember picking up a dingy little copy of them in an old bookstall in London, price six pence, and intended to make something of it. But Dumas got ahead of me — he snaps up everything. He is wonderful.’

“ ‘I am glad you like him, as he was always a great favourite of my own,’ I said, ‘his *verve* is unflagging.’

“ ‘Yes, his good spirits seem never to change. He amuses you and keeps you in a good humour, which is not the effect produced on me by many writers. Some books please me, and enliven me, and others depress me. I never could read “Don Quixote” with pleasure. The book makes me sad.’

“ Further allusion to the old knight of La Mancha indicated that the source of this sadness was a profound sympathy with the crazed gentleman

—a commiseration so deep for his troubles and chimeras of the brain that the wit and farcical humour of Sancho were insufficient in his opinion to relieve the shadows of the picture.

“Passing from these literary discussions, Mr. Thackeray spoke of his tour in America and said how much gratified he had been by his reception. Richmond was an attractive place to him he declared—he had been received with the utmost kindness and attention—and he had always looked upon the Virginians as resembling more closely his own people in England than the Americans of other States. They seemed ‘more homely’ I think was his phrase—which I recall from the curious employment of the word ‘homely’ in the sense of ‘home-like.’

“‘Your American travels will no doubt give you the material for a volume on this country,’ I said.

“‘Yes, I have seen a great deal,’ was his reply.

“‘Well, I don’t think you will abuse us, Mr. Thackeray.’

“‘I shall not write anything upon America,’ he said, ‘my secretary may—he is quite capable.¹ And as to abusing you, if I do, I’m—!’

“The sentence terminated in a manner rather more emphatic than would have suited the atmos-

¹ *Vide* “With Thackeray in America,” by Eyre Crowe, A. R. A. New York, 1893.

phere of a drawing-room; and it was plainly to be seen that Mr. Thackeray had thoroughly made up his mind not to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Dickens and criticise his entertainers — ‘throw their plates at their heads,’ as Scott said when he declined an invitation to dine with the old Count Banas, near Paris, of whom he declared he would probably have some harsh things to say in his ‘Life of Napoleon.’ Mr. Thackeray had the instinct that, one would think, should control all persons of good feeling and good breeding and never wrote a line, that I am aware of, which any citizen of the country North or South would have wished unwritten.¹

“Further conversation upon Virginia, the character of the country, people, etc., led Mr. Thackeray to speak of what was then a mere literary intention — the composition of ‘The Virginians,’ which was not written, I think, or at least did not appear until two or three years afterward.

“‘I shall write a novel with the scene laid here,’ he said.

“‘In America? I am very glad, and I hope you will be able to do so soon.’

“‘No, I shall not write it for about two years.’

“‘Two years?’

“‘Yes. It will take me at least two years to

¹ As Cooke was a Virginian, he may perhaps be pardoned for forgetting a certain “Roundabout Paper” which appears in the second volume of this work, entitled “On Half a Loaf.”

collect my material and become acquainted with the subject. I can't write upon a subject I know nothing of. I am obliged to read up upon it and get my ideas.'

"Your work will be a novel?'

"Yes, and relating to your State, I shall give it the title of "The Two Virginians" — a title which, as the reader knows, was afterward changed for the shorter and simpler 'The Virginians.'

"As I expressed a natural pleasure at the prospect of having a novel painting Virginia life and society from the author of 'Esmond,' Mr. Thackeray spoke more particularly of his design, thereby exhibiting, as I thought, and think still, a remarkable instance of the simplicity, directness, and absence of secretiveness in his character. I was almost an entire stranger, but he spoke without reserve of his intended book, telling me his whole idea.

"I shall lay the scene in Virginia, during the Revolution,' he said. 'There will be two brothers who will be prominent characters; one will take the English side of the war, and the other the American, and they will both be in love with the same girl.'

"That will be an excellent plot,' I said, 'and your novel will be a full-blooded historical one.'

"It will deal with the history of the time.'

"You have a striking dénouement.'

"A dénouement?'

"Yorktown.'

“Having so said, I became suddenly aware that I had committed something closely resembling a social *faux pas*, inasmuch as I had quietly recommended to an English gentleman to take the surrender of Lord Cornwallis as the climax of his drama.

“‘I really must beg your pardon, Mr. Thackeray,’ I said with some embarrassment.

“‘Beg my pardon?’ he said, turning his head, and looking at me with a good deal of surprise.

“‘For my ill breeding.’

“His expression of surprise was more pronounced than before at these words, and he evidently did not understand my meaning in the least.

“‘I mean,’ I said, ‘that I quite lost sight of the fact that I was talking with an English gentleman. Yorktown was the scene of Lord Cornwallis’s surrender, and might not be an agreeable dénoûment.’

“‘Ah!’ he said, smiling, ‘it is nothing. I accept Yorktown.’

“‘I know you admire Washington.’

“‘Yes, indeed. He was one of the greatest men that ever lived.’

“My host had evidently no susceptibilities to wound in reference to these old historical matters, so I said, smiling: ‘Everybody respects and loves Washington now; but is it not singular, how the result changes our point of view? The English view in ’76 was that Washington was a rebel, and if you had caught him you would probably have hanged him.’

“To this Mr. Thackeray replied in a tone of great earnestness, ‘We had better have lost North America.’

“This ends my brief sketch of an hour’s talk with this man of great and varied genius. The man was a study, as his books are; and I might almost say that he was to me more interesting than his books. The singular commingling of humour and sadness, of sarcasm and gentleness — the contrast between his reputation as the bitterest of cynics, growling harsh anathemas at his species, and the real person, with his cordial address, and his voice which at times had a really exquisite sweetness and music in its undertones — these made up a personality of such piquant interest that the human being was a study. His writings will continue to be studied, for, whatever may be said of them, they assuredly occupy a place of their own in English literature. The object of this little sketch was to show that the man himself was not a bitter cynic, but a person of the greatest gentleness and sweetness, and that no name could suit him better than that given him by those who knew him best, loving him for his heart more than they admired him for his head — the name of ‘good old Thackeray.’”

In John R. Thompson’s recently published “London Diary of 1863–66,”¹ there are many

¹ *Vide* “The Criterion,” for September, October, and November, New York, 1901, also January, 1902.

amusing contrasts drawn between Thackeray and Dickens, and all to the disadvantage of "Boz." May 25, 1865, Mr. Thompson writes: "While dining with Fauntleroy at Verey's, saw Charles Dickens. He looked very little like a gentleman, and to our amazement, took out a pocket-comb and combed his hair and whiskers, or rather his goatee, at the table. And yet this is the celebrated man that ridiculed the manners of the Americans !

" May 27. Dined at Verey's with Mr. and Mrs. Edwin, Dr. Lemand, and Fitzhugh. Saw Charles Dickens again with a repetition of the comb performance.

" April 10, 1866. After dining with Hugh Standard at the Burlington, we went to hear Dickens in St. James' Hall. In the immense audience I saw Lord Houghton and Frank Lawley (the Hon. Francis C. Lawley, son of Lord Wenlock), and greatly enjoyed the readings. Dickens would have made an admirable actor. His rapid change of voice and manner in the impersonation of character was almost like what we read of the elder Mathews. Much as I liked the entertainment, however, I could not avoid thinking it *infra dig.* for the acknowledged Master of Fiction to come down to 'Mrs. Raddle.' Fancy Thackeray giving us imitations of 'Becky Sharp,' or Bulwer-Lytton assuming the air and style of 'Augustus Tomlinson!' . . . In Savile Row I saw the workmen demolishing the front of Lord Lyveden's house (Lord Lyveden was

the nephew of Sydney Smith and son of 'Bobus'). The old pillars still held the inverted sockets for extinguishing the torches of the link boys, who, in olden times, used to light the fashionable people to their carriages and sedans, returning home from the ball. Thus, one by one all the antiquities are disappearing from external London. What a fine 'Roundabout Paper' Thackeray might have made on these extinguishers as *links* that unite us to the past, and how he would have revived the faded splendour of Savile Row!"

Thackeray and Fitz-Greene Halleck, also Lord Houghton, all preferred Mr. Thompson's version to any other of the many translations of Gustave Nadaud's "Carcassonne,"¹ the last stanza of

¹ Writing in 1878, Lowell says: "Carcassonne is wonderful, a fortified place of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, as perfect as if it had been kept in a museum. As you look across the river at it from the *new* town (six hundred years old) it seems like an illumination out of some old copy of Froissart. I positively thought I was dreaming after looking at it for long enough to forget the modernness about me. Its general aspect is of the dates I have given, but parts are Roman, parts Visigothic, and parts Saracenic. The past is ensconced there as in a virgin fortress, and will hold out for ever." A year later Nadaud's lines being mentioned by a friend to Lowell, he remarked that he also admired them and the poet then repeated the opening stanza of Thompson's translation:—

I'm growing old : I'm sixty years :
 I've laboured all my life in vain :
 In all that time of hopes and fears
 I've failed my dearest wish to gain :
 I see full well that here below
 Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
 My prayer will ne'er fulfilment know : ~
 I never have seen Carcassonne.
 I never have seen Carcassonne!

which the Virginian's English friend frequently quoted:—

“ Nous partions le lendemain,
 Mais que le bon Dieu pardonne !
 Il mourut à moitié chemin,
 Il n'a jamais vu Carcassonne.”

WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, 17.

RICHMOND, 19 JAN. RICHMOND 27 JAN. [1856.]

MESDAMES, — Those letters addressed to Mrs. Elliot, Chesham Place are meant of course for an amiable Cerberus that I know there, and why don't the other 2 heads of Cerberus bark out something kind in reply to my salutation? Do you know why I am using my old hand writing? Because I have bought a new gold fountain pen price 4\$ which is really very ingenious and not much more inconvenient than a common pen — I dare say I shall write half a page with it and then never use it no mo. I am just arrived from Baltimore, have done pretty well at Baltimore and have been much affected by the kindness of a provincial *Warrington* there, who has done all his might to make me happy, and evidently is pleased to regard me with a kindness (I was going to say admiration) which some folks will not be angry with him for feeling. I had showed him a pretty drawing Anny sent me of Minny sewing in a pretty letter — (they are charming her letters teach the truth) — and so last night at the very latest he comes up to my room counts out the dollars he has to pay Nelson (who has been manager of the lectures for me) — and now says he good by, one more look at the little girl's picture, and he takes up the letter and looks at it and kisses it and goes away — a kindly fellow — The spectacles were moist-

ened somehow by his goodness and attachment — a fellow of remarkable reading too — Lonely is this great town — (the towns are great but the society in them very small, and as well defined as society in European towns.) He thought so well of me that I was quite frightened, and felt a *Dominie non sans dignies* — *Bon Dieu*. How I should like to be as good as that friendly soul thinks me to be! He gave me Emerson's essays which I had never read — have you? They are very wise and benevolent — they come to very like conclusions to those which the Worldling who writes these presents to you reaches sometimes — and as I read honest Emerson, I fancy I have known it all before.

I wrote from Philadelphia did n't I? I found very good and kind friends there too — By heaven they are very tender hearted and friendly I wonder why they should be so good to me? (The fountain pen I think is already beginning to fail, don't you?) (Since the above was written the fountain pen has gone off with a spurt) but it is something like the old gold pen and will do for drawing and dipping into the ink like ordinary pens, won't it? — It would be good sport and practice to stop here for a month and draw negroes — negroes and horses — negroes and mules — negro boys — old women too. They are endlessly picturesque. We have been having the most awful weather — trains stopped, cars snowed up — passengers burning the seats to make firewood — I am glad I declined to go West in this bitter weather — and though money making will cease in a great measure in the South yet it will be pleasant to go there — Do you know I have got a feasible scheme for being worth 20000£ by the time I am 50? Won't that be a wonder if it ever comes off?

And then we will be independent of all police magistrateship, government places & the like, and shall have made our means all out of our own brains.

Yesterday at 5 in the morning left Washington in the snow with an omnibus full of passengers égaré too by the society of a Virginia farmer holding in leash a large fierce dog which growled and bit awfully — he was muzzled it is true, but the owner amused us by telling how his dog was going to his plantation, the only animal who could protect him his ducks and pigs against the thieves who prowled about. The night before I dined at Governor Fish's — a good man with a splendid house at New York, and a very agreeable lady like wife. The company consisted of Senators, Secretaries and very grave stupid folk, — Kohl the traveller — a simple globe-wonder of a man and no ladies — It pleased me to hear how confidently they talked of a war — a war in 90 days said one of them — say on the 18 May. The administration especially Secretary Cushing talks confidently about it and says it cannot be avoided — means very likely to effect it in spite of both countries — for, a contest provoked, and a little American blood purposely or by chance spilled — no power could stop a battle, & these people are capable for their own purposes of precipitating one. What suits their purpose to tell (I'm not up in the Central America dispute) which the Administration tells without scruple in the newspapers. Meanwhile our folks are perforce silent and Crampton has to bear all sorts of charges and misstatements and keep a cheerful countenance. His dismissal is confidently talked about by Cushing and his papers. How will Yours truly's railroad investment look in case of a war? To be sure; how will the funds look in England? She will suffer more than this

country will — except along the Atlantic seaboard. The West cannot be invaded, increases and multiplies in spite of itself or of New York or Boston or Philadelphia, and does not care a fig for a war. That is the cry which I hear from many a western-connected man.

I am sitting at Richmond with my windows open thank God, though a plenty of snow is still on the ground — turned a hundred people away from my lecture last night — was shocked to see a score of little school girls just under me as I talked of the favourites of the four Georges of guilty Sophia Dorothea and so forth. 27th. There was no mail for a week — I've lectured 5 times in the past week, been away for 3 days and O it is so cold! I am going to Charleston in an hour — and so God bless you all. I never change from

J. J. K.

The foregoing Thackeray letter, with the unfamiliar signature, has never before appeared in print, so far as we are aware. For a copy of it, the author is indebted to its present possessor, Mr. William A. Read of New York City.

Before leaving Virginia, Thackeray visited Fredericksburg, and accompanied Judge Eustace Conway to Washington's farm and other localities associated with the illustrious patriot who was to appear in his projected story of "The Virginians." The secret of the art which so marvellously portrayed the youthful George Washington in Thackeray's American novel may be studied anew in the correspondence which took place between the Vir-

ginian and his friend the Reverend Jonathan Boucher from the year 1768 to 1798. The letters were first published in Philadelphia,¹ by Moncure D. Conway. They were loaned to him by Boucher's grandson Frederick Locker, the English poet, whose second wife was a daughter of the American baronet Sir Curtis Lampson. Later in life he was known as Mr. Locker-Lampson. In sending Washington's letter to Dr. Conway he wrote: "I lent the Washington letter to Thackeray when he was writing 'The Virginians.' Washington's stepson John Parke Custis was one of Boucher's pupils."

Thackeray's first lecture was given in Charleston, February 1, at 7.15 P.M. "The Courier," writing of him before he gave his first lecture on The Georges, remarked: "Mr. Thackeray will find a reception such as we are fond of regarding as eminently characteristic of our city." Continuing, it says: "Certain witling critics, we know, driven to malignant judgment by envy or self-consciousness, have asserted that Mr. Thackeray has catered with unbecoming condescension to prejudices and antipathies, but" — and then it proceeds to defend him eloquently.

It is to be noticed that Thackeray doubled the price of admission in Charleston. For the course of four lectures he charged upon this second tour the sum of two dollars and one dollar for each single

¹ "Lippincott's Magazine," vol. xliii., January to June, 1889.

lecture. In one of his letters to England he had previously commented upon making money in Charleston, saying he had *laid by* something there. That was on his first tour; on this he doubtless reaped a much larger harvest, for "The Courier" said of the lecture dealing with "George the First" that it was delivered "to the full gratification and satisfaction of a large and intelligent audience"; of that on "George the Second," that "the audience was larger than on the first evening and the Hall was filled to the utmost." Of the third lecture, that "the capacity of the Hall was taxed by the great audience," and so on for the fourth and fifth, or supplemental lecture, having for its topic "Charity and Humour." This was given on the 9th. William Gilmore Simms was frequently to be seen at his brother novelist's lectures, and was included among those with whom Thackeray became acquainted, and often met in Charleston. His son of the same name writes in April, 1903, from Barnwell, South Carolina: "My father enjoyed Thackeray's lectures, esteeming him as a man of much greater intellect than Dickens, and was very glad to have had the privilege of making his acquaintance. He followed Thackeray in the course of six lectures delivered a few weeks later in Augusta, Georgia, before the Young Men's Library Association."

"It is just fifty years," writes William C. Courtenay of South Carolina, in 1903, "since Mr. Thack-



The old story : Kickleburys on the Rhine



eray's first visit to Charleston, which is remembered most pleasantly, by the few who still survive. 'Vanity Fair,' 'Pendennis,' and notably 'Esmond' had then been published, and extensively read, in our city, and so it was his literary fame had preceded him, and his welcome was assured. Lectures had not proved attractive in Charleston until his advent, when a great change took place, and the largest Hall, with seatings for a thousand, was nightly crowded, while previously it had been found much too large. The golden days of Charleston were in the decade 1850-60. It was then an opulent city, — its water front crowded with shipping; the flags of many Nations, familiar sights at the wharves. It was the chief banking basis, and market, for six States, and merchants from a hundred interior cities and towns supplied their multiplied business wants here.

“The fruitage of these favourable conditions was seen in a cultivated literary circle, and in a refined society, that few American cities equalled, and none exceeded. Old English conditions were quietly observed; the St. Cecilia Society gave their balls in St. Andrews Hall, where was displayed a full-length portrait of the late Queen Victoria, crowned, and in robes of State, which attested the loyalty of the 'Scot,' and stood as well for the homage and honouring of the gracious Sovereign by an influential section of the community, which continued uninterruptedly through her long life.

“Into this elegant social and literary life, Mr. Thackeray entered—an honoured guest. I recall his appearance distinctly; he was tall, on most men he had to look down, with his grey eyes peer-



The Militia. A Thackeray Sketch

ing through his rather large spectacles: his head was large, his shoulders broad and erect, his face almost clean shaven; he had a free swinging walk; his dress was very neat, but plain. He was one of the most charming conversationalists I ever had the pleasure of listening to. My brother and myself had a large publishing and book business in those years, and Mr. Thackeray was a daily visitor

there, which explains why I am able to recall him so fully.

“ He usually spent an hour at the store, and was there almost every day ; was very affable, and frequently met those whom he had become acquainted with, and talked familiarly with them. He carried a pad of white paper, and used it frequently, in sketching mostly those having any peculiarity of appearance. He frequently permitted me to see some of those sketches, and he certainly was an adept on this line.

“ One day, he came to the rear of the store, and took a seat in a roomy arm-chair in the office-area ; after a little while he said, in a kindly tone of voice, — ‘ How many copies of “ The Newcomes ” have you sold ? ’ I turned to the ledger, and replied : ‘ The first order was for 300 and we have had 200 since ; ’ he seemed pleased, and so expressed himself ; after some pause, he asked : ‘ How many of Dickens’ “ Bleak House ” have you disposed of ? ’ I replied, ‘ The first order was for 500, and we have had 600 copies since. ’ In a measured and kindly tone of voice, he remarked, ‘ I ask those questions of all the booksellers I visit, and the answers are about the same, *everywhere !* ’ He then spoke in a eulogistic way of Dickens, of his well-earned popularity, and his great fame. I thought this complimentary mention of Dickens was worthy of the great man Thackeray certainly was.

“ In the delivery of his lectures, his whole

manner and voice was most captivating, he had, and held, the complete attention of his large audiences, the silence was noticeable, through the hour or more that he spoke. He certainly had the fullest measure of kindly courtesies in Charleston, and his dinner invitations were more frequent than he could accept; every form of attention was shown him. His first lectures were on the 'English Humourists'; when he returned in 1856, with his lectures on 'The Four Georges,' his visit was again in every way made most agreeable to him.

"The news of his unexpected death reached us in the midst of our great conflict — which he called — 'the war of brethren' — and Charlestonians remembered that he had scarcely uttered a word on this deplorable subject. His lectures and his novels, all were pleasantly recalled — the death-bed of Colonel Newcome and the '*adsum*' on his cold lips; Beatrix, dying, with the sunlight falling on the golden-tressed Kneller on the wall: and many other kindred jewels from his brilliant writings crowded our memories, in that sad time — made more sad when they fully realised that the author of 'The Virginians' was dead.

"Threescore years ago Charleston was the storehouse, so to speak, of the celebrated Newton Gordon and Leacock Madeiras. Mr. Thackeray took kindly to our dinner parties and particularly approved of the old Madeira. He heard with amusement the story that when Daniel Webster was

entertained at dinner by the bar of Charleston in 1850, and Harleston Read, a prominent Whig, presided, he said just before the toast to the Massachusetts Senator was proposed, 'Mr. Webster, I consider it a high honour to have been chosen to preside on this occasion, to which I have contributed some famous Madeira of over fifty years old!' Webster, who had already disposed of half a bottle of fine old French brandy, gravely made answer: 'I value your compliment most highly, Mr. Read, but let us stop the interest!!'"

From Charleston Thackeray writes to his daughters: "How fond you would both be of the little blackies — they are the dearest little imps. I have been watching them all day, about pumps, crawling in gutters, playing in sunshine. I think I shall buy one and bring it home. Happy they unquestionably are — but — but I remember telling you of a pretty little child scratching my elbow and holding up a plate to me at dinner when I was here before, and now — now my friend has tired of Charleston and his beautiful luxurious house, garden and establishment, and has sold his house and slaves; and I don't like to ask about the ebony child whom he tickled and nursed and brought up in luxury, and who, I fear, may be sold too."

TO MISS PERRY.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA [1856].

Feast of St. Valentine: This welcome day brought me a nice letter from K. E. P. and she must know that I write

from the most comfortable quarters I have ever had in the United States. In a tranquil old city, wide streeeted, tree planted, with a few cows and carriages toiling through the sandy road, a few happy negroes sauntering here and there, a red river with a tranquil little fleet of merchant-men taking in cargo and tranquil warehouses barricaded with packs of cotton; — no row, no tearing northern bustle, no ceaseless hotel racket, no crowds drinking at a bar — a snug little audience of three or four hundred people, far too lazy to laugh or applaud; a famous good dinner, breakfast, etc., and leisure all the morning to think and do and sleep and read as I like. The only place in the States where I can get these comforts — all free gratis — is in the house of my friend Andrew Low of the great house of A. Low and Co., Cotton dealers, brokers, merchants — what's the word? Last time I was here he was a widower with two daughters in England about whom — and other two daughters — there was endless talk between us. Now there is a pretty wife added to the establishment, and a little daughter number three, crowing in the adjoining nursery. They are tremendous men, these cotton merchants.

When I had finished at Charleston I went off to a queer little rustic city called Augusta — a great broad street 2 miles long — old quaint-looking shops — houses with galleries — warehouses — trees — cows and negroes strolling about the sidewalks — plank roads — a happy dirty tranquillity generally prevalent. It lies one hundred and thirty miles from Charleston. You take $8\frac{1}{2}$ hours to get there by the railroad — about same time and distance to come here over endless plains of swampy pinelands — a village or two here and there in a clearing. I brought away a snug little purse from snug little Augusta,



The Harlequin. A Drawing by Thackeray

though I had a rival — A Wild man lecturing in the very same hall; I tell you it is not a dignified metier that which I pursue.

What is this about the Saturday Review? After giving Vernon Harcourt $\frac{2}{6}$ to send me the first 5 numbers and only getting No. 1, it is too bad that they should assault me — and for what? My lecture is rather extra loyal whenever the Queen is mentioned — and the most applauded passage in them I shall have the honour of delivering to-night in the Lecture on George II. where the speaker says, “In laughing at these old world follies and ceremonies shall we not acknowledge the change of to-day? As the mistress of St. James passes me now I salute the sovereign, wise moderate exemplary of life, the good mother, the good wife, the accomplished Lady the enlightened friend of Art, the tender sympathiser in her people’s glories and sorrows.”

I can’t say more, can I? and as for George III. I leave off just with the people on the crying point. And I never for one minute should think that my brave old Venables would hit me; or if he did that he had n’t good cause for it.

Forster’s classification delights me. It’s right that men of such ability and merit should get government recognition and honourable public employ. It is a compliment to all of us when one receives such promotion. As for me I have pestered you with my account of dollars and cents and it is quite clear that Kings or Laws cannot do anything so well for me — as these laws and this pen — please God they are allowed to wag a little longer. I wish I did not read about your illness and weakness in that letter. Ah, me! many and many a time every day do I think of you all.

Enter a servant (black) with the card of Bishop Elliott. . . .

If you are taking a drive some day, do go and pay a visit of charity to my good cook and house-keeper Gray, and say you have heard of me, and that I am very well and making plenty of money, and that Charles is well, and is the greatest comfort to me. It will comfort the poor woman all alone in poor 36 yonder. What charming letters Annie writes me with exquisite pretty terms now and then. St Valentine brought me a delightful letter from her too and from the dear old mother; and whether it is the comfort of this house, or the pleasure of having an hour's chat with you, or the sweet clean bed I had last night and undisturbed rest and good breakfast, altogether I think I have no right to grumble at my lot and am very decently happy, don't you?

16th Feb. My course is for Macon, Montgomery and New Orleans, no Havannah the dollars forbid. From N. O. I shall go up the Mississippi D. V. to St. Louis and Cincinnati and ye who write will address care of J. G. King's Sons, New York won't you?

Yours afft.,

W. M. T.

Augusta, mentioned in the second paragraph of Thackeray's letter to Miss Perry, was a very different place half a century ago from the active and attractive town of to-day. The novelist refers to a Wild man who was lecturing in the same hall and at the same time. In the advertising columns of the Augusta "Chronicle" of February tenth, an explanation is found of Thackeray's statement in the following announcement:—

MASONIC HALL.

GREAT WONDERS WILL BE SEEN IN THIS PLACE.

The Wild Men, with novelty, can be seen at the above hall for a few days, commencing Monday February 11th — open day and night.

Admission 25 cents — no half price.

Ladies and children can visit the Wild men, as there is neither word, action, nor deficiency of dress to offend the most delicate eye or ear.

Under date of Feb. 8, 1903, Judge Norwood of Savannah writes: "Mr. Thackeray's lectures were on The Four Georges of England. They were delivered in the old St. Andrew's Hall and were as delightful literary morsels as the intellectual palate of Savannah ever tasted. Mr. Thackeray's personnel was commanding, his features handsome, voice charming, his delivery most attractive without any oratorical effort, and his humour exquisite. And I do not remember being one of a more appreciative and responsive audience. You desire to know what incident of interest occurred during and growing out of Mr. Thackeray's sojourn in Savannah. I regret to say I do not remember a single one. His visit was uneventful in a social point of view. He was dined and wined most hospitably and left our city with a sweet taste in his mouth, as I remember, but as that is so common to distinguished visitors to Savannah it is not worth the mention. Knowing what you wish to get, I am

sorry that I cannot assist you. A half century is a wide span, and my memory is charged with nothing except my enjoyment of the lectures."

"I turn a page, and who are these little men who appear on it?" writes Thackeray in "A Leaf out of a Sketch-Book." "Jim and Sady are two young friends of mine at Savannah in Georgia. I made Sady's acquaintance on a first visit to America, — a pretty little brown boy with beautiful bright eyes, — and it appears that I presented him with a quarter of a dollar, which princely gift he remembered years afterwards, for never were eyes more bright and kind than the little man's when he saw me and I dined with his kind masters on my second visit. Jim, at my first visit, had been a little toddling tadpole of a creature, but during the interval of the two journeys had developed into a full-blown beauty. On the day after my arrival these young persons paid me a visit, and here is an accurate account of a conversation which took place between us, as taken down on the spot by the elder of the interlocutors.

"Jim is five years old, Sady is seven: only Jim is a great deal fatter. Jim and Sady have had sausage and hominy for breakfast. One sausage, Jim's, was the biggest. Jim can sing, but declines on being pressed, and looks at Sady and grins. They both work in de garden. Jim has been licked by Master, but Sady never. These are their best clothes. They go to church in these clothes.

Heard a fine sermon yesterday, but don't know what it was about. Never heard of England, never heard of America. Like oranges best. Don't know any old woman who sells oranges. (*A pecuniary transaction takes place.*) Will give that quarter-dollar to Pa. That was Pa who waited at dinner. Are



*Mr. B. You shan't say Lord, I beseech you to let go my hand
1st lady. Cudgley. B. — You get sick a bit of least shaking in my teeth
2nd lady. Give old chap — give us another go of the champagne
My lord. Sweet Mr. B. — How ever so possibly lovely you are
D... FOR THIS & ALL THE OTHER MORCIDS THIS LORD MARG IS TRULY THANKFUL.*

A Dinner-Table Scene, by Thackeray

hungry, but dinner not cooked yet. Jim all the while is revolving on his axis, and when begged to stand still turns round in a fitful manner.

“*Exeunt Jim and Sady with a cake apiece, which the housekeeper gives them. Jim tumbles down stairs.*”

“In his little red jacket, his little — his little? — his immense red trousers, such a queer little laughing blackamoorkin I have never seen. Seen? I

see him now, and Sady, and a half-dozen more of the good people, creeping on silent bare feet to the drawing-room door when the music begins, and listening with all their ears, with all their eyes. Good-night, kind, warm-hearted little Sady and Jim! May peace soon be within your walls! I have had so much kindness there, that I grieve to think of friends in arms, and brothers in anger."

From Macon, Georgia, our lecturer writes on Washington's birthday, "Although I have but ten minutes, I think it will be nice beginning. I am two hundred miles from jolly, little, friendly Savannah. I am in a great, big, rambling, shambling village, which they call a city here. Charles is taking the tickets at the door of, let us trust, a crowded lecture-room. One hundred and twenty-five girls from the Methodist Seminary — think of that! — are coming, and going to pay, too, I believe, the blind school has begged to come gratis: and is n't dress-coat, and waistcoat, and lecture on the bed waiting for me!"

In Mobile, Thackeray was presented to an enthusiastic audience by Judge Joseph Lesesne, a scholar and gentleman of social distinction, who was drowned in Mobile Bay during the following summer. At the banquet given to Thackeray by the judge after the lecture the novelist referred in a good-natured and witty manner to the severe onslaughts appearing in some of the papers. He

drew a clever pen-and-ink sketch of a "Savage Editor," and presented it to the judge as a souvenir of the pleasant evening. The drawing is still carefully preserved by Judge Lesesne's family. Another Thackeray entertainment was given by Dr. Josiah Clark Nott, the celebrated ethnologist, after the delivery of the last of his lectures on the Georges. Before its conclusion the large audience observed that some sheets of the speaker's manuscript seemed to be displaced. Mr. Thackeray displayed much embarrassment, and after a momentous pause and a shuffling back and forth of the loose sheets, abruptly dismissed his audience, making no attempt to conclude the lecture from memory. The widow of one of the guests who was present writes: "Before the company sat down to the old-fashioned Southern supper, Thackeray was greatly dejected, he cowered over the large open fireplace, and only roused himself when the genial host and the champagne warmed up his inner man. He then reverted to the evening's failure, and mentioned his treacherous memory, — that he could not make a quotation without the book before him, and that dates were simply impossible. Thackeray then related the following fact, which seems almost incredible, had it not been brought forth in apology. He was travelling in Italy, and was left adrift at a wayside inn among the mountains. Taking up a much-worn English book he opened it at random, read for some minutes and became interested, turned

back to the title-page, and discovered that he was reading 'Vanity Fair'!"

Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, author of "Beulah" and "St. Elmo," who has kindly communicated some Mobile data, writes, in November, 1902: "I have always remembered among the misfortunes of my youth, the failure to hear Thackeray's lectures, which were delivered in 1856 during my absence from Mobile, and now I doubly regret this deprivation, since it unfortunately debars me from the pleasure of sending you some personal reminiscences for your book."

In Mobile, Thackeray was also entertained by Madame Octavia Walton Le Vert, a lady of literary attainments¹ as well as the leader of fashionable society in that city, with which he was highly pleased, "though we did not make a mint of money there." The lady was called by him, "The magnolia flower of the South." At her dinner-table in a conversation concerning Charles Lamb, Mr. Thackeray used an ejaculation which interested all present, when he uttered the words, "Dear Saint Charles!" After nearly half a century, an explanation of their use is found as follows: "A new passage, very slight in itself, but, to me at any rate, very interesting, has reference to Thackeray's ejaculation, 'Saint Charles!' as applied to Lamb, which comes to us on authority of Edward FitzGerald. Writing to Charles Eliot Norton, on April 4, 1878, FitzGer-

¹ Author of "Souvenirs of Travel" (2 vols., 1857).

ald remarked — apropos the little paper of data of Lamb's life which he had compiled and was sending to Professor Norton — “Saint Charles!” said Thackeray to me thirty years ago, putting one of C. L.'s letters to his forehead.” Mr. Aldis Wright's footnote to this passage points out that the letter



A Thackeray Sketch

in question was that to Bernard Barton, about Mitford's verses, on Dec. 1, 1824, — the letter in which, with a masterly assumption of that gravity which Quakers call “concern,” Lamb implored his friend, the Woodbridge bank clerk and pious poetical comforter of hundreds of readers, to keep a watch upon himself in business, lest the fate of the unhappy Fauntleroy, the banker and forger (executed the day before), might also be his. “If

in an unguarded hour—but I will hope better. Consider the scandal it will bring upon those of your persuasion. Thousands will go to see a Quaker hung that would be indifferent to the fate of a Presbyterian or an Anabaptist . . .” and so forth.

Why this particular letter should so move Thackeray to that exclamation may have always puzzled some readers. That it should have prompted him to an impulsive utterance of thankfulness for such good feeling is natural; but why—just then—the word “saint”?

The original letter gives perhaps the key. On the other side of the paper, written painstakingly in a very minute hand (with the two lines of verse in alternate red and black inks), is this pretty passage which, for some reason that is hard to understand, no editor of Lamb has thought it worth while to reproduce:—

Postscript for your Daughter's eyes only.

DEAR MISS,—Your pretty little letterets make me ashamed of my great, straggling, coarse hand-writing. I wonder where you get pens to write so small. Sure they must be the pinions of a small wren, or a robin. If you write so in your Album, you must give us glasses to read by. I have seen a Lady's similar book all writ in the following fashion. I think it pretty and fanciful.

“O how I love in early dawn,
To bend my steps o'er flowery lawn.”

Which, I think, has an agreeable variety to the eye. Which I recommend to your notice, with friend Elia's best wishes.

It is not much; and yet the thought behind these few lines, and the care with which they were inscribed, is not a common possession; so uncommon, in fact, as to belong only to very sweet-souled persons; or, if one prefers, to saints. Thackeray, when he laid this letter to his forehead and exclaimed "Saint Charles!" had full reason. Assisted by this charming little message to Bernard Barton's daughter (which must have meant so much to her), all Lamb's life passed, maybe, before him in a flash, — its goodness and kindness, its disappointments and sorrows; and, most of all, perhaps, his quickness to do little things for others. "Saint Charles" becomes very clear then.¹

Two years later Thackeray sends Madame Le Vert, then in London, the following short, undated note in answer to an invitation to dinner: —

WEDNESDAY [1858].

MY DEAR MADAME LE VERT, — I am very sorry that I am engaged on Thursday evening. I am only just returned from Paris, or I should have acknowledged your invitation sooner. Very faithfully yours,

W. M. THACKERAY.

From "A Leaf out of a Sketch-Book," we take the following Thackerayan description: "This picture, ladies and gentlemen, represents a steamer on the Alabama River² plying (or *which plied*) between

¹ E. V. Lucas, in "The Fortnightly Review" for April, 1901.

² The following little incident connected with another Alabama river was related by Washington Irving, and greatly amused Thack-

Montgomery and Mobile. See, there is a black nurse with a cotton handkerchief round her head, dandling and tossing a white baby. Look in at the open door of that cabin or 'state-room' as they call the crib yonder. A mother is leaning by a bed-place; and see, kicking up in the air, are a little pair of white fat legs, over which that happy young mother is bending in such happy tender contemplation. That gentleman with a forked beard and a slouched hat, whose legs are sprawling here and there, and who is stabbing his mouth and teeth with his pen-knife, is quite good-natured, though he looks so fierce. A little time ago, as I was reading in the cabin, having one book in my hand and

eray, who carried the story back to England. James K. Paulding, author of "The Dutchman's Fireside" and other popular novels, when Secretary of the Navy in President Van Buren's Cabinet, carried on the following laconic correspondence with one of his subordinates, who was in some way connected with his department:—

WASHINGTON, ———, 1838.

DEAR SIR: Please inform this department by return of mail, how far the Tombigbee River runs up.

Respectfully,

J. K. PAULDING.

MOBILE, ———, 1838.

SIR: In reply to your letter inquiring how far the Tombigbee River runs up, I have the honor to inform you that the Tombigbee don't run up at all.

Very respectfully,

WASHINGTON, ———, 1838.

SIR: I have the honor of informing you that this department has no further occasion for your services.

Respectfully,

J. K. PAULDING.

When rallied on the subject of the above correspondence by his literary partner (Irving), Paulding, neither affirming nor denying its authenticity, passed it by, saying, "It is a very good story."

another at my elbow, he affably took the book at my elbow, read in it a little, and put it down by my side again. He meant no harm. I say he is quite good-natured and kind. His manners are not those of Mayfair, but is not Alabama a river as well as Thames? I wish that other little gentle-



A Duel, from Thackeray Drawing

man were in the cabin who asked me to liquor twice or thrice in the course of the morning, but whose hospitality I declined, preferring not to be made merry by wine or strong waters before dinner. After dinner, in return for his hospitality, I asked *him* if he would drink? 'No, sir, I have dined,' he answered, with very great dignity, and a tone of reproof. Very good. Manners differ. I have not a word to say.

"Well, my little Mentor is not in my sketch, but he is in my mind as I look at it: and this sketch, ladies and gentlemen, is especially interesting and

valuable, because *the steamer blew up on the very next journey*: blew up, I give you my honour, burst her boilers close by my state-room, so that I might, had I but waited for a week, have witnessed a celebrated institution of the country, and had the full benefit of the boiling."

Thackeray arrived at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, March 5, and on the following evening he gave his first lecture, the prices being \$4 and \$5, for the course of *The Four Georges*. Of his first appearance the leading paper remarks: "We are willing to confess the reality exceeded our warmest anticipations both of the man and the lecture. Thackeray is evidently a genial man, a good fellow, a club lover. March 17 Thackeray delivered a supplementary discussion, 'Charity and Humour.' All present were charmed by the vividness and simplicity of his style, and the fund of instruction which under the guise of humour and raillery he seldom fails to impart." Thackeray also records: "The papers here are very civil except one, a *Hirish* paper, which I am told whips me severely: but I don't read it and don't mind it or any abuse from dear old Ireland." During his two weeks' sojourn in the Crescent City he met the prominent leaders of society and dined several times with James G. Grimshaw, a wealthy English merchant, the fame of whose dinners have passed into history. Eight years after Thackeray's visit, the writer, when stationed in New Orleans, heard of Mr. Grimshaw's

specially remembered banquet given to Henry Clay at his fine mansion in Bourbon Street, also of Thackeray going there after his lectures to meet such men as Slidell; Soule; Bishop, later General Polk; Mr. Muir, the British Consul; Dr. Mercer, the noted philanthropist; and Benjamin, afterward Secretary of State in the Confederate Cabinet, and later a distinguished member of the English bar.

Miss Grace King, the historian of New Orleans, writes to the author of these volumes: "Mr. Grimshaw's wife must have interested Thackeray with his fondness for old French aristocracy. She was the grand-daughter of the Marquis and Marquise St. Pierre, the latter *dame d'honneur* to Marie Antoinette. When the King and Queen were captured, they made their escape to Bordeaux, took ship and reached this country, leaving a daughter in a convent of Paris, whom they did not see for ten years. Purchasing a place on the Ohio they dropped their title and were known by the family name of Berthold. Mrs. Grimshaw was born in Ohio, and remembered her grandfather and grandmother. In New Orleans, where she was sent to learn French, the little girl was presented to Lafayette, and later was a schoolmate in New York of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. And she is to-day the most delightful old lady in the city. . . . In a note to his poem of *bouillabaisse*, Thackeray mentions that he eat it here at a Lake Pontchartrain dinner."

The novelist himself states that "the excellent

landlord of the St. Charles Hotel when I was going away, begged me to accept two bottles of the finest Cognac, with his compliments, and I found them in my state-room with my luggage. Lochlmond came to see me off, and as he squeezed my hand at parting, 'Roundabout,' says he, 'the wine may n't be very good on board, so I have brought a dozen-case of the Médoc which you liked;' and we grasped together the hands of friendship and farewell. Whose boat is this pulling to the ship? It is our friend Glenlivet who gave us the dinner on Lake Pontchartrain. 'Roundabout,' says he, 'we have tried to do what we could for you, my boy: and it has been done *de bon cœur*' (I detect a kind tremulousness in the good fellow's voice as he speaks). 'I say — hem! — the a — the wine is n't too good on board, so I've brought you a dozen of Médoc for your voyage, you know. And God bless you: and when I come to London in May I shall come and see you. Hello! here's Johnson come to see you off, too!'

"As I am a miserable sinner, when Johnson grasped my hand, he said, 'Mr. Roundabout, you can't be sure of the wine on these steamers, so I thought I would bring you a little case of that light claret which you liked at my house.' *Et de trois!* No wonder I could face the Mississippi with so much courage supplied to me! Where are you, honest friends, who gave me of your kindness and your cheer? May I be considerably boiled, blown up,

and snagged, if I speak hard words of you. May claret turn sour ere I do!"

George Augustus Sala, who visited New Orleans in the year 1880, wrote: "All over the city you find excellent French restaurants, where the claret is better than and cheaper than that which you drink at hotels and restaurants in France; while at a place



The Devil, a Thackeray Drawing

of entertainment on the way to Lake Pontchartrain they not only give you *bouillabaisse* as good as any you can obtain at the Reserve by Marseilles; but show you an autograph-book, in which there is a terse eulogium of the fish stew in question, in the handwriting of Thackeray and signed by him."

In one of the "Roundabout Papers" entitled "A Mississippi Bubble," from which two previous paragraphs are taken, Thackeray gives an entertaining account of New Orleans experiences, and

some of the pleasant people that he met in the Crescent City, then the home of J. P. Benjamin, John Slidell, Pierre Soulé, and many other notable men already mentioned. He writes: "The group of dusky children of captivity on the next page is copied out of a little sketch-book which I carried in many a roundabout journey, and will point a moral as well as any other sketch in the volume. The drawing was made in a country where there was such hospitality, friendship, kindness shown to the humble designer that his eyes do not care to look out for faults, or his pen to note them. How they sang; how they laughed and grinned; how they scraped, bowed, and complimented you and each other, those negroes of the cities of the Southern parts of the then United States. My business kept me in the towns; I was but in one negro-plantation village, and there were only women and little children, the men being out afield. But there was plenty of cheerfulness in the huts under the great trees—I speak of what I saw—and amidst the dusky bondsmen of the cities. I witnessed a curious gaiety; heard among the black folks endless singing, shouting, and laughter, and saw on holidays black gentlemen and ladies arrayed in such splendour and comfort as freeborn workmen in our towns seldom exhibit. What a grin and bow that dark gentleman performed who was the porter at the Colonel's, when he said, 'You write your name, mas'r, else I will forgot.' I am not going into the

slavery question, I am not an advocate for 'the institution' as I know, madam, by that angry toss of your head you are about to declare me to be. For domestic purposes, my dear lady, it seemed to me about the dearest institution that can be devised. In a house in a Southern city you will find fifteen negroes doing the work which John, the cook, the housemaid, and the help do perfectly in your own comfortable London house. And these fifteen negroes are the pick of the family of some eighty or ninety; twenty are too sick or too old for work, let us say; twenty too clumsy; twenty are too young and have to be nursed and watched by ten more.¹ And master has to maintain the immense crew to do the work of half-a-dozen willing hands. No, no, let Mitchell the exile from poor enslaved Ireland wish for a gang of 'fat niggers.' I would as soon you should make me a present of a score of Bengal elephants, when I need but a single stout horse to pull my brougham.

"How hospitable they were, those Southern men! In the North itself the welcome was not kinder, as I, who have eaten Northern and Southern salt can testify. As for New Orleans, in spring-time—just when the orchards were flushing over with peach-blossoms, and the sweet herbs came to flavour the

¹ This was an account given by a gentleman at Richmond of his establishment. Six European servants would have kept his house and stables well. "His plantation," he said, "barely sufficed to maintain the negroes residing on it."—W. M. T.

juleps — it seemed to me the city of the world where you can eat and drink the most and suffer the least. At Bordeaux itself claret is not better to drink than at New Orleans. It was all good — believe an expert, Robert — from the half-dollar Médoc of the



Brabam, the Singer, by Thackeray

public hotel table to the private gentleman's choicest wine. Claret is, somehow, good in that gifted place at dinner, at supper, and at breakfast in the morning. It is good, it is superabundant — and there is nothing to pay. Find me speaking ill of such a country! When I do, *pone me pigris campis*: smother me in a desert, or let Mississippi or Garonne drown me! At that comfortable tavern in Pont-

chartrain we had a *bouillabaisse* than which a better was never eaten, at Marseilles; and not the least headache in the morning, I give you my word; on the contrary, you only wake with a sweet refreshing thirst for claret and water. They say there is fever there in the autumn; but not in the spring-time when the peach-blossoms blush over the orchards, and the sweet herbs come to flavour the juleps.

“I was bound from New Orleans to St. Louis, and our walk was constantly on the Levees, whence we could see a hundred of those huge white Mississippi steamers at their moorings in the river. ‘Look,’ said my friend Lochlmond to me, as we stood one day on the quay — ‘look at that post! Look at that coffee house behind it! Sir, last year a steamer blew up in the river yonder, just where you see those men pulling off in a boat. By that post where you are standing a mule was cut in two by a fragment of the burst machinery, and a bit of the chimney stove in that first-floor window of the coffee house and killed a negro who was cleaning knives in the tap room!’ I looked at the post, at the coffee house window, at the steamer in which I was going to embark, at my friend, with a pleasing interest not divested of melancholy. Yesterday it was the mule, thinks I, who was cut in two: it may be *cras mihi*. Why, in the same little sketch-book there is a drawing of an Alabama river steamer which blew up on the very next voyage after that in which your humble servant was on board! Had I but

waited another week I might have—These incidents give a queer zest to the voyage down the life-stream in America. When our huge, tall, white pasteboard castle of a steamer began to work up stream, every limb in her creaked and groaned and quivered so that you might fancy she would burst right off. Would she hold together or would she split into ten millions of shivers? O my home and children! Would your humble servant's body be cut in two across yonder chain on the Levees or be precipitated into yonder first floor, so as to damage the chest of the black man cleaning boots at the window? The black man is safe for me, thank goodness. But you see the little accident might have happened. It has happened, and if to a mule, why not to a more docile animal? On our journey up the Mississippi I give you my honour we were on fire three times and burned our cook-room down. The deck at night was a great firework—the chimney spouted myriads of stars, which fell blackening on our garments, sparkling on to the deck, or gleaming into the mighty stream through which we laboured—the mighty yellow stream with all its snags. . . .

“Mounting the stream it chanced that we had very few passengers. How far is the famous city of Memphis from New Orleans? I do not mean the Egyptian Memphis, but the American Memphis from which to the American Cairo we slowly toiled up the river—to the American Cairo at the con-

fluence of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. And at Cairo we parted company from the boat and from some famous and gifted fellow-passengers who joined us at Memphis, and whose pictures we had seen in many cities of the South. I do not give the names of these remarkable people, unless by some wondrous chance, in inventing a name I should light upon that real one which some of them bore; but if you please I will say that our fellow-passengers which we took in at Memphis were no less personages than the Vermont Giant and the famous Bearded Lady of Kentucky and her son. Their pictures I had seen in many cities through which I travelled with my own little performance. I think the Vermont Giant was a trifle better in his picture than he was in life (being represented in the former as at least some two stories high), but the lady's prodigious beard received no more than justice at the hands of the painter, that portion of it which I saw being really most black, rich and curly—I say the portion of beard, for this modest or prudent woman kept I don't know how much of the beard covered up with a red handkerchief, from which I suppose it only emerged when she went to bed, or when she exhibited it professionally."

Thackeray lectured in the St. Louis Mercantile Library Hall to large audiences on the evenings of March 26 and 27, his subjects being George III. and George IV. Among the many prominent persons who listened to one, or both of his lectures,

were Captain Bonneville, the Western explorer and hero of one of Washington Irving's volumes; Pierre Chouteau, the celebrated fur trader, and Abraham Lincoln, then unknown to fame beyond the borders of Illinois. In the last year of his life, Thackeray



A Thackeray Drawing of Himself

said to Bayard Taylor that he had never seen President Lincoln; but the latter told his friend John Howard Bryant that he had both seen and heard the English lecturer in 1856. When the present writer inquired of one of Lincoln's many biographers if he was aware of the Martyr-President having attended one of Thackeray's addresses in St. Louis, he replied expressing doubt, and adding: "I think the popular company of negro minstrels at that time appearing in St. Louis, would at that period have presented greater attractions to the future president than Mr. Thackeray's lecture on one of the Hanoverian kings." Another distinguished character of Civil War days, and afterward one of Lincoln's successors as Chief Magistrate of our country, had Thackeray pointed out to him by a former army comrade, as the novelist was passing along one of the streets of St. Louis. The then obscure farmer of Gravois, who had driven into the city that day with a cord of wood which he had just sold in the market-place, was the illustrious soldier Grant that within a single decade received the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, April 9, 1865.

To Charles A. Dana and several other friends, Thackeray related, on his return to New York, at an evening symposium at the Century, some reminiscences of his Southern tour. The most amusing incident, perhaps, occurred at the Planters' Hotel in St. Louis, and was related as follows by the traveller:

“The gentleman from Green Erin,” said the great author, “who had the honour of attending to my wants at the table d’hôte, nudged a fellow servitor, also from the Emerald Isle, and pointing to me said in a stage whisper, ‘Do you see that man?’ ‘Ov coorse I do. What the h—is the matter wid ’im?’ ‘Why, that’s the great Thacker!’ ‘You don’t say so! What’s he done?’ ‘I’m d—d if I know! But he’s the great Thacker!’”

From St. Louis, Thackeray proceeded to Cincinnati, where, on the evening of Saturday, March 29, he delivered the lecture on George III., and on the following Monday evening, that on George IV., under the auspices of the Mercantile Library Association. Of his visit to that city, Murat Halstead has kindly contributed the following reminiscences:

“I have a very distinct recollection of Mr. Thackeray himself when here in 1856. I don’t think Mr. Probasco gave him a dinner. It is possible Judge Este did, but I really don’t know anything about it. I had a good deal of curiosity to see the man and to hear him, and was a close listener to his lectures, remember his style. I am not sure but I would remember his voice if I heard it, but I am not positive that I exchanged words with him. I don’t think there was any rush of people who seemed solicitous to ‘grasp his hand.’ I have an idea that he was thought to be a shade reserved. I am not sure that he was really. It is my impression that there was n’t any special social function.”

As indicated in the following note to William Duer Robinson, Thackeray delivered his lectures on the Georges in Cincinnati, and then set out for New York by way of Buffalo to lecture there, and visit Niagara Falls, sending a few lines to his family *en route*, in which he says: "How sparkling Lake Erie looked, how pretty the country was, albeit still wintry. But Europe is still a prettier country for me, and I long for it."

It however appears that the novelist neglected to see the famous Falls. Charles Mackay says "that Mr. Thackeray, like Dr. Johnson — and all the ancients — was singularly indifferent to the beauties of natural scenery — and took more pleasure in contemplating the restless tide of human life in the streets of London, than in looking at, or wandering among the most glorious panoramic splendours of mountain and forest, or wide stretching river, lake or sea. It was reported of him in America, that he was within an hour and a half's run of the magnificent Falls of Niagara, when he was strongly pressed by a friend and companion to visit that renowned wonder of America, and that he refused, with the contemptuous observation, 'all the snobs go to Niagara, I shall not make one of them.' When this story reached England, he was indignant at the reason which gossip had erroneously assigned, but admitted that he had not visited the Falls, and regretted that he had not done so."¹

¹ "Forty Years' Recollections," London, 1877.

ST. LOUIS, MO. 26 March [1856].

MY DEAR ROBINSON, — I think and hope and trust to be at New York next week. Is the Bower of Virtue vacant? O how glad I shall be to occupy it! — Is there a bed for Charles my man?

Yours always, W. M. THACKERAY.

address care Mercantile Library Cincinnati.

On the seventh of April Bayard Taylor writes from New York: "Thackeray came here on Saturday. He looks jolly and rosy, although he had a few chills on the Mississippi. He is staying with Robinson, 604 Houston Street. It is delightful and refreshing to see his good face and his body among us once more."

The Bower of Virtue was No. 604 Houston Street, near Broadway, between Green and Mercer. Its site is now occupied by a stately warehouse, but on the north side of the street are still to be seen several old-fashioned two-storied brick houses of the same style as the one that sheltered Thackeray for several weeks during his second visit to this country. At that time Mr. Robinson, J. C. B. Davis, and Samuel E. Lyons occupied what the humourist styles "the Bower of Virtue." Mr. Davis, one of the few survivors among Thackeray's intimate American friends, in letters to the writer, says:

"My acquaintance with Thackeray began in a very pleasant way. In the summer of 1849 I went to London, with a letter to Mr. Thomas Baring,

the head of the house of Baring Bros., and commonly known as Tom Baring. This brought me the usual invitation to dinner, but as the cholera was then prevalent in London, I found only two other guests. No presentations were made, and I finished my dinner and the cigars which followed it without



*Drawing from Thackeray Sketch
Book*

knowing the names of my fellow-guests. When we came to leave, one of them, finding that I was going past Hyde Park corner, said that he was going the same way, and we walked along together. When we reached the corner, as I was crossing Piccadilly, he said he was to have an early dinner the next day, and afterwards take his guests to Vauxhall: would I

come? I answered that I should be glad to come, and was about to add that I had not the slightest idea what his name was, when he handed me his card, told me the hour for dinner, and we bade each other good-night. When I got to a street light I saw that I had been spending the evening with Thackeray. 'Vanity Fair' was the only novel which he had then published in full, and we were not as familiar with his appearance then as we afterwards became.

"The next day I went to the dinner, and found

as companions most of the men who figure on the platform with him in the 2d number of the 12th volume of *Punch*: Doyle, Tom Taylor, Lemon, Leech, Douglas Jerrold, etc. We went to Vauxhall after dinner, and spent a pleasant evening there. A little later, when Pendennis went to the same place, I understood why we had been there. The acquaintances I made then I had most friendly relations with afterwards. They made my stay of three years in England a most happy one.

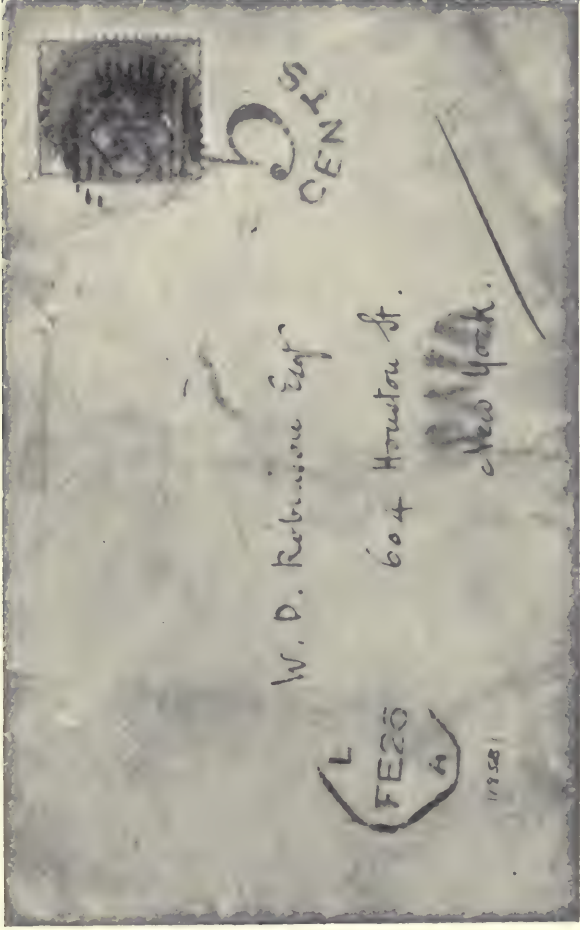
“In 1852 Thackeray made his first visit to the United States. I followed about a month later, reaching New York on New Year’s day, 1853. I had hardly got into the hotel on Broadway, nearly opposite Grace Church, when he appeared and said he had an invitation for me to a reception party to be given that evening at a villa in the country, and would call for me. He came in a sleigh at the appointed hour, and took me to the out-of-town villa on the west side of Fifth Avenue, between 37th and 38th streets. It was indeed out of town at that time. . . .

“You ask me about our lower floor in Houston St. Like all New York houses of that day, it contained two rooms (with closets). The front was our dining-room. The closets between were our pantry; and the rear room was occupied as a bedroom by Samuel E. Lyon, whose family lived in Westchester County. He practised law in New York, where he was in partnership with Alexander Hamilton, grand-

son of *the* Alexander Hamilton. They had a large business, and often he had to stay over in town. When he did he made his home with us. . . .”

To the Bower of Virtue Thackeray was again heartily welcomed on his arrival in New York, and a corner was found for Charles, who was an excellent specimen of the good English valet. Curtis recalled Thackeray's expressions of delight, and beaming with happiness at finding himself back on Broadway again, also how he would drop in on him at his editorial sanctum no. 10 Park Place, and laying down his watch on the desk or table, greet him with, “George William, I will give you just fifteen minutes,” or, “My dear boy, can you waste a quarter of an hour on an hidle Hinglishman?” Sometimes the two friends would walk across City Hall Park, and take lunch together at Windust's in Park Row.

During his second visit, Lester Wallack became a favourite with Thackeray. In his “Memories of Fifty Years,” the popular actor writes of the celebrated author: “I thought him with his great height, his spectacles, which gave him a pedantic appearance, and his chin carried in the air, the most pompous, supercilious person I had ever met, but I lived to alter that opinion, and in a very short time. Thackeray then lived with a very great and dear friend of mine and my father's, and they had rooms together in Houston Street. I had a house next door but one to them, and this is how I became so intimate with Thackeray. The name



Facsimile of an Envelope addressed to "William D. Robinson, Esq."



of this gentleman was William Duer Robinson, a member of an old and well-known family, a family whose property was confiscated in revolutionary times because they stuck to the King. Thackeray, I suppose, took a fancy to me: at any rate it was understood every night when I came home from acting, that if I saw a light in a certain window I was to go in. When I did find them in we never parted until half past two or three in the morning. Then was the time to see Thackeray at his best, because then he was like a boy: he did not attempt to be the genius of the party: he would let Robinson or me do the entertaining, while he would be the audience. It did not matter how ridiculous or impossible might be the things I said, he would laugh till the tears ran down his face: such an unsophisticated gentle creature as he was. He gave a large dinner, at which I remember were my father, George William Curtis, Mr. Robinson and myself, eighteen in all. It was the most delightful evening that could possibly be imagined. . . . Curtis and I sang a duet I remember, 'Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes,' and we were asked to repeat it three or four times. This all took place about the year 1856. On one occasion there was to be a dinner party of four. Thackeray said it might probably be the last time he should meet us convivially during the visit, so we agreed to dine together with him in Robinson's rooms. The party was to consist of Mr. Robinson, my father and myself. After

waiting a long time for Thackeray, at last there came a ring at the bell, and the waiter brought up a large parcel and a note from him, saying that a letter he had received compelled him to pack up as quickly as possible and start for England by the first steamer, adding, 'By the time you receive this, dear William, I shall be almost out of the harbour. Let me ask you to accept this little gift, as a remembrance of the many, many pleasant days and nights we have passed together.' The present was a beautiful silver tankard, simply inscribed, "W. D. Robinson from W. M. Thackeray, April 26, 1856," which is still in the possession of Mr. Robinson's family, and to be seen in the accompanying illustration. Another equally prized treasure is a copy of "The Virginians," presented to him by the author, with the following daintily written inscription :

"In the U. States and in the Queen's dominions
All people have a right to their opinions,
And many people don't much relish 'The Virginians.'
Peruse my book, dear R., and if you find it
A little to your taste, I hope you'll bind it."

A surviving friend of Lester Wallack asserts that the successful play of "Rosedale" was written as the result of a conversation at one of the *noctes ambrosianæ* at No. 604 Houston Street. The actor questioned an assertion of Thackeray's, that the lovers in a popular play must be very young persons, Wallack later putting the novelist's theory to



Silver Pitcher presented as a Parting Gift by Thackeray
to William Duer Robinson



the test by writing "Rosedale," in which, as will be remembered by many of my readers, Elliott Grey and Rosa Lee are both rather *passé* for young lovers.

In addition to George Bancroft, who knew Byron, Thackeray became well acquainted with Charles King, president of Columbia College, who, with his elder brother John, was at school at Harrow with Byron and Peel, their father, Rufus King, being then American minister to the court of St. James. This fine type of gentleman of the old school expressed to the English author admiration for Byron's courage. He befriended a delicate boy, saying to his protégé: "If any one bullies you tell me, and I will thrash him if I can." Considering his lameness, Byron was good at cricket,¹ said Mr. King, who also knew Peel, "the greatest member of Parliament who ever lived," and Palmerston, who left Harrow a hundred years ago! James G. King, a younger brother of John and Charles, was Thackeray's New York banker.

In the spring of 1856, Thackeray was unwisely advised by Mr. Reed and other Philadelphia friends to repeat his lectures on the English Humourists in that city. The undertaking was a failure, owing to the lateness of the season, and the lectures having been printed by the Harpers in 1853. Thackeray

¹ Byron's account of a match in which he played is to be found in one of his letters from Harrow. The poet says, "We have played the Eton and were most confoundedly beat."

took his disappointment good-humouredly, but expressed much sympathy with the man of business. "I don't mind the empty benches, but I cannot bear to see that sad, pale-faced young man as I come out who is losing money on my account." He generously returned a sufficient sum to cover the amount which had been lost in the speculation by the young Philadelphian, who had paid Thackeray a specified sum to repeat the lectures. The modern Fielding was well designated by an English friend as "Good Will." The incident is mentioned in a letter to Mr. Reed written on the day he sailed.

Before sailing for Liverpool, Thackeray gave a farewell dinner at Delmonico's, then on the corner

Mr. Thackeray.
hopes you'll come and dine with him at Delmonico's
on Sunday at 6. *Judge Daly.*

of Broadway and Chambers Street, opposite A. T. Stewart & Co.'s. Thirty-two guests sat down with him, including Reed and several other Philadelphia friends, who came to New York to attend the entertainment. The last survivor said, "We had a glorious night of it;" and he remembered that the party included Cozzens, Cranch, Curtis, Daly,

Dana, Charles A. Davis, Duer, Hackett, Halleck, Hicks, Charles King, Robinson, Taylor, the two Wallacks, Ward, and Young. Alas!

“All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.”

“Thackeray was in fine spirits,” writes George William Curtis, “and when the cigars were lighted he said that there should be no speech-making, but

that everybody, according to the old rule of festivity, should sing a song or tell a story. James Wallack was one of the guests, and with a kind of shyness which was unexpected but very agreeable in a veteran actor, he pleaded very earnestly that he could not sing and knew no story. But with friendly persistence, which yet was not immoderate, Thackeray declared that no excuse could



A Thackeray Sketch

be allowed, because it would be a manifest injustice to every other modest man at table and put a summary end to the hilarity. ‘Now, Wallack,’ he continued, ‘we all know you to be a truthful man. You can, since you say so, neither sing a song nor tell a story. But I tell you what you can do better than any living man—you can give us the great scene from “The Rent Day.”’ There

was a burst of enthusiastic agreement, and old Wallack, smiling and yielding, still sitting at the table in his evening dress, proceeded in a most effective and touching recitation from one of his most famous parts. No enjoyment of it was greater and no applause sincerer than those of Thackeray, who presently sang his 'Little Billee,' with infinite gusto." As a pendant to the above, Judge Daly, the last of the party, after more than twoscore years, remembered two additional incidents of the evening: that the poet Halleck, remaining in his seat, — for, as he said, he could not speak standing, — made a remarkably bright little speech, and that Curtis and Lester Wallack sang several duets.

Of this delightful dinner Curtis relates, in one of his incomparable "Easy Chair" essays, an amusing instance of the marvellous assurance and exquisite courtesy of Thackeray's particular friend, "Sam" Ward. He writes: "The Easy Chair recalls one incident which was a striking illustration of the masterly and phenomenal assurance of a well-known figure in the Bohemian circles of New York at that time, but whom it must veil under the name of Uncle Ulysses. By the side of the Chair sat a poet, whom also it must protect by the name of Candide, for a simpler and sincerer literary man never lived. It was in the time, as Thackeray was fond of saying, *Planco Consule*, which in this instance means in the time of the old 'Putnam's Monthly

Although I can not
Get round about the spot
Of lines I leave
And near the Chapel gate
With eager eyes I wait
Expectant of her.

The Chapel bell rings out
Above the city's noise
And voice and humming.
They've stopped the chiming bell,
The organ quits to swell,
She's coming - she's coming!

^{My lady comes}
~~Behold her dress~~ at last,
Timid and stepping fast
She's hastening hither;
With modest eyes downcast
She comes, she's here, she's passed
May God go with her!

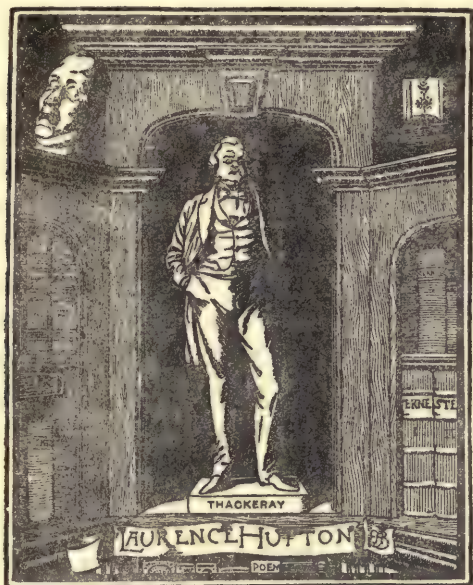
Pray, undisturbed sweet soul
Pass on thy brain a plant
Obedient & duly
^{will not, only there}
~~I come not to pursue her~~
~~to sully her pure prayer~~
~~My dearest lady pure~~
With thoughts unwearied

But only let me pass
Round the forbidden place
Languishing a minute,
Let's catch a breath who was
And ^{see through} ~~longed for~~ heaven's gate
Bright
The Angels' bliss within it

Magazine.' The number for the month had just been published, and Candide had contributed to it his 'Hesperides,' a charming poem, although the reader will not find that title in his works. He and the Easy Chair were speaking of the magazine, when Uncle Ulysses, who had never met Candide, and knew him only by name, dropped into the chair beyond him, and at a convenient moment made some pleasant remark to the Easy Chair across Candide, who sat placidly smoking. 'By-the-bye,' said Uncle Ulysses presently, 'what a good number of "Putnam" it is this month! But, my dear Easy Chair, can you tell me why it is that all our young American poets write nothing but Longfellow and water? Here in this month's "Putnam" there is a very pretty poem called "Hesperides." Very pretty, but nothing but diluted Longfellow.'

"This was said to the Easy Chair most unsuspectingly across the author of the poem, and at the moment it was uttered, the Easy Chair, to prevent any further disaster, broke in and said, 'Yes, it is a delightful poem, written by our friend Candide who sits beside you. Pray permit me to introduce you. Mr. Candide, this is Uncle Ulysses.' Candide turned, evidently swelling with anger, and the Easy Chair was extremely uncertain of the event, when Uncle Ulysses, with exquisite urbanity and a look of surprise and pleasure, held out his hand, and said: 'Mr. Candide, this is a pleasure

which I have long anticipated. I am very much honoured in making your acquaintance, and I was just speaking to the Easy Chair of your delightful poem just published in "Putnam." I congratulate you with all my heart.'



An American Book-plate

“Candide, astonished but perplexed, and yielding to the perfect *bonhomie* of Uncle Ulysses, half involuntarily put out his hand, which our uncle shook warmly, and in five minutes his fascinating tongue had charmed Candide so completely that the Easy Chair is confident that the good poet

always supposed that in some extraordinary manner he had entirely misunderstood Uncle Ulysses's remark touching the imitative tendency of young American poets."

Two days before his departure on the American steamer "Baltic" of the Collins Company, which sailed for Liverpool April 24, Thackeray dined with Charles Augustus Davis, meeting, among others, "lovely Sally Baxter" and the poet Halleck. At that pleasant dinner-party he expressed great regret that he came to this country too late to meet Cooper, for whose writings he entertained the highest admiration, and referred to the affecting final scene in "The Prairie" when the dying Leatherstocking said, "Here!" as surpassing anything that he had met with in English literature, saying, "'La Longue Carabine' is perhaps the greatest character in fiction, and better than any in Scott's lot."

APRIL 24.

MY DEAR REED, — When you get this, . . . remum-mum-ember me to kick-kick-kind ffu-fffu-ffriends . . . a sudden resolution — to — mummum-morrow . . . in the Bu-bu-baltic.

Good-by, my dear kind friend, and all kind friends in Philadelphia. I did n't think of going away when I left home this morning; but it's the best way.

I think it is best to send back 25 per cent. to poor —. Will you kindly give him the enclosed; and depend on it I shall go and see Mrs. Booth when I go



Caricature of Thackeray Drawn by himself, in New York, on an envelope addressed to his daughter in Paris, and obviously the same Knight who appears on page 95 of the first edition of "The Rose and the Ring,"



to London, and tell her all about you. My heart is uncommonly heavy; and I am yours gratefully and affectionately.

W. M. T.

A few days after Thackeray sailed, in speaking to a young friend of the exquisite scene in "The Newcomes," when the dying colonel drew himself up, exclaiming, "Adsum!" Halleck remarked that the similarity between this and the Cooper scene, to which attention had been called at the Davis dinner, was certainly a singular literary coincidence, but undoubtedly undesigned, adding, "I know of nothing in nineteenth-century fiction likely to outlive them."

Bayard Taylor writes to a friend, "Thackeray went off in the Baltic on Saturday, running off from his friends for fear of saying good-bye. I saw him off. He seemed sorry to leave." Still we must believe that he was happy to return to "the familiar London flagstones, and the library at the Athenæum, and the ride in the park, and the pleasant society afterwards."

The first message received from Thackeray after his departure from this country was addressed to Mr. William Duer Robinson.

ON BOARD LAST DAY. May 7, 1856.

MY DEAR OLD ROBINSON,—I tell you that writing is just as dismal and disgusting as saying goodbye. I hate it and but for a sense of duty I would n't write at all—confound me if I would. But you know after a fellow has been so uncommonly hospitable and kind and that

sort of thing — a fellow ought you see to write and tell a fellow that a fellow's very much obliged and — in a word you understand. Sir, you made me happy when I was with you, you made me sorry to come away and you make me happy now when I think what a kind generous friendly W D R you are. You have Davis back in the Bower of Virtue — you'll fill that jug one day and drink to my health won't you? and when you come to Europe you'll come to me & my girls mind, and we'll see if there is not some good claret at 36 Onslow Square. . . .

HOME. (wiz 36 Onslow Square, Brompton London) May 9.

We did pass the bar, and did n't I have a good dinner at the Adelphi, and was n't I glad to get back to town yesterday, and was n't there a great dinner at the Garrick Club (the Annual Shakespeare dinner w^h ought to have come off on the 23d ult. but was put off on acc. of a naval review) and did n't I make a Yankee speech, and oh lor' Robinson! have n't I got a headache this morning? I'm ashamed to ask for a sober-water that's the fact. — And so here's the old house, the old room the old teapot by my bedside, the old trees nodding in at the window — it looks as if I'd never been away — and that it is a dream I have been making. Well, in my dream I dreamt there was an uncommonly good fellow by name W D R. and I dreamt that he treated me with all sorts of kindness, and I send him and J C B D.¹ and D D² (and what's L's name down-stairs?³) my heartiest regards; and when my young women come home I shall tell them what a deal of kindness their Papa had across the water. So good bye, my dear Robinson & believe me always gratefully yours,

W. M. T.

¹ J. C. Bancroft Davis. ² Denning Duer. ³ Samuel E. Lyons.

Tell Jim Wallack that we had n't a single actor at the Shakespeare dinner and that F. Fladgate and G. Dance send their best remembrances to him. How did that Sunday dinner go off? Was it as bad as the dreary Friday?"

Soon after the burly Briton's arrival in London one of his friends writes, "Yesterday I met Thackeray who is just returned from the United States. He thinks there is every probability of the quarrel leading to war for there is a very hostile spirit, constantly increasing throughout the States, and an evident desire to quarrel with us. He says he has never met a single man who is not entirely persuaded, that they are in the right, and we are in the wrong, and they are equally persuaded if war ensues they will give us a good thrashing; they don't care for consequences; their riches are immense, and two hundred thousand men would appear in arms at a moment's notice."¹

In a copy of the first edition of 1824, of "Imaginary Conversations," may be seen the following stinging epigram on the Georges written on a fly-leaf by an early possessor of the precious volume. These lines by Landor have frequently been attributed to Thackeray, and have also very often been misquoted:—

"Landor was with Thackeray after his lectures on the Georges were delivered in London, and said:—

¹ Henry Greville's Memoirs, June 1, 1856.

"I sing the Georges Four,
 For Providence could stand no more.
 Some say that far the worst :
 Of all the four was George the First.
 But still by some 't is reckon'd
 That worser still was George the Second.
 No mortal ever said one word
 Of good or bad of George the Third.
 When George the Fourth from Earth descended
 Thank God the line of Georges ended.'

“ Extempore by LANDOR.”

Writing to the late Baron Tauchnitz in May, 1856, Thackeray says: “Your letter of the 26th March has only just found me on my return from America, where I made a prosperous voyage, though I have not quite reached the sum of *five hundred thousand dollars*, which the *Allgemeine Zeitung* states to be the present amount of my savings. Don't be afraid of your English — a letter containing £ — is always in a pretty style. You are welcome to the ‘Miscellanies’ for that sum; in the forthcoming volumes is a novel about ‘Frederic the Great.’ I don't think I ever sent you the sealed paper investing you with the right over the ‘Newcomes’: I fear I have lost it; but you need not fear that I shall shrink from my bargain. Will you come to London this year? Give a notice, and believe me very very faithfully yours. . . .”

Lowell writes from London to Charles Eliot Norton, August 11, 1856: “Thackeray gave us



Crayon Sketch by Samuel Laurence for his Portrait of Thackeray

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2

1

(Story, Cranch — whom I brought over from Paris — and me) a dinner at the Garrick club. The place is full of pictures of actors and actresses, some of them admirable — one of Garrick as Macbeth, for example — especially those by Zoffany. The dinner was very funny. Thackeray had ordered it for *two*, and was afraid there would not be enough — an apprehension which he expressed very forcibly to the waiter. He said something to Story which pleased him wonderfully. There were some cutlets which *did* look rather small. ‘Eat one of ’em, Story,’ said he; ‘it will make you feel a little hungry at first, but you’ll soon get over it.’ The benevolent tone he gave to the *soon* was delightfully comic. After dinner we went to a room over the ‘Cyder Cellar’ to smoke. Thackeray called for a glass of gin and water, and presently sent for the last ‘Newcomes,’ saying that he would read us the death of Colonel Newcome. While he was reading, came in a tall man in his shirt-sleeves and cried, ‘Well, Thack, I’ve read your last number. Don’t like it. It’s a failure. Not so good as the rest!’ This was Maurice John O’Connell.¹ Thackeray was not at all disturbed, but sent him off cavalierly. While reading one of the worst tirades of the ‘Campaigner’ he interrupted himself to say, ‘That’s my she-devil of a mother-in-law, you know, whom I have the good

¹ Lowell should have called him Morgan John O’Connell, a son of the more celebrated father, Liberator Daniel O’Connell.

luck to possess still.' I complained of his marrying Clive and Ethel as an artistic blunder. He acknowledged that it was so. 'But then, you see, what could a fellow do? So many people wanted 'em married. To be sure, I had to kill off poor little Rosey rather suddenly, but shall not a man



Wm Thackeray
1845.

Drawn by Eyre Crowe, A. R. A.

do what he will with his own? Besides, we can hope they won't have any children.' ”

To the wife of his friend Sir Henry Cole, connected with the Art Department of Kensington Museum, and the inspirer of the famous Punch parody,—

“I built my Cole a lordly treasure-house,”

Thackeray writes, after his second American tour, the following undated note:—

31, Saturday.

MY DEAR MRS. COLE,—I am going to *confiseoli* an American rocking-chair which has been an eye and shin-sore in my room for years past since a Yankee Captain gave it to me. The girls say your children like to rock in this chair very much in spite of its ugliness and many defects. Will they have it in the nursery, or shall the Broker ship it off? Please ask Mamma to decide this most important question.

This chapter may be appropriately concluded with a droll anecdote which Thackeray delighted to relate as a set-off to his own exalted view of his profession, as well as to illustrate the value of worldly fame. Soon after his return from the United States, he bethought himself of addressing his lectures on the Georges to the rising youth of the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Before doing so, it was necessary to obtain licenses from the collegiate authorities. The Duke of Wellington was Chancellor of the former seat of learning; was acquainted with Thackeray and, as his eldest son assured me, read "Vanity Fair" with delight at Walmer Castle, on its first appearance in monthly numbers. The "Iron Duke" lived in a broad atmosphere of the every-day world, and if applied to would doubtless have understood at once the author and his business. But the learned Oxford deputy, whose knowledge of Greek and Latin was possibly profound, but whose acquaintance with contempo-

rary English classics was obviously limited, said to the modest applicant:

“Pray, what can I do to serve you?”



Thackeray's Lord Steyne

“My name is Thackeray.”

“So I see by this card.”

“I seek permission to lecture within the precincts.”

“Ah! you are a lecturer? What subjects do you undertake—religious or political?”

“Neither; I am a literary man.”

"Have you written anything?"

"Yes, I am the author of 'Vanity Fair,'" said Thackeray, conscious, no doubt, of having done something worthy of remembrance.

"I presume a dissenter," said the Oxford man, quite unsubdued. "Has 'Vanity Fair' anything to do with John Bunyan's work?"

"Not exactly," said Thackeray. "I have also written 'Pendennis' and 'Henry Esmond.'"

"Never heard of these books," said the learned man; "but no doubt they are proper works."

"I have also contributed to 'Punch,'" continued the lecturer.

"'Punch'! I have heard of 'Punch,'" said the scholar; "it is, I fear, a ribald publication of some kind."

A score of years ago, while spending a week at Strathfieldsaye, England, the second Duke of Wellington showed me his father's copy of "Vanity Fair." It was the suppressed first edition, with the portrait drawn by Thackeray of the Marquis of Steyne, which was supposed to be a faithful likeness of a living nobleman.¹ A few days later my kind

¹ Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie writes concerning the original of the character of Lord Steyne in "Vanity Fair": "Lord Steyne was certainly not Lord Lansdowne, for whom my father had a respect and admiration. I suppose my father may have been told the picture was like Lord Hertford, and thought it best to suppress it; or perhaps the publishers advised him to do so. I remember hearing my elders talking about it, but I can't remember what they said. The only thing I know for certain is that it could n't have had anything to do with Lord Lansdowne."

host said: "I wish to make you a present before your departure. Shall it be Thackeray's story, in which you are so much interested, or a lock of my father's hair?" The interesting relic of the hero of Waterloo now hangs in my library, framed with an engraving of his portrait painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and one of Wellington's letters, while the copy of "Vanity Fair" which I might have possessed still stands on its shelf in the large library of Strathfieldsaye, — the name of the noble estate presented by the British government to the successful soldier for a day's work at Waterloo.



LETTERS TO AMERICAN FRIENDS
AND THE VIRGINIANS



LETTERS TO AMERICAN FRIENDS AND THE VIRGINIANS


When this bundle of egotisms is bound up together, as they may be one day, if no accident keeps this tongue from wagging, or this ink from running, they will bore you likely : so it would be to read through "Howell's Letters" from beginning to end, or to eat the whole of a ham: but a slice on occasion may have a relish: a dip into the volume at random, and so on for a page or two: and now and then a smile; and presently a gape: and the book drops out of your hand: and so *bon soir*, and pleasant dreams to you.

THACKERAY.

THE following letter is addressed to his friend Frederick S. Cozzens, whom he had visited at Chestnut Cottage, Yonkers, in 1852, and described so humorously in the "Sparrowgrass Papers."

36 ONSLOW SQ: LONDON.

Feb. 8 [1857]. (It's a Sunday evening) and I'm waiting for dinner, & that's how you come by an answer.

MY DEAR COZZENS, — Thank you for a sight of your hand-writing, and the kindly reminiscences of those jolly Centurions whose hospitality and affectionateness this never intends to forget. What pleased me most in your letter is to have it under your own hand & seal that you are well. I should like to see those pretty little chicks 

again — that snug cottage — those rosy-tinted palisades — that dining-room cupboard up w^h victuals came with clangor — that snug bedroom where the celebrated Thacker left the razor strap and could hear for hours Judge Daly talking talking into midnight. My dear old Judge — I have n't forgot what I owe him. . . . Where Bayard may be now the Loramussy only knows — We liked his pretty sisters, we had brief glimpses of a jolly time together — we hope to meet in April or May when I bragged about taking him into the fashionable world. But I hear that I am in disgrace with the fashionable world for speaking disrespectfully of the Georgie Porgies — and am not to be invited myself, much more to be allowed to take others into polight society. I writhe at the exclusion. The Georges are so astoundingly popular here that I go on month after month hauling in fresh bags of sovereigns, wondering that the people are not tired & that the lecturer is not found out. Tomorrow I am away for 2 months to the North — have found a Barnum who pays me an awful sum for April & May, and let us hope June — shall make £10,000 by my beloved monarchs one way or the other — and then and then then — well I don't know what is going to happen. If I had not to write 20 letters a day on business I would have written to George Curtis, and given him an old man's blessing on his marriage. But I can't write — no, only for business or for money can this pen bite this paper. As I am talking nonsense to you, all the fellows are present in my mind, I hear their laughter & talk, and taste that 44 Chateau Margaux, and that Champagne do you remember? — And I say again I would like to see those pretty little chicks. So the Athenæum assaulted you — lo you now! I never heard



of the circumstance — the shot is fired, the report is over, the man not killed — the critic popping away at some other mark by this time — and you I hope you are writing some more of those papers. Your book & Bayard Taylor's helped me over the voyage — How curious it is writing! I feel as if I was back again in New York and shaking hands with 100 of you — the heart becomes warm — God bless all good fellows say I. Shall I ever see you all again? Providebit Dominus — I forget whether you know Bancroft Davis — The folks here are hospitable to him. He has a pleasant time. Yesterday we elected him into the Garrick — and on the mantelpiece in my dining-room is a bottle of madeira w^h he gave it me and w^h I am going to hand out to some worthies who are coming to dine. They have never tasted anything like it — that's the fact. As I go on twaddling I feel I MUST come back & see you all. I praise Mr. Washington five times more here than I did in the States — our people cheer — the fine folks look a little glum but the celebrated Thacker does not care for their natural ill-temper. Only 2 newspapers here have abused me — & I have been quite on their side.

April 5. To think this was written on Feb. 8 and left in my portfolio! I went out of town the next day only returned April 3 — have been killing & eating the Georges ever since. I do not know what this letter is about — I am not going to read so much MS. if I can help it, but I remember, when I wrote it, how I had a great desire to commune with my old chums at New York and hereby renew the kindest greetings to them. Tell me, Judge Daly, are you married & ahappy? If so I will send you those books I owe you. Poor Kane! I grieved to think of that hero carried so soon out of our world. There

— I can no more — good bye my dear Cozzens — I salute you my excellent Century — G Curtis & Young¹ & Daly
I am yours always

W. M. THACKERAY.

The cordial note which follows was written to Bayard Taylor, mentioned in the above letter to Mr. Cozzens, who was then in London, receiving many kindly attentions from Thackeray, including,

Ms.

April 5. To think this was written on Feb 5 and left in my portfolio! I went out of town the next day only returned April 3 - have been killing & eating the Georges ever since. I do not know what the letter is about - I am not going to read so much MS. if I can help it - but I remember, when I wrote it, how I had a great desire to commune with my old chums at New York and hereby renew the kindest greetings to them. Tell me Judge Daly are you married & happy? If so I will send you three books I owe you. Poor Kane! I grieved to think of that hero carried so soon out of our world. There - I can do more - Good bye my dear Cozzens - I salute you my excellent Century - G Curtis & Young & Daly I am
yours always
W. M. Thackeray

a little later, a portrait of Tennyson, with the message accompanying it, to which were added a few lines. Taylor appended his initials and the date, June, 1857, so that, as may be seen in the facsimile, the same page contains the chirography of the three T's, — Tennyson, Thackeray, and Taylor. The original is framed with the portrait, and belongs to Mrs. Bayard Taylor, as does the last photograph of Thackeray. It was presented to Mr. Taylor after her father's death, by Mrs. Ritchie. In his "At

¹ William Young, editor of the "Albion."

Home and Abroad," Taylor describes a pleasant annual dinner given by Thackeray in July, 1857, to the writers for "Punch," at which he and three other Americans were present. The others he describes as "a noted sculptor, the architect-in-chief of the Central Park, and an ex-editor of the New York 'Times.'" Mr. Taylor writes: "The guests assembled in Mr. Thackeray's drawing-room, most of them wearing easy black cravats instead of the stiff white 'chokers' which English society requires, and marched thence to the dining-room without any particular order of precedence. Our giant host, upon whose head lie the snows of wisdom, not of age, illustrated the grandeur of cheerfulness, as he took his place at the head of the table. The eyes which can pierce through the triple mail of shams and hypocrisies, sheathed their trenching glances, and beamed only a cordial hospitality. At the other end of the table sat Mark Lemon, his very opposite in appearance."

36 ONSLOW SQUARE, 29 May [1857]

MY DEAR BAYARD, — I have written a letter to Tennyson containing comments upon your character, which I could n't safely trust to your own hand — and so, you'll go to Freshwater in the Isle of Wight and he'll be prepared to receive you. The girls are sorry not to see the sisters who must have had a famous time and we here shall be delighted to shake hands with you — A month sooner we would not have let you camp out elsewhere, but I have just pulled part of my house down and have only one bed-chamber

My dear B.T. I was so busy yesterday ^{Farringford}
 that I couldn't keep my agreeable appointment ^{G.H.}
 with Thompson; & am glad I didn't fetch you to Greenwich.
 Here's a note to console you, & I am ever yours ~~J.H.~~

June, 1857.
 B.T.

My dear Thackeray,

Your American friend & post-
 -trellor has never arrived. He has
 I suppose changed his mind. I am
 sure I should have been very glad to
 see him for my 'castle' was never
 yet 'barricaded & entrenched' against
 good fellows. I write now this line to
 say that after the 30th I shall not
 be here.

My best remembrances to your daughters
 whom I had twice seen once as little
 girls & again a year or so back.

Yours ever ~~J.H.~~

where there were to be two. But live as close as you can to us and eat, drink, smoke, come in and out as you please, and you'll be sure to please
 W. M. T.

The following brief letter was addressed to T. Buchanan Read, an American poet and painter, who was then visiting Mr. William Thornton, of Challey Range, Manchester. An explanation of the allusion to "electioneering" follows the epistle in which it appears:—

36 ONSLOW SQUARE, August 3, 1857.

MY DEAR READ: Thank you for your volume. I did not know where to send you to acknowledge the book. Would say that I have not had time to read it yet—have been away out of town on business, which occupies every hour of my time electioneering—have been ill since my return and so busy that the nurse has had to sit in the ante-chamber all the while. Tomorrow we go to Brighton and I shall see your icebergs from the sea-shore there. Thank Mr. Thornton for his offer of hospitality, but I am promised if I go to Manchester, to my friend Deane, and when I go it will be in force with my daughters in company. I shall be delighted to have a bill of the ancestral printing: and hope that we may soon have more meetings in our country or in yours.

Always yours,

W. M. THACKERAY.

In the summer of 1857, the novelist earnestly endeavoured to enter the House of Commons, and actually stood for the city of Oxford. Fortunately, as his best English and American friends believed, he was then too far advanced in life to make his

mark at Westminster, and would have been lost in a crowd of mediocrities. He did much better when, addressing the electors after his defeat, he undertook to "retire and take my place with my pen and ink at my desk," which he did immediately. The result was an American novel, the first number of which was issued in the following November, with a whole session full of orations addressed to Mr. Speaker. Just before the election Thackeray sent the following half-dozen droll lines to his daughters, dated Oxford, July 11, 1857:—

"My dearest little women, as far as I can see,
 The independent Woters is all along with me,
 But nevertheless I own it, with not a little funk,
 The more respectable classes they go with Wiscount Monck;
 But a fight without a tussle it is not worth a pin,
 And so St. George for England and may the best man win."

On the eve of the election Lord Monck withdrew in favour of Mr. Edward Cardwell, a distinguished public man and a warm friend of Sir Robert Peel. Of his successful adversary Thackeray gallantly said: "I never should have stood against Cardwell if I had known he was coming down." This contest is otherwise celebrated for a charming reference made to it by Charles Dickens, and for one of the neatest and most graceful compliments paid to him by the "Wiscount." After Thackeray's death, in his tribute to him, Boz wrote: "He dispatched his agent to me from Oxford with a droll note (to which he afterwards added a verbal postscript), urg-

ing me to come down and make a speech, and tell them who he was, for he doubted whether more than two of the Electors had ever heard of him, and he thought there might be as many as six or eight who had heard of me."

At the time of the contest a sort of catchword, "May the best man win," was the constant refrain. Meeting Lord Monck in the street Thackeray had a little friendly talk over the prospects of the fight, and on taking leave remarked, "May the best man win." "I hope not," said Lord Monck, with a courtly bow and a meaning glance at his giant opponent. Apropos of this charming incident, there comes back to the writer the recollection of a Thackeray Irish story as related by Curtis: "An Irishman who appeared after a wedding with a broken head and tattered



*Thackeray, by Frederick Walker*¹

¹ Sir John Millais said of Walker, who died in 1875, aged only thirty-five, that he was "the greatest artist of the century."

attire, was asked what had happened, and he answered, 'I met a man at the wedding, that I did n't know, and I said to him "Who are you?" And he says to me "I'm the best man," and be me saul, I soon found out he was.' " As an appropriate pendant to this may be added the following incident of a more modern date: —

"So ye are goin' to marry Garrity's widdy, are yez?"

"Oi am."

"And fwat will yez do fwim she takes to tellin' yez how much the better mon her first mon was?"

"She won't. Did n't Oi used to be lickin' Garrity — God rest 'im — about once a fortnight fer t'ree years?"

Apropos of his contest for Oxford, Thackeray wrote to an English friend in 1858: "I don't know when I shall have another thousand pounds to spare for an election fight — but having tasted of the excitement, have a strong inclination to repeat it. Novel spinning is not enough occupation for a man of six-and-forty, and though I am so dilatory with my own work, I think I should be all the better for having a good deal more. Did you hear that some of your young gentlemen wanted to make a Lord Rector of me? ¹ 'Domine, non sum dignus.' They should go for graver characters than satirical novelists, and Lord Mahon is just the proper man you ought to have for that quaint office."

¹ *I. e.* of Marischal College and University.

In place of a Mrs. Trollope or Charles Dickens account of the country, which the latter lived to regret, Thackeray complimented us by writing a delightful story of the days of George the First and George



LADY LOUISA ON THE BALCONY AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF
THE PUFFIN MAN

Drawn by W. M. Thackeray October 10. 1857.

the Second, containing a few of the author's American recollections. To John Esten Cooke he said, "I shall write a novel of American life with the title of 'The Two Virginians.' The scene is to be in Virginia. There will be two brothers as the prominent characters: one will take the English

side in the War of the Revolution, and the other the American, and they will both be in love with the same girl." Thackeray is believed to have been in part indebted to William B. Reed of Philadelphia, and to Mr. Prescott's crossed swords which he saw in the historian's Boston residence, for the conception of the story which appeared as "The Virginians." In 1857 the first number was published, and the twenty-fourth and last two years later. This American novel, as all readers of this volume are probably well aware, is a continuation of "Henry Esmond." It takes up by no means the story of "Esmond," and hardly the characters. The twin brothers, who are called the Virginians, are grandsons of Henry Esmond and his wife, Lady Castlewood. Their only daughter, born on the estate in Virginia, had married a Warrington, and the brothers are the issue of that marriage. Perhaps the most interesting character in the narrative is the Baroness Bernstein, who in the novel to which "The Virginians" is a sequel appears in her youth as Beatrix Esmond. Many other personages that are included in the earlier work are carried into the American story. Thackeray did this in other instances. Major Dobbin of "Vanity Fair" reappears in "Pendennis," and so on. This was his most profitable work, the author receiving about thirty thousand dollars, being more than was paid for "Vanity Fair," "Henry Esmond," and "The Newcomes," "the quadrilateral of Thackeray's fame," as his

four chief novels were called by an English contemporary.

After expressing his astonishment at the number of admirable novels Alexander Dumas *père* produced, Thackeray alludes to the fact that he was not the author of many of his books, and writes, "Why not? Does not the chief cook have *aides* under him? Did not Rubens's pupils paint on his canvases? Had not Lawrence assistants for his backgrounds?" Then he suggests how convenient it would be if he could give his clerk a few points in the morning, such as: "Mr. Jones, if you please, the Archbishop must die to-day in about five pages. Turn to article Dropsy (or what you will) in the Encyclopædia. Take care that there are no medical blunders in his death. Group his daughters, physician, chaplains round him. In Wales's London, letter B, third shelf, you will find an account of Lambeth, and some prints of the place. Colour in with local colouring. The daughter will come down and speak to her lover in his wherry at Lambeth stairs." This amusing suggestion is one that some readers of the "Roundabout Papers," in which it occurs, might be inclined to take seriously in view of the claim made by many Marylanders that John P. Kennedy wrote a portion, if not an entire chapter of "The Virginians."

Some faint colour was given to this belief by Thackeray's frequent appeals to American friends for aid, occurring in several communications of this

period, including the following one, addressed to William D. Robinson, "Cashier of the Customs, New York," which Mrs. Ritchie describes as "a delightful letter," adding as to the *Intentique Ora Tenebant* chapter: "I think it can be scarcely necessary to contradict the assertion that Mr. Kennedy wrote a chapter in 'The Virginians,' which is entirely in my father's handwriting. No doubt Mr. Kennedy gave him the facts about the scenery, but I am sure that my father wrote his own books, for no one could have written them for him."

Mr. Dandridge Kennedy writes from Warrenton, Virginia: "While in this country, Thackeray was, for a time, the guest of my uncle, John P. Kennedy, and during that period my uncle took him on a visit to his brother, Mr. Andrew Kennedy, in Virginia. I believe that many of the family have credited the chapter you speak of to my uncle, but I cannot positively assert it. Mr. Latrobe was very intimate with my uncle, and, I think, knew much of his literary and other work, and would be careful in any statement he made. I saw Mr. Thackeray while he was staying with my uncle, and knew that the latter gave him much information as to the Virginia people and country, and that he took him on the visit to Virginia that he might see it for himself. I am not sure that they visited the exact spot of Virginia that Thackeray describes, and about which my uncle had written a great deal."

The death of Sir John Millais brought to light

an anecdote of his about Thackeray which serves to discredit still more the Kennedy claim, if further comment on the episode is called for. According



Punch Picture of Thackeray and Jerrold

AUTHORS' MISERIES, No. 6

OLD GENTLEMAN : MISS WIGGETS : Two Authors

OLD GENTLEMAN : "I am sorry to see you occupied, my dear Miss Wiggets, with that trivial paper, 'Punch.' A railway is not a place, in my opinion, for jokes. I never joke — never."

MISS W. : "So I should think, sir."

OLD GENTLEMAN : "And besides, are you aware who are the conductors of that paper, and that they are Chartists, Deists, Atheists, Anarchists, to a man? I have it from the best authority, that they meet together once a week in a tavern in Saint Giles's, where they concoct their infamous print. The chief part of their income is derived from threatening letters, which they send to the nobility and gentry. The principal writer is a returned convict. Two have been tried at the Old Bailey; and as for their artist — as for their artist . . ."

GUARD : "Swin-dum! Sta-tion!"

(Exeunt Two Authors.)

to Sir John, "the novelist was girding at the critics, some of whom complained that one of his chapters had been written loosely and without care. 'To show how little they know,' remarked Thackeray, 'I may tell you that I wrote that chapter four times over, and — each time it was worse.'"

"I hear," observed Thackeray to Douglas Jerrold, "that you have said 'The Virginians' is the worst novel I ever wrote." "You are wrong," replied Jerrold; "I said it is the worst novel anybody ever wrote." "And yet," remarked Mr. Curtis, "the work has taken its rightful place among the masterpieces of the English language, although surpassed by his three more important publications." Thackeray and Jerrold sat near each other at the weekly "Punch" dinners, and there was as little love as space between them, but Thackeray wisely said, "What is the use of quarrelling with a man, if you have to meet him every Wednesday at dinner?"

Apropos of "The Virginians," we find the following paragraphs against the prevailing use at present of advertisements in literature. After pointing out that author and publisher are alike censurable for the undignified methods now in vogue to attract the eye of the reading public, the writer traces the history of the change in a manner that would most certainly have amused Thackeray: "The change in the attitude of the author is illustrated by a little incident which occurred in London in 1858, — a prehistoric age, as far as the art of advertising is

concerned. Edmund Yates then wrote, for a periodical called "Town Talk," a short account of Thackeray's personal appearance and his literary successes. To be sure, the sketch was not wholly flattering, but so much the better, for no one could then accuse it of being simply a puff. What was Thackeray's proper course under the circumstances? No enlightened man in this year of grace 1901 will hesitate for a moment to say that he should have clipped the article, and sent it with his own photograph to his publishers, Bradbury and Evans. They should have immediately ordered five hundred proof slips and mailed one to each newspaper in the United Kingdom, with some such circular as this:

DEAR SIR,—Since we advertise freely in your columns, you will probably wish to reprint in whole or in part, with proper credit to "Town Talk," the enclosed sketch of Mr. Thackeray, whose popular novel, "The Virginians," we are now publishing in monthly parts at 1s. each. The sale of this work is, as you doubtless know, absolutely unprecedented in the book trade. If you can use a cut we shall be happy to send you, carriage prepaid, an excellent electrotype portrait of Mr. Thackeray. [Was this before the days of electrotypes?] Trusting that you will do your best for us, and will send us a marked copy, we remain, your obedient servants,

BRADBURY AND EVANS.

Incredible as it may appear, however, nothing of the kind happened. Thackeray did not even offer Mr. Yates an autograph copy of "The Newcomes."

Instead, he demanded that Mr. Yates should apologise for printing facts about the colour of his hair and his manner of speech, learned in the privacy of the Garrick Club, of which both were members. Evidently Thackeray was labouring under the delusion that an author is a member of a learned profession, bound by some such fantastic code as that of reputable doctors and lawyers. It is conceivable that if he had seen on every board-bill the legend, "Read 'The Virginians!' A Great Historical Novel! Incidents of the French and Indian War! Brilliant Characterisation of George Washington!" he would have felt as horrified as the President of the New York Academy of Medicine, if he saw his name on a poster in every street-car with the advice, "Go to Dr. — for Appendicitis! Operations While You Wait!" But we have left Thackeray's benighted notions far behind us!¹

Referring to the Thackeray-Yates quarrel alluded to above, an American admirer of Yates informed the writer that he was one of the most winning of men, an ardent disciple of Dickens, whom he always mentioned as "The Master," and who was an un-failing friend of Yates. "So when Yates fell into quarrel with Thackeray and solely, as he often said, because of his own boyish effrontery, Dickens went into the ring as bottle-holder. Thackeray was so vast, so dominant, so high and looming, that the

¹ "Every Author his own Press Agent," *The Nation*, New York, August 1, 1901.

young scapegrace of a Yates could not resist the shying of a stone. But for the giant to have shied back! Who would have conceived it? The blow would have been fatal to 'Young Grub street,' as Thackeray called Yates, if Dickens had not intervened his buckler and assumed the quarrel. Yates told me that Thackeray was not aiming at him, but at Dickens. That Thackeray looked upon Yates as among the free lance crowd in service under Dickens, given to waylay whoever might come in 'The Master's' road. Having seized one of the freebooters in the very act of sin, Thackeray meant to punish the master through the man. Thackeray stooped to conquer — and failed."¹

There had been some estrangement between Thackeray and Dickens since the autumn of 1853. The former, justly indignant at a published description of himself by a member of the Garrick Club to which both he and Dickens belonged, referred it to the Committee, who decided to expel the writer. Dickens, believing expulsion too severe a penalty for an offence thoughtlessly given, and as far as might be, manfully atoned for by withdrawal and regret, interposed to avert that extremity. "Thackeray resented the interference," writes Foster, "and Dickens was justly hurt by the manner in which he did so. Neither was wholly right, nor was either altogether in the wrong." Thackeray had cause

¹ "Personal Reminiscences," by John Russell Young, New York, 1902.

for complaint against Edmund Yates and for his severe criticism ; but having himself in his earlier life committed similar indiscretions, we are ready to exclaim with Sir Thomas Browne : " While thou so hotly disclaimest against the Devil, be not guilty of diabolism."

TO WILLIAM DUER ROBINSON.

SATURDAY. Jan 23. 1858. 36 ONSLOW SQ.

A sudden gust of friendship blows from this boosom in the direction of Houston Street and my Wobinson. The fact is, Sir, I was in the drawing-room just now, and out of a portfolio on one of the elegant rosewood tables, there peeped a photograph, w^b represented the honest old mug of W. D. R. How is he? Can he afford to drink claret still? are there any cocktails about 604? I would give a guinea to be there — and now and then get quite a bust of feeling towards folks on your side. Davis's marriage came upon me quite inopportunately ; I have had to give presents to no less than 4 brides this year and I can't positively stand no more. The last was Libbie Strong, whose votive teapot is at this present moment in my house, waiting for an opportunity to X the water. What can I tell you about myself? nothing very good, new, or funny. . . . Virginians are doing pretty well thank you, but not so very well as we expected so that I only draw 250£ per month instead of 300£ as the agreement is. But I like every body who deal with me to make money by me so I cede those 50£ you see until better times. I have just paid the last of the Oxford Election bills, and got how much do you think out of 900£? — 13£ is the modest figure returned. Then you know J. G. King's Sons have somehow forgotten

to send me any dividends upon Michigan Centrals & N Y Centrals. So I am not much richer in Jan 58 than I was in Jan 57. that's the fact. But then in compensation I live very much more expensively. Charles, much injured by going to America, has been ruined by the company he keeps next door. Next door has a butler and a footman in livery. Charles found it was impossible to carry on without a footman in livery ; so when the girls dine off 2 mutton chops they have the pleasure of being waited on by 2 menials who walk round & round them. We give very good dinners. our house is full of pretty little things. our cellar is not badly off. Sir I am going in a few days to pay 100£ for 18 dozen of '48 claret that is not to be drunk for 4 years. That is the price Wine has got to now. 'T is as dear as at New York. No wonder a fellow can't afford to send a marriage token to his friend when he lives in this here extravagant way. I fondly talk of going to America in the autumn and finishing my story *sur les lieux*. I want to know what was the colour of Washingtons livery — Where the deuce was George Warrington carried after he was knocked down at Braddock's defeat? Was he taken by Indians into a French fort? I want him to be away for a year and a half, or until the siege of Quebec. If you see Fred. Cozzens or George Curtis, ask them to manage this job for me, and send me a little line stating what really has happened to the eldest of the 2 Virginians (This is genteeler paper than the other, w^{ch} I use for my "copy" paper.) I only got my number done last night, and am getting more disgustingly lazy every day. I *can't* do the work until it's wanted. And yet with all these attacks of illness w^{ch} I have, I ought, you know I ought. Sir I came up stairs now to do a little work before dinner ; only I

thought how much pleasanter it would be to have a chat with old Robinson! Do you see in the "Times" this morning the death of Beverley Robinson late a captain of the R. Artillery? He must be one of you. And now it is 5 minutes to 7: and it is time to go dress for dinner. Hark at the Brougham-horse snorting in the frost!

[Here follows the pen-and-ink sketch "He dresses for Dinner," and the comment on it, "Not that W. is grown any fatter, wearing still the same coat, waistcoat & britches which he sported in N. York."]



HE DRESSES FOR DINNER

This is Wednesday 27. What do you think I did yesterday? gave one of the old '51 lectures in a suburb of London. It was quite refreshing. Went there with my doctor who attended me all last year without a fee — gave him the 25£ cheque w^h they gave me for the lecture.¹ It was easily earned money was n't it? How

¹ The physician of whom Thackeray writes was later the distinguished Sir Henry Thompson. Mrs. Ritchie wrote to me, "I will ask him if he remembers going to the lecture." Sir Henry died in April, 1904.

shall I fill up the rest of this thin paper? Ever since the Georges I have been in disgrace with the Bo monde. My former entertainers the Earls and Marquises having fought very shy of me. This year they 're beginning to come back.

Thursday 25th. Yes, but the 25th February. What a time this letter has been a-composing! I have written a number, two numbers since it began have had 3 confounded attacks of spasms have spent ever so much money grown ever so much older and not a bit wiser — am just at my desk again after attack No. 3. Yes, claret drunk not wisely, but too well, an immoderate use of the fleshpots are beginning to tell upon the friend of W. D. R. If I don't write this letter off now I shall never send it that's flat. It must go, Robinson, and I want you to ask Duer — **THIS IS THE ONLY IMPORTANT PART** of the letter, whether (I cannot spoil my own mug on the other side) the Michigan Centrals and New York Centrals are ever going to pay, and what becomes of the absent dividend of last year? What are my Michigan Bonds worth now? Will you get me a philosophic answer to these questions please? What more? I often look at your beauteous image. Next week I am going to Macready in the country to read one o those demd old Georges. He offers me 50£ to read in 2 little towns close by and I won't Why do for nothing what I wont do for 50£? because I am sick of letting myself out for hire — I have just bought a famous little cob that carries me to perfection. Adieu Robinson, Davis, Duer.
W M T [signed in monogram]

CHESTNUT COTTAGE

SUNDAY NIGHT MCH., 21st, 1858.

MY DEAR THACKERAY, — Your friend Mr. Robinson was good enough to leave your letter to him on my desk

yesterday during my absence, and I have employed this blessed day in hunting up data for your queries.

First, as to the Washington livery. Of Mrs. Washington at the camp before Boston in Irving's "Life of Washington," Vol. 2, page 121, it says (incidental mention is made of the equipage in which she appeared there) a chariot and four with postilion in scarlet and white liveries. It has been suggested that this was an English style of equipage derived from the Fairfaxes: but in truth it was a style still prevalent at that time in Virginia. I see you say "blue and white."

Next, as to the disposition of George Warrington after the defeat of Braddock & Co.

You can by no means fulfil the dreams of Madam Esmond by making G. W. a prisoner in the hands of the Indians. The Indian does not know anything of prisoners of war, except to roast them afterwards.

There have been some few instances, where prisoners have been kept for a short time by the red men as menials, but in the end they were either tomahawked or served up in the usual style, or escaped, instances of which are familiar, scattered throughout frontier story or the earlier histories of New England.

But at Braddock's defeat, we have certain evidence upon this very point. The returns were; killed 456, wounded 421, safe 583 exclusive of women and black servants killed; 3 women only were saved alive — one was retained by the French Commander at Benango the other two sent as slaves to Canada.

My dear old Thackeray, I am delighted to hear that you think of coming here in the autumn.

Your "Virginians" have surprised and pleased all your

intimate friends. We all think your pictures of Virginia life are perfect and wonder how you are able to do it. "Oh!" said Irving to me the other day in that sweet, husky, honeycomb voice, "What a fine book he will make of that!" "Have you read it Mr. Irving?" I asked. "No, I have so much to do, but I know Thackeray. I know what he is capable of doing, a man of great mind, far superior to Dickens. Dickens's prejudices are too limited to make such a book as Thackeray is capable of making of the 'Virginians.'"

Well, well, for my part, I am surprised at the faithful delineation you have given of old "Virginny."

I must except to your making George Washington use language unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, as you do. If you look at the courteous language of old "Virginny," you will see nothing there but pure and polite English. Even Patrick Henry, the most illiterate of all his contemporaries, uses the most courteous phrases in debate. Where did he get this? Surely, from familiar intercourse with well-bred people or otherwise we had no education. . . .

FREDERICK S. COZZENS.

The story of "Henry Esmond" was the fruit of Thackeray's researches for the preparation of his lectures on the "English Humourists," and in the same way "The Virginians" originated in his studies for "The Four Georges" and his second visit to the United States. The first number appeared in November, 1857. This American novel and its successors have not the sparkle and strength of "Vanity Fair" and "Henry Esmond," but then

how few books have! The reader will recall the opening lines:

“On the library wall of one of the most famous writers of America there hang two crossed swords, which his relatives wore in the great War of Independence. The one sword was gallantly drawn in the service of the King, the other was the weapon of a brave and honoured republican soldier. The possessor of the harmless trophy has earned for himself a name alike honoured in his ancestor’s country and his own, where genius such as his has always a peaceful welcome.”

Concerning this Mr. Prescott wrote:

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 30, 1857.

MY DEAR THACKERAY,—I was much pleased on seeing you opened your new novel with a compliment to my two swords of Bunker Hill memory and their unworthy proprietor. It was prettily done, and I take it very kind of you. I could not have wished anything better, nor certainly have preferred any other pen to write it among all the golden pens of history and romance. I am sure you will believe me. . . .

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

Among Thackeray’s many American correspondents was George William Curtis, who in “Harper’s Magazine,” immediately after the great author’s death, published a touching tribute to his memory. Unfortunately he seems, with two trifling exceptions given in a previous chapter, not to have preserved any of the numerous notes and letters received



No. 36, Onslow Square, London, where Thackeray lived from 1853 to 1862, and wrote "The Newcomes" and "The Virginians"



from his gifted friend, but fortunately we find a communication written to Thackeray containing pleasant references to "The Virginians":

NORTH SHORE, STATEN ISLAND, June 17, 1858.

(This day eighty-three years ago, we had a tussle on Bunker Hill)

MY DEAR THACKERAY,—I have received all your kind messages, and we have a hundred times conceived a round robin to you which flew away before we caught it — and oh! there's no end of reasons why I have n't written to a man I love dearly. Then I've been fighting for you in papers, &c., for of course you know how you've been abused by us for "The Virginians" and especially the Washington. It is curious that I have seen a copy of a MS. letter from Edward Mason to Routledge (I think) after the Lee difficulty at the battle of Monmouth, out of which, it was thought by the indiscreet, personal difficulty might grow, in which Mason says, "Have no fear, for I have known W. from boyhood, and he never had but one opinion of the duels, &c." It has been the most tempestuous teapot you ever heard. Meanwhile I have been as happy as a king, with my queen and prince imperial under the trees here on the island. We are all well, and you would not think it was all vanity, this writing, if you could see the eager circle of children and old men and maidens to whom I read the monthly "Virginians," with shouts of merriment and sometimes even a tear. We wonder if you will ever come back again, or if we are henceforth to shake hands with you at this long stretch; but your kindest memory does not go away. I am a sinner never to have sent you a solitary line before now. I give it an edge by two extracts — the one from Philadelphia, the other from New

Orleans. — Good-bye. Think of us sometimes who often think of you.

Yours affectionately,

GEORGE W. CURTIS.

Soon after the appearance of Thackeray's completed American story, Washington Irving said to his friend Frederick S. Cozzens, who was his guest at Sunnyside: "No, I have not yet read 'The Virginians,' but I know it is good. Ah, Thackeray understands our character. He is a better judge of character than Charles Dickens."

As an illustration of Thackeray's kindness of heart and willingness to aid a brother author, a trait of his character to which Curtis frequently alluded, we find him in the autumn of 1859 urging upon the great Leipzig publisher, the first Baron Tauchnitz, the claims of his contemporary, Charles Reade. Thackeray writes, "Mr. Reade, the author of 'Christie Johnstone,' and other most popular stories, has just brought out a novel. His works ought not to be out of the Tauchnitz collection."¹ Two instances of his generosity in placing the contents of his purse at the disposal of the unfortunate may properly be introduced on this page. When his friend Dr. William Maginn, the accomplished

¹ Reade was of the opinion that, with the possible exception of Thackeray and Dickens, he had no equal among living English novelists. With amusing self-complacency he writes to Baron Tauchnitz, after boldly asserting his superiority as a writer, "Let me be paid according to my sales! For instance, if you sell fewer copies of me than of Mr. Thackeray, pay me less; if you sell more, pay me more."

but unfortunate man of letters, was in dire distress and in danger of imprisonment for debt in France, Thackeray gave him the munificent sum of five hundred pounds, or about \$2,500. In the other instance he called at the lofty lodging of an unlucky *littérateur*, mounted many stairs leading to his deso-



Mr. Thackeray requests the pleasure of Mr. &
 Mrs. Sartoris's company to a little dinner on
 Tuesday July 18.

Greville Sartoris was killed by a fall from his horse in October, 1843. FitzGerald, writing to Fanny Kemble, says "he was born when I was with Thackeray in Coram Street — (Jorum Street, he called it), where I remember Mrs. Sartoris coming in her brougham to bid him to dinner, 1843." Another son married the only daughter of General Grant.

late chamber, and while administering a gentle reproof to his old friend, slipped a hundred-pound note in his portfolio and hurried away. "I never saw him do it," said poor P. "I was very angry because he said I had been a reckless old goose — and then a 100£ falls out of my writing-book. God bless him!" From the sea of *Ana* that has appeared from various sources since his death, pages of instances could be given of Thackeray's profuse liberality to unfortunate brothers in art and literature and to their distressed families; but we must pass on to other topics, after giving a single instance of his being affected to tears by the financial misfortunes of a friend, and a second case of successful aid to an English authoress who visited the United States in the fourth decade of the past century.

When the crash came in 1849, and the contents of Gore House, London, were sold by the creditors of the brilliant Countess of Blessington, it is on record that among the army of her admirers, including Nathaniel P. Willis¹ and Washington

¹ It was of the fair *châtelaine* of Gore House that Willis wrote :—

“ I gaze upon a face as fair
 As ever made a lip of Heaven
 Falter amid its music-prayer :
 The first lit star of Summer even
 Springs scarce so softly in the eye,
 Nor grows with watching half so bright,
 Nor mid its sisters of the sky
 So seems of Heaven the dearest light.
 Men murmur when that shape is seen ;
 My youth's angelic dream was of that face and mien.”

Irving, the author of "Vanity Fair" was the only one who exhibited emotion. "Mr. Thackeray also came," wrote the valet of the Countess to his mistress, who had fled with the Count D'Orsay to Paris. "And he went away with tears in his eyes; he is perhaps the only person I have seen really affected at your departure."

Speaking with a young American friend of Gore House, of which he was a *habitué*, frequently meeting Thackeray there, and of Holland House, perhaps during the first half of the past century the most celebrated in Europe, where he did not recall seeing the "great Thacker," Lord Houghton alluded to a number of the notabilities, including Washington Irving, whom he had met in that famous London house. Among them he mentioned Macaulay, who in his torrent of talk on some favourite topic was not infrequently interrupted by the imperious Lady Holland, who, tapping her fan on the dinner-table, would say, "Quite enough of that, Macaulay; now tell us about something else."

In 1851 Thackeray was chiefly instrumental in having Mrs. Anna Jameson's name placed on Her Majesty's Pension List for one hundred pounds per annum. The late Lord Derby writes:—

DEAR THACKERAY— I have just received a letter from Lord John Russell, informing me that the Queen has been pleased to grant a pension of 100 l. a year to Mrs. Jameson and requesting me to inform her of it. As it was through your representations to me of the circumstances and con-

dition of that lady that I brought her case before Lord Russell, I will trust to your kindness to make this communication to her, and to say how happy I am to have been in any degree the means of bringing forward the claims of one who is so well entitled to the consideration of her sovereign.

The trustees named by Mrs. Jameson, who enjoyed the pension for nine years, were Thackeray and John Murray, the well-known publisher. The former stated his willingness to accept the charge in the following charming little note, for a copy of which I am very greatly indebted to an American lady who is the fortunate possessor of the original:—

KENSINGTON, July 6 (1851.)

MY DEAR MRS. JAMESON, — I am very nearly as pleased as you are, and shall gladly be your godfather to promise and vow the necessary things in your name. I saw Lord Russell yesterday and thanked him, and told him how happy some people were made, and what you said about your mother which touched the premier's heart. And I wish I had a couple of trustees and a pension

For yours very truly,

W. M. THACKERAY.

One of Taylor's pleasant Thackeray stories was of an American 4th of July dinner which the latter attended in Paris soon after his second visit to the United States. It occurred at the Hôtel Meurice, and the chief guest at the patriotic banquet was the French statesman and author M. de Tocque-

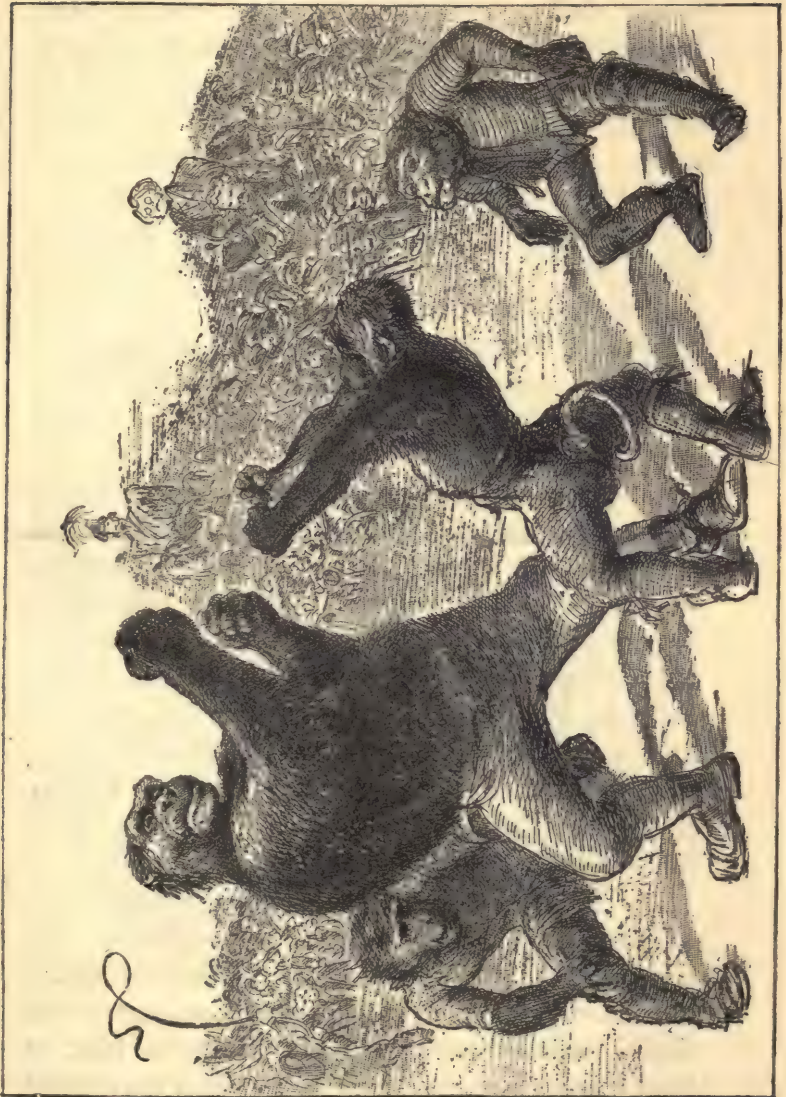
ville, who visited this country in 1832, the fruit of which was his famous work, "Democracy in America." One of the speakers of the evening *en passant* mentioned the fact that he was a native of Connecticut. "*Connect-de-coot!*" exclaimed De Tocqueville, as he suddenly rose with the enthusiasm of a Frenchman. "Vy, messieurs, I vill tell you, vid the permission of the presidente, of this festival, von very leetle story, and den I will give you von grand sentiment to that little State you call Connect-de-coot. Von day ven I vas in the gallery of the House of Representatif, I held von map of de Confederation in my hand. Dere vas von leetle yellow spot dat they call Connect-de-coot. I found by de Constitution he was entitled to six of his boys to represent him on dat floor. But ven I make the acquaintance personelle vid de member, I find dat more than tirty of the representatif on dat floor vas born in Connect-de-coot. And then ven I vas in de gallery of de House of de Senat, I find de Constitution permit Connect-de-coot to send two of his boys to represent him in dat legislature. But vonce more ven I make de acquaintance personelle of de Senator, I find dat nine of de Senator was born in Connect-de-coot. So den, gentlemen, I have made my leetle speech; now I vill give you my grand sentiment:

"*Connect-de-coot*, de leetle yellow spot dat make de clock peddler, de schoolmaster, an de Senator. De first, gif you time; de second, tell you vat you

do vid him ; and de sird make your law and your civilisation ;” and then as he was resuming his seat amid roars of laughter he rose again, and with that peculiar gesticulation which characterises all Frenchmen in moments of excitement, he shook his finger tremulously over the assembled *confrères*, and exclaimed at the top of his voice, “ Ah, gentlemen, dat leetle yellow State you call Connect-de-coot is one very great miracle to me.”

The picture of the famous international contest of 1858 between Heenan and Sayres, which was drawn by a brother of Sir Edwin Landseer, represents Thackeray as among the spectators, but this the novelist denied in a delightful “ Roundabout Paper ” entitled “ On Some Late Great Victories.” “ If so, I must have walked to the station in my sleep, paid three guineas in a profound state of mental abstraction, and returned to bed unconscious, for I certainly woke there about the time that history relates that the fight was over. I do not know whose colours I wore — the Benician’s or those of the Irish champion — which, indeed, no somnambulist is bound to recollect.” At the time of the battle, our fellow-citizen, the late Paul du Chaillu, had just returned from Africa, and was in London, where his accounts of the discovery of gorillas was much discussed — hence Thomas Landseer’s peculiar presentation of the two pugilists and their seconds. The artist is seen distinctly in front of Thackeray.

“ I was going along the Kensington Road towards



The Celebrated International Battle between Heenan and Savres

Palace Green one fine morning," writes Mrs. Ritchie, "when I met my father carefully carrying before him two blue Dutch China pots, which he had just surreptitiously taken away out of his own study. 'I am going to see if they won't stand upon Leech's dining-room chimney-piece,' he said. I followed him, hoping, I am afraid, that they would not stand there, for we were well used to lament the accustomed disappearance of his pretty ornaments and china dishes. People may have stared to see him carrying his china, but that I do not now remember — only this, that he was amused and interested, and that we found the iron gates open to the court in front, and the doors of the Leeches' house all wide open, though the house itself was empty and the family not yet arrived. Workmen were coming and going, busy hammering carpets and making arrangements. We crossed the hall, and then my father led the way into the pretty, old dining-room, with its new Turkey carpet and its tall windows looking to the garden at the back. 'I knew they would stand there,' said he, putting up the two blue pots on the high narrow ledge; and there to my mind they will ever stand."

On his return from the Chinese mission Mr. William B. Reed wrote from some place on the Continent requesting Thackeray, having due regard to economy, his party being numerous, and to the official atmosphere which still clung to him, to kindly select suitable lodgings to which they could



The Heenan and Sayres Battle by Charles Keene

go on their arrival in London. The ex-minister received the following amusing and characteristic answer:—

MAURIGY'S HOTEL, 1 REGENT STREET, WATERLOO PLACE.

April 2, 1859.

MY DEAR REED,—This is the best place for you, I think. Two bishops already in the house. Country-gentlefolks and American envoys especially affect it. Mr. Maurigy says you may come for a day at the rate of some ten guineas a-week, with rooms very clean and nice, which I have just gone over, and go away at the day's end if you disapprove.

This letter [*referring to one enclosed*] is about the Atheneum, where you may like to look in. I wrote to Lord Stanhope, who is on the committee, to put you up.

I wont bore you by asking you to dinner till we see how matters are, as of course you will consort with bigger wigs than yours always,

W. M. THACKERAY.

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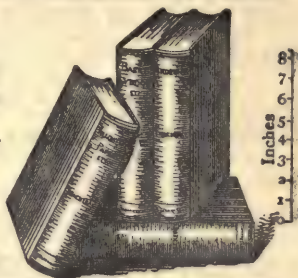
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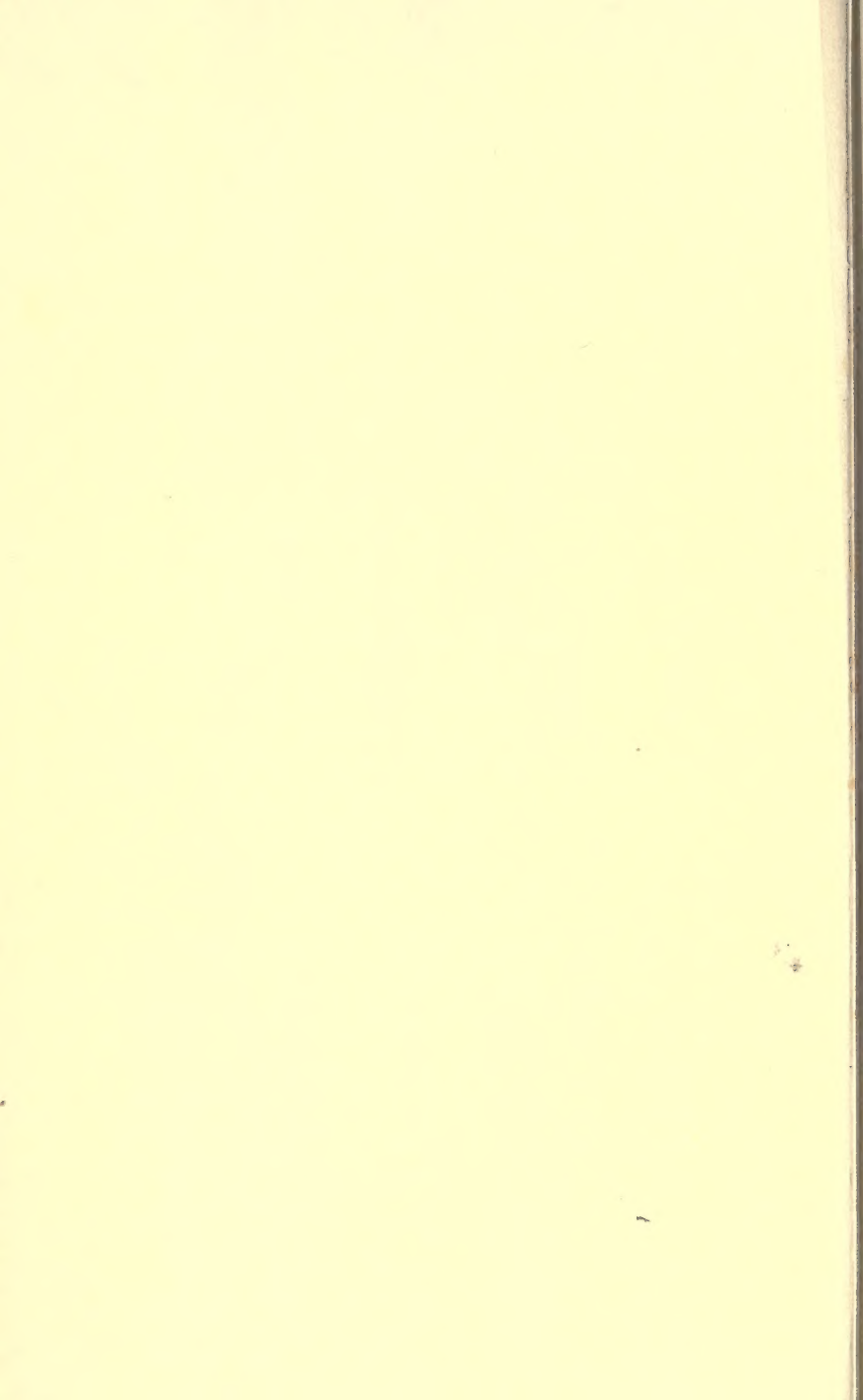
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